

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

{ TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
{ SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Lines.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Select Literature.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

had a gift for drumming, and thinking of his words that mother's heart stood still with fear. He was her only child, her handsome boy; how could she let him go? But she scolded herself for even thinking of it. Of course his father would keep him at home. At dinner-time Albert attacked his father on the subject, but his father peremptorily answered, "no," and told him there must be no more talk on the matter. Usually his father's decision settled things, but this time Albert argued manfully. He could do just as good service as anybody; he ought to go; he must go. But Mansur was firm, and he had to yield, although the struggle was so severe that he grew pale and thin. At last, to divert his attention, they sent him to

Q A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of Sunday School: What was the sin of the Pharisee? "Eating camels, sir," quickly replied the child. She had asked the Pharisees "strained at a gnat and swallowed camels."

A CONGRESSIONAL CON.—Why is the word
 "Pen" like Jesse Bright? Because it is X
 pelled.

The Middlesex Journal.

'CARNAGE IS GOD'S DAUGHTER.'

Its benefits are not one, but many. It has

aved, then indeed we shall say with
ingness that whatsoever may be the divine
nt in accomplishing the work is truly the
ghter of the Deity,

36

[illegible]

Free Return Tickets will be furnished to any station from which one fare was paid in coming to the Institute, on the following railroads:—Boston and Maine, Newburyport, Medford Branch, Boston and Lowell, Auburn Branch, Storey Brook, Lowell and Lawrence, Salem and Lowell, Eastern, Essex, Worcester, and Rockport, Amesbury and Northbeach Branches. Tickets good till Saturday, April 12.

Rev. Mr. Noyce, of New York City, will preach in the First Cong. Church to-morrow, forenoon and afternoon.

A libel suit brought the wife against the husband who is a high official at the Custom House, and has held a prominent position in the Legislative departments of the State, came up for trial in the Supreme Court last Tuesday, and drew a large attendance of ladies as well as gentlemen who were summoned as witnesses in the case, to the Court room Boston. It was however postponed to the twenty-eighth of this month, when something piquant may be expected concerning the domestic lives of these persons. The respondent alleges among other things the infidelity of the lady, and the lady brings serious charges against her husband. H. W. May, Esq., and R. Olney, Esq., appear for the wife.

lightful and patriotic, and the same is true of the historical papers, from the best prose writers, will continue to lend power and dignity to its pages; and favorite styles will evolve from the ever-shifting phases of our national affairs the lessons of the hour, the two great serial features which have so firmly fixed public attention — Professor Russell's popular expositions of the science of Natural History, and James Russell Lowell's "Biglow Papers" — will be continued month.

Still other features of extraordinary interest have been provided for the forthcoming numbers, and the conductors will always seek present in the pages of the ATLANTIC the best thought upon all top-ics.

WINCHESTER.

VAN ITEMS.—E. A. Brackett, who was attached to the 1st Mass. Cavalry, now at Portland, as one of the Battalion Quartermasters, resigned his office on account of ill health and is on his way home. Some difficulty has arisen in obtaining payment for his services on the fact that no such officer is recognized by the laws respecting the volunteer

rompt discussion ensued upon the ques-
whether young ladies were justified in
emning the use of tobacco in any of its
s, which was participated in by Messrs.
oner, Stanton, and Young, and decided
e affirmative by a unanimous vote, thus
ing that though some of these young

taken away from us, and evidently shows that they know where to get good ones. Although we regret to lose the valuable services of Mr. Enosson, yet we cannot complain at his embracing this opportunity which offered itself to him, to receive a larger salary and enter upon a more extended field of usefulness, while it may prove a salutary lesson to some of our citizens who have been carping at our High School and its method of teaching for some time past. Mr. Emerson has been connected with our High School nearly six years, and his labors have been very satisfactory. Woburn may be congratulated on her gain in this respect, while we mourn our loss.

rank. In the first table, showing the comparative amount of money appropriated by the several towns and cities for the education of each child between 5 and 15 years of age, this town stands 21 in the State, one lower than the previous year, and 7 in the County, two higher than the previous. The amount \$8 33½ for each child.

is a little more than 89 per cent of the number of scholars belonging to the various schools. Or, taking the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen years as the basis of reckoning, we have an average attendance of very nearly 84 per cent. This is a decided advance, and will elevate our rank not a little in the State Report. At the High School the average attendance for the

The Trustees of the Town Library report that the Library is in good condition, containing 1,212 volumes, being an increase of 57 volumes during the year. It has also been supplied with the following periodicals:—*Stell's Living Age*, *North American Review*, *Nautic Monthly*, and *Harpers' Magazine*.

any, quickly, can do better with these articles than anything in market. They are new, useful, priced right and are spending money in advertising them for the benefit of agents. Boxes, implies, containing a dozen of the one dollar magazines about needed. Circulars will be sent on receipt of *green dollars*, about half price, to any on wishing to test his or her skill in self with the view of becoming an agent. They are said in a dozen places to read that *they would rather pay rather than Commission to those who prove themselves salesmen*.

Now is the time to go into the busi- (e - address and references see above,

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stancham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Mind-your-own-business Vision.

The days of the prophets, they say are all ended,
But visions and dreams do continue, 'en yet,
And when they, with wisdom and wonder, are blended,
Their teachings, mysterious, we ne'er should forget.
Such a vision was mine, when the night and the morning
Were folded in lingering, yet final embrace;
When the tangible stillness, gives audible warning,
That the world, now asleep, will commence,
soon, its race.
I saw, in the distance, a castle of sunset,
All mellow and beauteous and bright to behold;
From foundation stone, to its sardonyx turrets,
'Twas studded with diamonds and inlaid with gold.
And there sprang a bright being, encircled in halo,
From over its battlements, all brilliant and good,
And all her bright pathway was tunneled
through rainbow,
As she came, on the wings of the light,
where I stood.
In her hand was a harp, such as angelic fingers
Touch lightly, in leading the choir of the blest;
Ah! yet on my ear does that melody linger,
And her song would have lulled the wild ocean to rest.
She ceased, and I heard, as from cherubic voices,
Sweet reverberations from amber edged clouds—
Such music, as far in Elysium, rejoices,
Souls, that Cheron has borne o'er the Stygian flood.
"I perceive you would ask, who I am," said the being,
"And what is that castle you see in yon sky,
That place is my home, which the many seem fleeing,
And the Goddess of mind-your-own-business am I.
Those men who on earth, (women never were known to),
With closest attention their own business—
And meddling with others' concerns, are ne'er prone to,—
Shall dwell there with me, leaving sorrow behind.
We have music celestial, and every sweet flower
Which Paradise knows, of each odor and hue,
New sources of joy come with each winged hour;
There nothing can clog, for all, ever are new.
You think my hour small, for such numbers to live in,
But familiar with facts here, you surely are not.
For that single 'down Easter, who got a good living
By minding his business,' is all I've yet got.
If the world should remain, just a child's land longer,
I possibly may, half a dozen, collect,
But the meddling spirit, I fear is growing stronger,
Ten righteous in Sodom's too much to expect.
But you mind-your-own-business, don't meddle with others',
Nor gossip at all, from this moment begin,
And I'll save you a place with your few honest brothers,
Just mind-your-own-business, and you shall come in."
AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 1862.

Select Literature.

ROBIN-REDBREAST.

Most of our summer songsters have long since deserted their favorite haunts, and fled to more genial climes, but emigration has no charms for the little friend of the immortal bards. Robin-redbreast, true to the land of his birth, whose colors he bears on his bosom, prefers to brave its wintry blasts, rather than seek warmth and sunshine under alien skies. He chirps now with the same cheerfulness that inspired his mellow welcome of spring and his sweet piping in honor of autumn's plenty. Struck with this constant gaiety through all the changes of the seasons, an old writer reasonably asks: Why, when man is told to learn wisdom of the serpent, industry of the ant, and gentleness of the dove, should he not take a lesson from the robin in patience and equanimity, and meet the joys and sorrows of life with a contented spirit? Setting aside the melancholy tragedy with which he is especially associated, Robin is quite a legendary hero. A Welsh fable tells of a far-distant spirit-land of sorrow, darkness, and perpetual fire, an awful region to which the robin benevolently repairs day after day, bearing in his bill a drop of water to quench the evil flames, venturing in his charitable zeal so near the burning stream that his feathers are scorched by its fies, and hence he is called, in the language of the Celtic principality, Bron-rhuddyn, or the breast-burnt. A more pathetic legend invests the redbreast with a degree of sanctity. "It was on the day when our Lord Jesus felt his pain upon the barbarous cross of wood. A small and tender bird, which hovered awhile around, drew nigh about the seventh hour, and nestled upon the wreath of Syrian thorns; and when the gentle creature of the air beheld those cruel spikes, the thirty-and-three which pier-

ed that bleeding brow, she was moved with compassion and the piety of birds, and she sought to turn aside, if but one of those thorns, with her fluttering wings and her lifted feet. It was in vain. She did but read her own soft breast, until blood flowed over her feathers from the wound. Then said a voice from among the angels: "Thou hast done well, sweet daughter of the bough! Yea, and I bring thee tidings of reward. Henceforth, from this very hour, and because of this deed of thine, it shall be that in many a land thy race and kind shall bear upon their bosoms the hue and banner of thy faithful blood; and the children of every house shall yearn with a natural love towards the birds of the ruddy breast, and shall greet their presence in its season with a voice of thanksgiving." In fine harmony with this tradition seems the old country couplet—

The robin and the wren
Be God Almighty's cock and hen.

The redbreast from time immemorial has enjoyed an immunity from persecution other birds may well envy. It is a popular belief in many places that it is unlucky to kill or confine one of the favored race. Mr. Halliwell gives the following rhymes as current in Essex—

The robin and the redbreast,
The redbreast and the wren,
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad-luck is sure to follow.

We do not know whether the same opinion prevails in the animal world, but it is said that neither the weasel nor the wild-cat will molest the redbreast alive, or eat it when dead; the household cat, however, has no compunctions in the matter, many a callow brood of robins falling victims to her sly tactics and merciless talons. The friendly feeling with which the redbreast is here regarded has its counterpart across the Atlantic in the case of his American namesake the red-breasted thrush, or American robin, a much larger bird than our own favorite, but resembling him in his manners and habits. Wilson, the American ornithologist, says: "His nest is held more sacred among school-boys than that of some other birds, and while they will exult in plundering a jay's nest or cat-bird's, a general feeling of respect prevails on the discovery of a robin's." The North American Indians have this one feeling at least in common with the white intruders on their hunting-grounds. A tradition current among them gives an example of metempsychosis. A certain youth, before entering upon the privileges and duties of manhood, was enjoined by his father to fast for the space of twelve days. This was more than nature, even in Indian nature, could endure, but just as he was about to expire of hunger, the guardian spirit of the youth transformed him into a redbreast. The term of probation ended, the old warrior went to the lodge to congratulate him on his fortitude, and welcome him to the ranks of his tribe. At the sight of the transformed youth, he was overwhelmed with grief and remorse, and entreated his son not to leave him childless and desolate. Gazing at him with loving pity, the bird bade him be of good cheer, for although he could never regain his human shape, he should love to dwell near the dwellings of men. He promised to cheer him with his song; never reproaching him, but always sprightly and cheerful, he would show no sign of regret at his strange fate, while his race should ever be the harbingers of peace and joy to mankind. The redbreast is in consequence sacred in Indian eyes. We wish we could say the same of nations nearer home. In France, the robin suffers with other small birds in the indiscriminate and short-sighted war waged upon everything with wings; and, unfortunately, he is a titbit highly relished by unsentimental continental gourmands. Mr. Waterhouse was disgusted with the sight of above fifty dead robins at one stall in the bird-market at Rome; and when he expressed his astonishment that such birds should be killed and eaten, the redbreast-seller replied with a grin: "If you will take a dozen of them home for your dinner to-day, you will come back for two dozen to-morrow." The authorities at our own Crystal Palace have shown small respect for the sanctity of the "birds of ruddy breast." A number of them built in the hanging flower-baskets at Sydenham, and made the halls of glass musical with their song; unfortunately, with their characteristic love of human society, the unpaid singers invited themselves to the dinner-tables of the visitors, and were poisoned for "being troublesome"—a cruel return for their gratuitous melody.

Considering the universal reputation of the bird, we are at a loss to account for his being ever looked upon as a prophet of evil; but there is a still lingering superstition, that for a robin to tap thrice at the window of the room of an invalid is a sure sign of a fatal termination to his malady. The popular belief in what Ingoldby calls this ornithological dodge is generally supposed to have originated in the imagination of the author of "The Norfolk Gentleman, his Will and Testament, and how he committed his Children to his own Brother, who dealt most wickedly with them, and how God plagued him for it;" but we are inclined to think the ballad-maker only gave increased currency to a fancy already prevalent among the vulgar. Lupton says: "A robin-redbreast finding the dead

body of a man or woman, will cover the face of the same with moss; and as some hold opinion, he will cover also the whole body." Drayton adopts the first idea—

Covering with moss the dead's uncovered eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity;
but the poets generally credit our hero with covering the whole of the friendless bodies of unburied men; so Arviagus, bewailing the supposed death of Fidele, promises to deck his grave with flowers, but says in slight of his own loving intentions:

The ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill ever shaming
Those rich left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furrow moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corpse.

Herrick relates, that while Amarillis slept, then

Thither flew
A robin-redbreast, who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her.

Whoever started the idea, fanciful as it seems, must have been an observant lover of nature, for it is in character with the habits of the bird: when she fancies her nest too exposed, the redbreast conceals it to the best of her ability by a covering of dry leaves, and she will even strew her eggs with them, if compelled to leave her nest for a time.

Unwarped by northern or southern tendencies, the redbreast is distributed generally throughout the woods, lanes, fields, and gardens of the United Kingdom. Although mindful of the proverb, among the earliest birds on wing, and among the latest in retiring to rest, his song is seldom heard after twilight, being sweet and plaintive rather than powerful, is drowned in the general chorus of summer songsters; but in winter he reigns unrivalled, and seems desirous of proving that incubation is not, as usually supposed, the sole inducement to melody. Robin is by no means destitute of the faculty of imitation, and in captivity will vary his song with snatches caught up from street-musicians, daring even sometimes to assume the notes of the nightingale, and with considerable success too. John Danton cites a talking redbreast among the rarities he saw in Ireland. It belonged to Dr. Phoenix, who used to have it brought into his dining-room to amuse the guests by asking: "Is the packet come?" "What news from England?" and repeating various sentences learned from its mistress. The doctor refused twenty guineas for this *para avis*, upon which Danton remarks: "I do think were it sold to the worth of its pleasant chat it would yield a thousand."

It must be confessed that our little friend has a penchant for fruit, and indulges it in due season; but one cannot decently begrudge him the luxury, in consideration of the service he renders by clearing the orchard, shrubbery, and garden of myriads of insects intent upon depositing their eggs therein. As long as a fly is to be found, Robin wages war mercilessly against these enemies of cultivation, and when he has exterminated them, devotes his attention to the eggs they have left behind them. He is up, too, early in the autumn mornings, on the watch for the earth-worms. As soon as one puts in an appearance, Robin hops lightly, rapidly, and certainly upon the foe, seizes him by the head, and after beating the captive against the ground till all earthy matter is driven from his body, flies off to his nest, or makes a meal of him on the spot. The said nest is sometimes built in strange places. A pile of books in a sitting-room, a child's cart hanging against the kitchen-wall, a flower-pot, a discarded watering-can, and other situations quite as extraordinary, have been taken possession of by redbreasts, who have reared up their family undisturbed by the calls of curious visitors. In 1818 a hundred-gun ship, called the *Trafalgar*, was being built in Chatham dockyard; a pair of robins took up their residence in it, unmoved by the noise of the busy shipwrights; and, by a strange coincidence, their first egg was deposited upon the morning of the anniversary of Nelson's famous victory.

The old saying, "birds of a feather flock together," however true in a general sense, does not hold good with regard to the robin. Once paired, each couple prefer keeping themselves to themselves, and decline to associate with their neighbors. Finally advances are repulsed in an unmistakable manner, and as for hostile ones, we betide any invader of Robin's domain; he will tolerate no intruders, but fight to the death to preserve the sanctity of his home: even the not-easily daunted house-sparrow is glad to keep at a respectful distance, having a wise respect for the prowess of the champion of the feather-weights. Mr. Wood came upon two redbreasts in his garden, who were so intent upon doing each other serious bodily injury, that he had no difficulty in capturing both. They were placed in durance vile, in a cage large enough for a dozen such birds to live together in peace, but no sooner was the door closed than the contest was renewed with increased ferocity. The naturalist then set one at liberty, but the only use he made of his freedom was to fly round and round the cage, singing a song of defiance, while the captive returned as spiritedly. Next day, Mr. Wood released him also; and in the evening the warlike pair were again found engaged in desperate conflict, which, but for human interference, must have ended in the death of one of the sturdy combatants. Two birds were caught under similar circumstances in a yard in Belfast, and kept all night in separate cages. Next morn-

ing one was liberated, the tamer of the two being destined for captivity; but he seemed so miserable, that he was later in the day also released. He had no sooner descended into the yard than he was met by his opponent; again they were separated, and the aggressor driven from the premises. In the evening, the prisoner was once more let out of the cage—a fatal kindness—for his indomitable foe was waiting for him, and this time contrived to deal him a death-blow before any one could save him. Another robin, who had taken possession of a green-house, killed no less than twenty-four of his race, who attempted to take up their abode in the place he had chosen for himself. Pugnacious and jealous as he is, Robin is a model husband, being most assiduous in his attentions to his bride; so our lady-readers will doubtless be inclined to look forgivingly upon his pugilistic propensities; though we suspect if the criminal was brought before a jury of womankind, his scarlet-faced uniform alone would, in any case, procure him a unanimous verdict of not proven.

Chaucer's "ruddock bonnie" has ever been a favorite with man, woman, and child, and in almost every land has had some affectionate appellation given him. The Norwegianians have christened him Peter Bonasmed; the Bornholmians call him Tome Liders; his familiar cognomen in Germany is Thomas Guidet; while in England he bears the household name of Robin-Redbreast. This friendly feeling may be partly attributable to the ballad so popular with the young, but it arises principally from the extraordinary liking shown by the robin for human society. Shy among birds, he is the boldest of the bold in his relations with the lords of the creation, and delights in attracting their attention, hopping upon the ditcher's spade, perching on the woodman's bundle of fagots, following the gardener at his work, and greeting the wanderer in the woods with a kindly chirp; and when the cold has killed the insects, and the frost-bound earth confines the worm, he comes confidently tapping at our windows, peeping in at our doors, and even crossing our thresholds, knowing by intuition that he is secure of receiving a warm welcome from high and low, rich and poor, gentle and boor, for

The veriest clown, beside his cart,
Turns from his song with many a smile,
To see him from the hedges start,
To sing upon the stile.

The harbingers of spring, cheerful alike in all seasons, brisk in his movements, melodious in voice, faithful in love, and bold in battle, full of confidence in himself and trust in man, and encircled with a halo of romance, no wonder that Robin is a universal pet. We cannot refrain from echoing Kit North's blessing on his ruby breast: long may he come with winter's frost and snow.

Secure his suit well he preferred,
No fears his slender neck detered,
For secured in the household bird,
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

(Chambers' Journal for January.)

The Clergyman and the Peer.

In King street, London, is, or was some years ago, "Randall's Commercial Boarding-House," a favorite stopping-place for American travellers. Many Englishmen also frequented it, finding the *table d'hôte* more agreeable than the usual private dinners of the English hotels. Some years ago among the guests was the genial and eloquent Dr. McClinton, with a party of friends, and our clergyman, whom I will call the Rev. Luke Robbins, though that was not his name. One day "Mac"—as he is familiarly called, Doctor of Divinity though he be—said to the Reverend Luke:

"Mr. Robbins, I had hoped to have been able to offer you a treat this evening. A 'field-night' is expected in the House of Lords. I expected to have had three orders for admission to the gallery, one of which was to be for you—so I cannot ask you to join us."

"I am much obliged to you, but I am going to the Lords this evening."

"Indeed! How did you get your order?"

"I have no order?"

"Then you cannot be admitted to the gallery."

"I am not going to the gallery. I shall go upon the floor."

"Impossible. No one is admitted there unless specially introduced by a Peer."

"Oh, I've travelled before; and I never found any difficulty in going where I wished. You'll see me there."

After infinite crowding and pushing, Dr. McClinton and his friend made their way to their places in the gallery. They were hardly seated when, looking down upon the floor, they saw the Reverend Luke walk in, as calm as a summer morning, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with the ugliest nose and the worst-fitting pair of plaid trousers in the Three Kingdoms. There was no mistaking that nose. It was Lord Brougham. All the evening his lordship appeared much more attentive to his American friend than to the proceedings of the House. At length, among the small hours, Brougham arose and delivered a short but fiery philippic. At its close the clergyman shook hands with his lordship, and walked out.

Returning to his hotel an hour later, Dr. McClinton found Mr. Robbins quietly sipping his coffee in the parlor, with a number of the English guests.

"Mr. Robbins," said the Doctor, "We saw you in the Peers with Lord Brougham."

I did not know you were acquainted with him."

"I was not. I never saw him till to-night."

"You had letters of introduction to him?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Then how did you manage it?"

"It's a very simple affair—hardly worth mentioning," replied the Reverend Luke, indifferently. "But as you seem curious I will tell you, though it is hardly worth relating. I walked up to the Peers' entrance, where I was stopped by an official."

"This is the Peers' entrance," he said. "You cannot pass. If you have an order for the gallery, go to the proper door."

"I understand perfectly. Send my card, if you please, to Lord Brougham."

"To Lord Brougham. Certainly. I beg your pardon. Pass on if you please."

"I was stopped once or twice more before I reached the ante-room; but I merely said, 'My card has been sent to Lord Brougham.' Nothing more was needed. I had waited but a few minutes in the ante-room when Brougham came in. I knew him from his portraits. He had my card in his hand, and was reading it through his eye-glass. I advanced to meet him."

"The Reverend Luke Robbins, of America, I presume," he said.

"Yes, my lord; and as an American I can ask your lordship's courtesy. In America no name is more highly honored than that of Henry Brougham. From childhood I have known and admired your lordship's writings; and now being in England, I could not be satisfied without meeting you. And understanding that this was to be a 'field-night' in the House, I have taken the liberty of requesting your lordship to do me the favor of introducing me upon the floor."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so," said Brougham; and we went in. His lordship pointed out to me all the celebrities present. At last, when I thought the session was drawing to a close, I said:

"Pardon me, my lord. But I had understood that your lordship was to speak to-night. I hope I was not misinformed; for I shall ever think I have failed in half the object of my travels if I have not heard your lordship speak."

"Well, Mr. Robbins," he said, "I had not intended to speak to-night; but if it will afford you any gratification, I will do so with pleasure."

"Shortly after, he rose and spoke, as you heard. I then said to him, 'Having heard your lordship, I have no wish to listen to anything after. I will take my leave. Should your lordship ever come to America, I shall be most happy to repay your courtesy.'"

"Should I ever visit America," he answered, "I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness."

"I took my leave, and came home. This is the whole affair—a very simple matter, as I told you in the beginning."

The Englishman had sat listening with staring eyes to this cool narrative, related in the quietest manner. Whether this was a true statement of the case, or whether it was an elaborate piece of mystification got up by the Reverend Luke, was never, I believe, explained. The fact, however, is undoubted, that he was introduced upon the floor of the House of Peers by Lord Brougham. How this was brought about, no one knows to this day but the two principals themselves.—*Harpur's Magazine.*

Take Hold of My Hand.

"Take hold of my hand," says the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With the fingers clasped tightly around the parent's hand, she steps cheerfully and bravely along, clinging a little closer when the way is crowded or difficult, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith.

"Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling with the eagerness of his love. Full well he knows that, if he rely on any strength of his own, he will stumble and fall; but, if the Master reach forth His hand, he may walk with unwearied foot, even on the crested wave. The waters of strife shall not overwhelm him, if he but keep fast hold of the Saviour.

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling that she is all too weak for the great responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she learn the greatness of the mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfill it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves His people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snow of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand.

Oh, Jesus! Friend and Elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, 'take hold of our hand.'—*Christian Treasury.*

COMIC PREACHING—ROWLAND HILL.—On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fishermen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words:—"I come to preach to great sinners—yes, to *wapping* sinners."

Fitted to a Hair.

Sometime ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I call Mr. R——, we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it."

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different: the white man's is round; the negro's oval; the mouse's, apparently jointed; the bat's jagged; and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:—

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding, that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter."

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpoena, to attend as a witness on a trial of murder. This was very disagreeable, as I have said; but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow with some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised, was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of this judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might act upon it."

"One jurymen in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does this mean to say,' said he, 'that there can tell any hair of any animal?' I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll prove thee.'"

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterwards, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs scrawled up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine, and report on."

"Is this another murder case? I inquired; for, if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work."

"No, no," said he, "it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time." Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation."

"When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat."

"Two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting in my consulting-room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in. 'Well,' said he, 'has thee looked at them hairs?'"

"Yes," I answered, "and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat." "Well," exclaimed he, "so they are. Thou hast forgotten me; but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L—— assizes? I said I would prove thee; and so I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway." So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believed that a thorough dependence may be placed.

Wordsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

Alas! how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle soup after the fourth plateful?

Praying for Others.

What one that has ever prayed, has not come upon occasions of praying for others, and fluttered on the threshold of petition, not doubting although whether God would hear our prayers for ourselves, but wondering whether he would hear prayers for others, uttered by us. He is more likely to hear your prayers for others, than he is to hear your prayers for yourself, a great deal. Does my boy ask me for food? If he asks for food for himself, I am, to be sure, willing to give it to him; but if he comes to me and says, "Father, there is a poor, shivering hungry boy on the sidewalk; may I carry some food out to him?" though I might have denied him the loaf for himself, when he asks liberty to carry it to an unknown stranger that is suffering, I say, "Go, carry it to him;" and I give him double that he asks for. If my son ask a thing for himself, I may not think it best that he should be indulged; but if he asks a thing for his companions in royal friendship, I will be twice as likely to grant his request. In other words, I bless generosity when I would not selfishness; I bless magnanimity when I would not self-love, even. I would often deny a child things that are for the child; but I never would deny him things that are for his friendship. Therefore he touches me, and there he opens a companionship, and not a mere paterfamilias.

And so, when we ask God for mercies for others, do not you suppose he feels the swell of that same emotion which we feel under like circumstances? We are conscious that we grant things asked for others, more readily than things asked for self. And it is so with God to a far greater degree than with us. Do you suppose that when a mother prays for her child, God does not feel more than He does when she prays for herself? What gives peculiar value to the mother's prayer for her child, is the sweet unconsciousness with which she offers it. There is one thing which God looks upon as more beautiful than rocks, and trees, and mountains, and fields, and storms, and waters, and that is the landscape of the heart.—*From Beecher's Sermons.*

A Child.

A child is born; now take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dews of knowledge, and the light of virtue wake it in richest fragrance and in purest lines. For soon the gathering hand of death will break it from its warm stem of life, and it shall lose all power to charm; but if that lovely flower hath swelled ere pleasure, or subdued ere pain, Oh, who shall say that it has lived in vain?—*Beecher.*

George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, while lecturing in England, stopped one night with a Quaker family. The Quakers, it is known, are too staid to permit music in their sect, believing it a profitless amusement, indulged in by the world's people. Mr. Thompson is fond of music, and is something of a singer. During the evening, he sang "Of in the Silly Night," which was listened to with rapt attention by the family. In the morning, after Mr. Thompson came from his chamber, the matron of the house appeared quite uneasy. She wished to hear the song again, but it would hardly do for her, a Quakeress, to request its repetition. At last, her desires getting the better of her, she ventured to say: "George, will thee repeat the words of last evening in thy usual manner?"—*Northampton Free Press.*

The following very good rules have been adopted in a schoolroom in Maine: No chewing tobacco in school hours; no kissing or squeezing the girls in the entry; no snapping apple seeds at the master; no cutting benches with jack-knives; no novels allowed to be brought to school.

Don't let us talk too long and loud about our heroes of to-day. We lauded Wilkes too much, and now nobody says a word about him. Let us be moderate hereafter.

The thin-ribbed and starving rebel soldiers call our sleek and well-provisioned soldiers the Feds. We suppose then that ours is the *fed* army and theirs the *un fed* army.

The Italian freemasons have just introduced an important innovation into the statutes of society. There are now sister masons, venerables, and mistresses.

A child of five, having seen her father for the first time, he having been absent in California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and on an occasion of rebellion, she cried out: "I wish you had never married into our family!"

We don't want men that will change like the vases of our steeples, with the course of every breeze; but men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.

As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in the hour of prosperity.

How do the five proper names first mentioned in the Bible contain the first Record of Corporal Punishment?—
"ANSWER:—Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth; to be arranged and read thus: 'Adam, with Eve, came Abel.'"

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MASSFIELD.
Stoughton.—J. T. WHITEHEAD.
Woburn.—J. W. HENRY.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Boston and New York.
S. R. NILES, (successor to W. B. Palmer), South's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates given on its columns.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL, circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the pilulages of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

Within a week or so Congress has presented to it the subject of our commercial relations with the British Provinces, and particularly with Canada.

Perhaps the insolent tone of the press in that Province in relation to the United States government, and the very open sympathy that it has manifested for the rebellion, may have had some effect in bringing the subject up for consideration at Washington. The alleged ground however for referring to the treaty, was the necessity under which the country is now lying to increase its revenue in every possible way. Probably both reasons may have had something to do with the matter, and yet so much ignorance was displayed by the gentleman who participated in the short debate on the question that it would be quite surprising, if it were not a well established fact, that a man may at the same time be a senator and a fool, or representative and a blockhead; which last is perhaps rather a strong way of stating that members of the lower house are sometimes neither gentlemen nor scholars. The fact is that to oblige the treaty will be impossible for three years to come at the very least.

In 1854 the treaty which has obtained this title of the Reciprocity Treaty, was signed at Washington, and ratified by the Imperial Parliament, by Congress, and by the Assemblies of each of the Provinces. It provided that American fishermen should be allowed the privileges of fishing, and of curing fish, on the coasts of the British provinces; that British fishermen should have the same rights in United States waters north of the 39th parallel; that American citizens might freely navigate the St. Lawrence river to its mouth, but that the English government might at any time withdraw this permission; that certain articles might be sent from the provinces to the United States free of duty, but the U. S. might discontinue this free list at any time, provided her majesty's government had withdrawn leave to navigate the St. Lawrence, and not otherwise. To collect duties on provincial products then, will be impossible until after England has first deprived us of the right to sail on the St. Lawrence in that part of its course where it is wholly in British territory. And furthermore, the treaty is binding on both nations till the middle of 1864, at which time if either party wish its dissolution, notice to that effect must be given to the other power, and one year thereafter the treaty is dissolved.

In the middle of 1865, then we can punish the Canadians for their secession proclivities, if we are at the same time willing to do a vast injury to our own fishing interest. Whether by striking out the Free List, we should inflict upon our unneighborly neighbors an equivalent amount of damage it may be difficult to tell. In dealing with such people the government will certainly be justified in consulting not their desires, but its own profit and advantage.

HOASAC TUNNEL.—We have received two documents this week, relating to this work. One is by D. L. Harris in answer to interrogatories put to him by the Legislative Committee having the matter in charge. In answering, he says, the total cost of the Tunnel will be \$3,025,000; and that it will take 18 years to complete it. The other document is entitled, "The Road to Ruin: or the Decline and Fall of the Hoasac Tunnel." By F. W. Bird. This is a spicy review, and will well repay perusal. If it is all fact, it proves that the recommendation of the Legislative Committee—of whose doings it is a review—to pay Herman Haupt, engineer, \$150,000, is a reckless squandering of the State's money. We advise our readers, if they wish to enjoy a rich and easy treat, to obtain a copy of this pamphlet. Why should \$150,000 be taken from the treasury, to pay a man for work, for which he has already been amply remunerated? This is a question which we cannot help asking.

WE call attention to the advertisement of Mr. S. Horton, which can be found in another column. Mr. Horton's supply of Pictures and Frames is large and varied, and will suit the taste of any person.

FULL RUN CURIOUSITIES.—Lieut. Edwin F. Weyer has kindly shown us some rare curiosities. They consist of a mutilated ball and small portions of a man's skull. It appears that a friend of Mr. Weyer's was struck in the forehead with this ball, at that memorable battle, and that the ball was split fairly in two. One half of it was extricated on the field by the Brigade Surgeon, who in doing so was taken prisoner, the other half, which was bent double, and which now contains portions of the skull, remained in the man's head seven months,—or until he was released from his imprisonment—the rebel surgeons either not wanting to extricate it or dreading the delicacy of the operation. The portions of skull which accompany the ball show plainly the indentation made by the missile in entering. Truly these must be valuable relics to the owner, who cannot but pride himself that his trouble was not in the back but in the front.

THE glory which has fallen upon the Federal arms within the past few days, shines out with undimmed lustre. The bravery of our troops over that of the rebel hordes, is truly great and glorious. With each succeeding battle it gains new brilliancy. The names of the many hard fought battles which now grace the standards of our gallant soldiers, are worthy of being borne by the oldest veteran on the face of the earth. Patriotism is as superior to traitorism, as gold is to the basest of metals. A holy cause and a clear conscience will nerve men to deeds of untold valor, and bring out qualities, both of head and heart, which otherwise would lie dormant. If the rebels do not run we may expect very soon to hear of some bloody work near Yorktown.

UNITARIAN FESTIVAL.—This pleasant occasion which has been held every year during Anniversary Week in Boston, with the exception of last year, when it was omitted on account of the state of feeling in the community in regard to the war, will come off this year at the Music Hall. The eatables and drinkables will be dispensed with, and the entertainment partake of a social and intellectual character, which will doubtless be pleasant to the many of this "household of faith" who come to the city to attend the meetings of this denomination.

LIBEL SUITS.—The libel suits of James M. Nixon, Lessee of the Boston Academy of Music against the Proprietors of the Boston Courier to which allusion has been made in a previous paper, in which the "Count Joannes" appears for the Plaintiff, have been discontinued. Mutual apologies have been made, and the matter amicably adjusted by the parties.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.—April 19th.—The Members of the Stoneham Light Infantry, propose celebrating the 19th day of April by a Social Military and Civic Ball, at the Town Hall, Stoneham, Friday evening, April 19, 1862. There is nothing out of place in this corps' celebrating this day—the part which they took, in the struggle with the mob at Baltimore, is as proverbial as household words, and the honor which they gained was of no low degree. Long may they live, to enjoy the name their valor won.

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday forenoon, Mr. Ezekiel Sanderson, of Winchester, met with an accident in the fracturing of his arm. It appears that he was sitting on a pair of wheels which were attached to a vehicle which he was driving, and stopping a moment to hold conversation with a friend, the horse suddenly started and threw him down, thereby causing the accident. Dr. Ingalls dressed the fracture.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.—The New England Methodist Conference held its annual sitting at Westfield, in this state, last Tuesday. Rev. Mr. Othman, has gone to Natick, and Rev. K. Atkinson (superintendency) of Cambridge, has taken his place in town. Mr. Atkinson will preach to-morrow.

REMOVAL.—Dr. Seales has removed his place of residence from Pleasant street, to the second house, on Winn street, from the residence of Dr. Harlow.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins preaches in the First Cong. Church, to-morrow and the Sabbath following.

RETIREMENT.—The Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation have reduced the wages of all its employees from the manager down to the laborer, ten per cent. This is said to be necessary from the great falling off in the receipts for some time past.

Woburn's State Tax this year, will amount to \$7,740. Whew! Last year it was \$1,290. Who would be a tax collector.

See the advertisement headed "Salary to Agents," in another column. We have received the first number of the paper referred to, and pronounce it good and interesting.

A PUSS FOR "PARRON BROWNLOW."—Among the many testimonials of kind feeling toward the patriot martyr of East Tennessee, it is proposed by his New York friends to give him a "Hoc's last hat" with which to uproot the last vestige of secession at his old home. He has been invited to make the Astor House his home as long as he remains in New York. His notes of the rise and decline of secession in Tennessee, will take the name of "Brownlow's Book."

A REBEL FIRE IN THE REAR.—A Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says:

"Truly the enemy are crowding us. The late army of the Potomac is concealed; some profane strategy is being executed, and there are shrewd intimations in political circles that some great event is about to happen. An attack on the Administration and its men by one of the most eminent men of the times, in Congress is delayed until this great event fails or succeeds."

National Thanksgiving.

The following is the proclamation of President Lincoln, for a day of Thanksgiving and Praise:

"It has pleased the Almighty God to vouchsafe signal victories to the land and naval forces engaged in suppressing an internal rebellion, and at the same time to avert from our country the dangers of foreign intervention and invasion. It is therefore recommended to the people of the United States that at their next weekly assemblages in their accustomed places of public worship, which shall occur after the notice of this proclamation shall have been received, they especially acknowledge and render thanks to our Heavenly Father for these inestimable blessings; that they then and there implore spiritual consolation in behalf of all those who have been brought into a election by the casualties and calamities of secession and civil war; and that they reverent invoke the Divine guidance for our national councils to the end that they may speedily result in the restoration of peace, harmony and unity throughout our borders, and haste, the establishment of fraternal relations among all the countries of the earth."

"A STRANGE STORY." By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.—We are indebted to A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston, for a copy of this novel. It is useless to say a word in praise of this work,—the many triumphs of the author speak louder than glowing words. The price in paper covers is 25 cts., in muslin \$1.00.

Reminiscences of Southold and Southampton.

Two among the largest, most prosperous, and peculiarly interesting towns of our country, are those above mentioned, on Long Island, although but little known by the people of Massachusetts and New Englanders generally. Having recently taken a trip thither, via Fall River, the best and most satisfactory route between Boston and New York, especially if one can embark on board the beautiful and commodious Steamer "Empire State," and having spent a few days in those places, about a hundred miles distant from the city of Gotham, where the presence of a rarity as in the extreme Southern States, I feel impelled to impart for others' benefit a portion of the new knowledge obtained, and enlighten if possible some of the readers of the Journal with reference thereto.

Southold has 32,000 acres of land, besides several delightful islands, including Plum Island, formerly styled the Isle of Palmos. It has a population of about 5000, with 54 more males than females, according to the last Census. It has not only 17 churches, and 6 Post Offices, but 10 villages of which the principal is Greenvale, once called Stirling where there are about 2000 inhabitants; where are seven churches—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, and two colored ones—where we find the terminus of the L. I. Railroad; where the Suffolk County Times, and the mis-named Republican Watchman, whose secessionist editor was not long since arrested for treason and lodged at Fort Lafayette, are published weekly; where there is one of the best maritime ports, and of course considerable commercial business.

The shipping of Greenvale consists of seven vessels employed in whaling, less by far than the discovery of Kerosene oil; some 100 others, with an aggregate of 5000 tons enrolled; and 102 smaller vessels licensed and principally engaged in the coasting trade. It has several light-houses, and one of the finest harbors in the world. The alms house farm contains 200 acres; and near the Depot are immense Hotel buildings for the accommodation of Summer visitors. Here is to be found the handsomest and loveliest spot on Long Island, with the exception of some parts of Brooklyn, where with a loved brother's family I found a sweet though transient home. Indeed there are few more charming and attractive localities in our dear old Commonwealth, this Garden of America.

The first settlement in Southold was made in 1640 by Rev. John Youngs, and a few associates. The government of this infant colony, like that of some others on the Western Continent, was vested in Church members alone. They only were allowed to vote, or to hold office; while the ancient Hebrew statutes were adopted by the main as their binding and sacred laws. Such exclusiveness, more befitting the "dark ages" of our world's history, was of brief duration. All citizens were soon admitted to the rights of suffrage; and in 1657 the Mosaic Code, so well adapted for the wandering Israelites under the Old Dispensation, were superseded by legislative enactments better fitted to the circumstances of the people, the progress of the age, and the advancing light of the Nineteenth Century. Although some must travel a score of miles to reach the ballot box at Town Meeting on election days, there is usually a general turn-out on such occasions, especially when any great interest is at stake. Yet, strange to say, many, both in the churches and out of them, are more in sympathy, at the present time, with the rebels of the South than the loyalists of the North; while, if Madame Kumor furnishes a correct report, some ministers of the Gospel allow their lips to be muzzled and padlocked through fear of offending wealthy, pro-slavery parishioners, or else because of their own ultra conservatism.

In addition to the public schools of Greenvale, one of which has 120 pupils, native and foreign, under the sole charge of an efficient teacher by the name of Young, where the children of blacks and malcontents are on an equality with those of the whites, there are not less than four private schools, besides an excellent Female Seminary, with a Mrs. Wheeler for Principal. Some teachers find their way here from Connecticut, and now and then one from the Old Bay State, introducing modern improvements, &c. But after visiting some half-a-dozen Common schools here, I was necessitated to feel that the New

Yorkers, or at least the Long Islanders are far behind the Yankees in that institution which is the glory of the Free States, and civilizing, liberalizing and educational influences must yet be extended throughout the Union, until the whole country becomes like unto New England, with Massachusetts to take the lead in a career of ever-increasing prosperity!

Between this place and Southampton lies Peconic Bay, some 15 miles wide; by crossing which, in the Steamboat, Water Lily, paying half fare if a clergyman, we reach Sag Harbor, and enter the largest town on the Island; a brief description of some of the most striking features of which may be expected in another communication.

W. C. W.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The old south Parish, at a meeting held on Monday last, voted to remodel their meeting-house somewhat, by putting on an addition to the north end, sufficient to place the organ and singers therein. The space made vacant by the arrangement will be finished off into pews and will make several very desirable ones. Messrs. Oliver Wallace, Daniel Pratt, and Gardner French, were chosen building Committee, to carry out said object, and will commence operations forthwith. As the committee will of course find it necessary, in removing the organ, to take it apart, it is hoped they will find it expedient to make some slight alterations for the better accommodation of the organist, so that he may be able to see the light of day and not be obliged to go down into the cellar when performing, as at present. It is believed, also, that it would be a good plan to bring the key board some six or eight feet out from the organ, as it would not only look better, but would give the organist much advantage in adapting his instrument to the capacity of the vocal part and in modulating the organ as circumstances may require and good taste dictate. To place an organist with his back to the choir savor not a little of the ridiculous. Suppose where there are two rows of seats, those in the back seat should turn their backs to those in the front seat and to the congregation, would it not excite very general remark and that too with much reason? In all cases where the organist is conductor, he should be so situated as to be observed by every member of the choir, otherwise he will oftentimes find it difficult to successfully discharge the duties of chorister.

At the meeting above referred to, a letter was read from the Pastor which was some time since addressed to the Treasurer of the Society. I take pleasure in copying it, more especially as it has the right ring, in these times, and so clearly exhibits true christian patriotism. It may be recollected by some of your readers that I made a statement some months since to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Barrows had made a reduction in his salary of one hundred dollars, and at the same time made some incidental remarks concerning the same. This letter will fully sustain the remarks then made.

READING, Nov. 16, 1861.

George Batchelder, Esq., Treasurer of the Old South Society, R.ading.

DEAR SIR:—I hereby relinquish one hundred dollars of my salary, as pastor of the Old South Church and Society, until such time as the society may deem it best to pay the full amount, or until I may deem it best to ask again for the full amount. You will please consider that I relinquish this from September first of the present year, and so will deduct the same from my quarterly payments. Several reasons move me to this, but mainly the distracted state of our country and consequent prostration of business, by a most unrighteous rebellion against the government. Many of my congregation have lost very much of their business, property, and income, so that they cannot support the institutions of religion in this place as they once did. With all their good will toward the society and its minister, they cannot do so. Really it is a sacrifice to our religion and our national government.

If more from me is deemed just, I shall as cheerfully offer it. I have a lively and grateful remembrance of the good will of this people to me, when their circumstances were more prosperous. Of their own accord they added to my salary, and I have made large free-will offerings. When I asked for a barn on the Parsonage they cheerfully and promptly responded. And let me add, that the Treasurer of the society, has not once delayed an hour my payments. And when any favors in advance of dues, were sought by me, they have always been most cheerfully and liberally granted. Such church and society Treasurers are rare, and I avail myself of this occasion to render to you, sir, my most hearty thanks for all this.

May a desirable peace soon return to our country, and a thrifty business to our community, and our society continue its long established prosperity.

Yours very truly,

W. Barrows.

Mr. Everett Richardson, organist, has taken charge of the Old South choir, and Prof. M. W. Whitney, who had charge of it last year, has entered into a contract with St. Paul's Church, Boston. Mr. Whitney's musical abilities are of a high order, and to be appreciated one must be pretty well booked up in musical affairs.

Senator Wilson, it appears, has been firing his heavy guns at the augmentation of the army and thinks it too large by some two hundred thousand. What can this mean? Does the Hon. Senator think if the war should be brought to a speedy termination, that the slavery question will not be effectually disposed of? It is of no consequence how many of our soldiers die in the rice and cotton fields of the south? Is it right for us to evince more care and sympathy for the black man, than for the white man, I cannot see why we should. True, there may be some

in the army who are not physically able to endure the fatigues of a protracted campaign, such should receive their discharge. But the idea of reducing the army, it seems to me to be entirely erroneous. The enemy would be but too glad to have us make our army smaller, they could handle it so much the easier. Instead of reducing the army, special efforts should be made to increase it to a million, which would in my judgment be economy. Had the President at the time he called for seventy-five thousand men, called for five hundred thousand men, who doubts but that the rebellion would ere this have been quelled. We must have men enough as our army advances, to hold the places taken from the rebels, else what do we gain? Union men in rebellion will not show their colors until a our forces will give assurance that the place shall be held firmly by them for if they should show Union sentiments, how long, think you, they would retain their liberty or their property should these places be evacuated and the rebels again take possession of them?—Wherever we have taken possession of forts and cities and gave assurance that they would be held at any cost, there uniformly has been found considerable loyal sentiment among the people. Gen. Burnside has not half as many men under his command as he should have, and he is continually crippled for want of men and is frequently obliged to delay operations until he receives reinforcements, this gives the rebels a better opportunity to strengthen their defenses, which renders the loss of life so much the greater on our part in our encounter with the enemy. Let senators and representatives give their attention to the adoption of measures for speedily quelling the rebellion, and not throw away their time in discussing a question that will take care of itself without their aid. Had Congress at the special session provided adequate means, the Nashville would not have escaped our blockading fleet, which at this time consisted of two warships with a pop gun in each. It is deeply humiliating to see that rebel craft proudly leave port when she will, meeting with nothing to intercept on our part better than a couple of old mud sews.

Congress seems to be greatly exercised about the tax bill, and when they get it matured, some months hence perhaps, there won't be much of anything to tax. There are a great many secessing women now a-days, especially in Washington, and if they will but put a moderate tax on their phylacteries (hoops), taxing them by the yard, a revenue sufficient would readily be obtained without need of taxing anything else. But should there by any possibility, be a deficiency, just put a tax on opera glasses, and it would be a sure thing.

Letters received from Mass. Vols. quote the 22d Regt. at Newmarket Bridge, March 27th, and the 13th Regt. at Bull Run, March 30th.

Mr. Charles H. Long is doing good service in his country's cause. So is his wife, though in a little different capacity, viz: in that of attending to the wants of a new comer, a nice, plump boy.

LENO.

[The preceding communication was received last week but was mislaid]

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOWN MEETING.—The annual town meeting was held on Monday. The day was rather pleasant though cold enough for "March meeting." At all our town meetings it is usually pleasant inside the hall, whatever the weather may be without. If all cannot agree upon the measures proposed, they "agree to disagree" and so have no hard words about it. The following is a brief report:

In the absence of the Clerk, the meeting was called to order at 9 o'clock, A. M., by the Selectmen, when Jacob C. Hartshorn was chosen Town Clerk pro tempore, after which the throne of grace was addressed by Rev. E. A. Eaton. For Moderator, chose J. Sullivan Eaton; Town Clerk, J. C. Hartshorn; Treasurer, James F. Emerson; Selectmen, Thomas Green, Henry Oliver, and Thomas B. Walker; Assessors, D. B. Wheelock, J. W. Bancroft, and Everett Hart; Overseers of the Poor, J. W. Dean, Samuel Littlefield, and Horatio Dooliver; School Committee 3 years, P. H. Sweetser, and A. A. Foster; Constables, C. H. Davis, and G. L. Churchill; Collector of Taxes, E. A. Upton; Highway Surveyors, J. W. Dean, Asaph Evans, J. J. Mansfield, Warren Wiley, J. W. Howe, Hero W. Nichols; Trustees of Town Library, P. H. Sweetser, Lucius Babee, D. B. Wheelock, E. A. Upton, Chester W. Eaton, Lilley Eaton, J. M. Sweetser; D. B. Wheelock, and A. P. Hutchinson, Auditors. A large number of other persons were elected to make up the complement of town officers.

In the appropriations a good deal of economy was exercised, raising less for schools, for Highways, and for other purposes than heretofore. What has been voted should be, and no doubt will be, expended in the most judicious manner.

SURPRISE.—On Tuesday evening the members of the Baptist choir, nearly 30 in number, visited the house of Mr. and Mrs. George Seaver, two of their number, and spent a few hours in singing, in social conversation, and in paying their respects to the eatables which were carried to enhance the cheer of the occasion. This choir, though rather unfortunate in losing good leaders occasionally by their removal from town, &c., are very harmonious among themselves, and exhibit that mutual sympathy which should always exist in similar bodies.

SCHOOLS.—At a meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening, Hon. P. H. Sweetser was appointed Chairman, John Winslow, Secretary, and Edward Mansfield, Treasurer. It was decided that the High and Grammar Schools commence next Monday, and all the others on the Monday following, (April 21).

FIRES.—Last Saturday night the dwelling house of James Craine, in Montrose, was

consumed by fire. Much of the furniture was destroyed. The fire was caused by a defect in the chimney.

M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Sabbath School in Greenwood—H. D. Degen, Esq., Superintendent—had an exhibition in Greenwood Hall, on Fast-day evening, and the performance was repeated on Friday evening. The exhibition consisted of music, instrumental and vocal, declamations, dialogues, and tableaux. The music was good, the subject for declamation, dialogue, and tableaux, appropriately chosen, and the several parts were well performed. The entertainment, as a whole, was highly pleasing, and, we think, profitable, to all present. The school contains about thirty scholars; and the net proceeds of the exhibition, amounting to thirty dollars, are to be expended for the purchase of books to increase the school library.

S.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Temporizing.
When I was a youth I heard a public speaker, elevating his hand, exclaim with great emphasis—"Cursed be temporizing!"

I then scarcely understood the meaning of the word; but I was just thinking, the present condition of our country is a terrible explanation of its meaning and of that speaker's malediction upon it.

Our fathers, against their conviction of right, yielded to the times, in framing laws and a constitution acceptable to slaveholders.

South Carolina refused to ratify the Constitution, unless the slave trade could be preserved for 20 years, and unless her bonds-men could be reclaimed in other states.

The very commencement of our declaration of independence shows what our fathers knew was right, justice;—but instead of nobly saying, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall"—the sentence of even enlightened pagans, they yielded to the flat of kidnappers and task-masters.

And what was gained by this temporizing? Why, South Carolina, Georgia, &c., became members of the Union; and the Union has already sacrificed some perhaps 50 thousand human lives and 500 millions of dollars to get ready to force these rebels back into the Union.

Now if our fathers had refused to do evil that good might come, the Southern States, after blustering awhile, might have concluded to relinquish their claims and join the Union; for then, even the slaveholders knew what was right,—their conscience was against their conduct; whereas now, they seem given up to believe a lie to their perdition; and because sentence against their evil works was not executed speedily, their hearts have become fully set in them to do evil.

So then, while in view of our past history, we solemnly raise our hands and declare "CURSED BE TEMPORIZING!" Let us take warning how we again offend the Judge of all the earth who will not fail to render tribulation and anguish upon those that do evil.

J. E.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FAST-DAY.—The two religious Societies united in a Union Service at the Congregational Church at the usual hour. Rev. Mr. Robinson officiated. Text, Exodus—15th Chap, 3d verse. "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name." In reading the Bible, God is presented in two different aspects. Men delighted to contemplate God as a God of Love, and not in his sterner attributes. The necessity of these two elements in the Divine Nature, were explained and enforced. The reverend gentleman then proceeded to show,—first, some of the reasons why men should rejoice in the justice of God. Secondly,—That there is no such thing as happiness without due regard to justice. We see in view of this fact the sin of rebellion against rightful authority. All rebellion is sin, and all sin is rebellion. "The powers that be are ordained of God." Instances were cited of acts committed by our brethren at the South which show the evil tendency of rebellion. This was the spirit of rebellion when rampant. Thirdly,—The certainty that right shall ultimately triumph in the world. This point was presented as an inducement not to falter or faint in the right course.

SCHOOLS.—We have lost another of our long tried and experienced teachers, Miss Martha M. Hobbs, who has taught the Mystic School for about three years. She has been appointed to a vacancy in the Eliot School, Boston and entered upon her duties. The Committee have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Isabella B. Tenney, whose graduation from the Normal School at Salem, I recently commented upon in this paper, to fill the vacancy here. The Mystic School has been privileged in having but few changes of its teacher for several years. I doubt not from the well known capabilities of its new teacher that it will continue to flourish and maintain its long standing reputation as a "model school." The first and second classes of the High School united in presenting to their retiring teacher, Mr. Emerson, Webster's Memoirs and Works, complete in six volumes.

WAR ITEMS.—On Saturday morning last, Mr. C. P. Sanborn received the sad intelligence through a letter addressed to our Post-Master, of the death of his oldest son, George, who was attached to the corps of Sappers and Miners, then at Fortress Monroe. This young man was about 24 years of age and enlisted a few months since in this corps which receives only men of sound constitution and capable of bearing a good deal of fatigue. He was well qualified for the position he had taken, and a young man of much promise. His father received a letter from him dated the 27th of last month which stated his health to be good. He died of pleurisy on the 4th inst., after an illness of only a few days. His remains will be brought home for interment. Disease seems to make more havoc in the ranks of our Army than the balls of the enemy and many a young man who

has past unharmed amid the latter has succumbed to the former. The climate, change of habits, exposure, fatigue and other causes conspire to fill our hospitals and bring many a brave soldier to his last resting place.

ACCIDENT.—One of the results of not having the gas lamps lighted on our highways, took place a few evenings since in the immediate vicinity of one of them. As Mr. Hart of Woburn the ticket clerk at the Depot, Boston, was riding out home in company with another gentleman, and when near Walnut Street on the Main Street, the chaise was run into by a wagon which Mr. Varnum Locke was driving, and damaged to a considerable extent. The night was quite dark, and the parties did not see each other until the collision. It was fortunate that no injury was inflicted upon the persons of the occupants of these teams. It would be well to levy an assessment upon all those who voted against the lighting of the gas, to meet the damages that may result from its discontinuance. In this case the damage done was of no small amount.

ENTERTAINMENT.—Prof. Harrington the well known Ventriquist and Magician, gave one of his interesting exhibitions in Iyceum Hall on Monday evening last to an attentive audience. The Professor still holds his own, and though several others have entered the field, he still continues to interest and amuse his audience, especially the younger portion, by his remarkable performances.

EXECUTION ENGINE COMPANY.—The annual meeting of this Company was held on Monday Evening last at their house, when the following persons were elected to the various offices, viz: Foreman, Charles H. Dupee; First Assistant Foreman, Ira G. Hatch; Second Assistant Foreman, Charles T. Symmes; Clerk, Joseph McConville; Treasurer, Albert Ayer; Steward, Sorelle Gove; Standing Committee, Albert Ayer, C. H. Dupee and E. A. Symmes; Engineers, (subject to the approval of the Selectmen) Frank H. Johnson, Luther R. Symmes and Matthew Oliver. The Company is in a flourishing condition, and have had at their house several social gatherings during the winter which have afforded much pleasure to those who participated in them.

LYCEUM.—On account of the exhibition of Prof. Harrington last Monday evening, the meeting of the Lyceum was omitted. At the next meeting there will be a debate upon the recent message of President Lincoln in regard to the emancipation of slaves in loyal States, after which the quarterly election of officers will take place.

EXECUTION.

Fast Life and Swift Decay.

THE ONLY COUNTERCURE.

The times in which we live teem with wonders. Nothing seems impossible; for the impossibilities of one year become the common place events of the next. Lightning presses instantaneous communication between the most distant points, and innumerable inventions for conducting vast amounts of business into small spaces of time and for curtailing the processes of production and manufacture, are among the marvels of the marvelous era. Under such circumstances we may truly be said to live a "fast life." But whether the whirl and rush by which we are borne along is really conducive to our happiness is another question.

Certain it is that the average duration of human life is decreasing in the midst of this excitement. The modern phases of disease seem to puzzle and baffle the faculty, and with two remarkable exceptions viz, HOLLIS' PILLS and HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, no medicines appear to make the desired impression upon internal or external disorders. These two celebrated remedies are said, however, to be accomplishing the most wonderful cures throughout the length and breadth of our land. Liver complaint and diseases of the stomach and bowels, which in a majority of cases are produced by over-excitement in business, yield to the Pills when all the resources of the druggist and apothecary have failed, and eruptive and scrofulous complaints seem to be equally under the control of the ointment. We congratulate Doctor HOLLOWAY on the signal success of his great medicine in this country. From what we know of the man, we have no doubt that the gratification derived from that success will afford him far less satisfaction than the knowledge of the good his remedies have effected.—N. Y. American.

The Miasma and Foul Vapors generated by the hot sun, will be far more deadly to our Volunteers than the enemy's bayonets. In the Indian and Crimean Campaigns, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS were used in enormous quantities. They

NEW
SPRING GOODS!

DRESS GOODS,

NEW PRINTS,

BLACK SILKS,

HOUSEKEEP'G GDS.

BL'D & BROWN COTTONS,

WATCH SPRING SKIRTS,

SMALL WARES,

&c., &c.

ALL AT

VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH

AT

CHAS. A. SMITH'S,

MAIN STREET,

WOUBURN CENTRE.

Mortgagee's Sale of

REAL ESTATE!

IN NO. 1 WOUBURN.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on the

Premises, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1862,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., the Land, Buildings and

Premises, situated in North Woburn, on the

road from Woburn Centre to North Woburn Village,

adjoining the Ball's Estate, and generally known

as the "Country Place," being about 45 acres

of good Farming Land, (via Lowell R.R.)

This Estate is very pleasantly located, near Churches,

Schools, Stores, &c., and contains about 45 acres

of good Farming Land; the Buildings consist of a

large Mansion House, containing 11 rooms, fine

cellar, and good water; a large Barn, well arranged

for keeping Horses, Carriages, Stock, &c., in

good repair.

The Estate is well fenced, has a good supply of

bearing Fruit Trees, Strawberry and large Shrub

Trees about the Estate, making a most desirable

Country Seat for a Gentleman wishing a Summer

Residence.

The Sale will be positive, whether fair or foul.

Those in search of a most delightful situation,

within a few miles of the city, will consult their

interest by attending this Sale.

For further particulars enquire of the Auctioneers,

THOMPSON & KERN, 16 Seely's

Building, or W. GOWARD, Real Estate Broker

21 Washington St., Boston.

Call and See the

NEW PICTURES

FOR SALE AT THE POST OFFICE,

By S. HORTON,

WHO will keep on hand a good assort-

ment of Engravings, Card Photographs of

Distinguished Persons and Subjects.

For PHOTODUPLICATION, of Pictures and Rustic

Frames; Also, Square Frames of any kind made

to order.

ALL AT LESS THAN BOSTON PRICES.

HARD TIMES COFFEE.

THE trying times and the high price of cof-

fee has demanded that a good substitute should

be found for pure coffee, and the manufacturer of

the Hard Times Coffee has succeeded in the invention

of an article which meets the requirements of the

times, and which our State Assayer, Dr. Hayes,

pronounces free from any deleterious substance.

It is sold at a very low price, and is, in fact, about

equal to pure coffee.

Manufactured by H. R. NEWELL, Jr., Manu-

facturer of Coffee, Staples and Cream Tartar, 36 SOUTH

MARKET STREET, BOSTON.—TRY IT.—You can

get a pound of any Grocer in WOUBURN.

Certificate of Dr. Hayes:

"HARD TIMES COFFEE." This substitute for

the more expensive kinds of coffee has been an-

alyzed chemically and microscopically, and found

to be free from any deleterious substance. It also

corresponds in composition with the manu-

facturer's statement.

A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer,

16 Boylston Street, Boston, Feb. 25, 1862.

35-3m.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

ARE OFFERED AT

G. A. GEE'S

TO GENTLEMEN

Who are about to order

SPRING CLOTHING!

Call and see his Stock of Goods.

Tenements to Let.

TO LET, in Woburn Centre, FOUR

TENEMENTS, to one of which is at-

tached to the main building, and is a

very desirable place for a family. For

particulars apply to

JOSEPH KELLEY,

Woburn, March 22, 1862.—1f.

Rubber Clothing Company,

ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND

OF THE CELEBRATED

Metropolitan Universal

Clothes Wringer.

This wringer is WARRANTED good for one year,

and is the only durable and reliable machine of the

kind in the market.

AGENTS wanted in every town and city.

RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,

37 Milk Street, BOSTON.

FOR SALE,

IN WOUBURN CENTRE, within five min-

utes walk of the Woburn Branch Depot,

A First Rate House,

containing six or ten rooms, with hard and soft

water in the kitchen; attached is a small stable

and about thirteen thousand feet of land, with a

variety of Fruit Trees, Strawberry beds, &c. Will

be sold on very reasonable terms. Enquire of

A. A. CARTER, WISS STREET,

Woburn, March 8, 1862.

CLARK'S Patent Indelible Pencils,

for Marking Clothing, for sale at the Bookstore.

TOWN WARRANT.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, ss. To either of the Constables

of the town of Woburn, in said county,

Greeting:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Mas-

sachusetts, you are hereby required to notify

and warn the inhabitants of the Town of

Woburn qualified to vote in town affairs, to

meet at the Town Hall, in said Woburn, on

Monday, the fourteenth day of April next, at

three of the clock, P. M., to act on the follow-

ing articles, viz:—

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside

at said meeting.

Art. 2. To hear and act on the Report of

the Superintendent School Committee.

Art. 3. To hear and act on the Report of

the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

Art. 4. To see if town will instruct the

Selectmen to call the Annual Town Meetings

for the choice of Town Officers and raising

and appropriating money, on the first Mon-

day in April annually, or do anything in

relation thereto.

Art. 5. To see if the town will give any

instructions in relation to printing and distrib-

uting the Town Reports, or do anything in

relation thereto.

Art. 6. To hear and act on the Report of

the Committee chosen at the last March

meeting to confer with the Rev. Samuel

Sewall, of Burlington, in relation to the pub-

lication of his History of Woburn.

Art. 7. To see if the town will instruct the

Treasurer to hire money for the payment

of Soldiers, under the direction of the Select-

men, in anticipation of aid to be furnished by

the State.

Art. 8. To see if the town will instruct the

committee chosen at the last meeting to

build an engine-house at East Woburn, to

purchase or hire a lot of land to locate said

house on.

Art. 9. To see if the town will make any

change in relation to the manner of notifying

Town Meetings, or do anything in relation

thereto.

Art. 10. To see if the town will raise and

appropriate any money for the purpose of

enlargement of the almshouse, or do anything

in relation thereto.

Art. 11. To see if the town will authorize

the Committee on Cemetery to purchase any

land for the enlargement of the cemetery, or

do anything in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant

by posting up attested copies thereof at each

of the public meeting-houses in said town,

seven days at least before the time of holding

said meeting and causing the same to be pub-

lished in the Middlesex Journal and Woburn

Budget.

Hereof fail not and make due return of this

warrant, with your doings thereon to the

Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding

said meeting.

Given under our hands, at Woburn, this

third day of April, A. D., 1862.

JOHN CUMMINGS, JR.,

JOSEPH KELLEY,

WALTER WYMAN,

E. E. THOMPSON,

M. A. TYLER,

Selectmen of Woburn.

A true copy. Attest:

S. R. DOLLIVER, Constable of Woburn.

TO LET.

The estate formerly owned by John Flanders,

consisting of Dwelling House, Shop and Stable,

House opposite, and Tenement at the "turning

point" place, so called. Apply to

JOHN JOHNSON,

Treas. W. A. & M. Association,

Woburn, March 8-1f.

A NEW & BEAUTIFUL EDITION

OF THE

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.

BY JOHN S. HART, LL. D.,

12 mo., muslin, price 50 cents; paper covers, 25

cents. Copies of this book will be sent by mail on

receipt of the price, in postage stamps. Please

address

J. C. GARRIGUES, Publisher,

145 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

\$26 A Salary to Agents. \$40

A FEW enterprising Agents, either Gentle-

men or Ladies, are wanted to introduce a new

Literary Newspaper. To such as can give unex-

ceptionable references as to Character and Ability,

we will pay from \$25 to \$40 per month, and their

necessary traveling expenses. On receipt of ten

cents we will send, per paid, specimen copies of

the paper, and a pamphlet giving full particulars.

Address—

E. C. RICE & COMPANY,

Franklin Square, Norwich, Conn.

37-3w

TO THE

Cash Jobbing Trade.

In addition to their previous large stock opened

on first inst.

83 PACKAGES

OF

DRESS GOODS

comprising a great variety of

Seasonable Styles & Fabrics

which were bought in

One Lot, For Cash,

of an Importer.

They will be sold on the same terms as such

prices as will give a good margin of profit to the

Trader.

GEORGE TURNBULL & CO.,

289 WASHINGTON ST.,

5 and 7 Winter Street,

Boston, April 24, 1862.

3w

ARE YOU INSURED?

INSURED against loss or damage by Fire,

on Dwelling Houses, Farm Property, Stock of

Goods, Manufacturing Establishment, and personal

property of every description, for one, three, or

five years, and in the best Boston Stock Of-

fice, at the lowest rates.

JAMES H. PRINCE,

138 State St., BOSTON.

All orders for Insurance by mail, sent to Boston

or Worcester, or left at Moore's Dry Good Store,

in Woburn, will meet with prompt attention.

37-2m

PAPER HANGINGS!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED

SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl

and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Pa-

per ever offered in this town—containing 100

different styles.

Purchasers are invited to call and examine

samples at the

WOUBURN BOOKSTORE.

A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

Isometrical Perspective View of

JERUSALEM,

AND THE

CITIES, TOWNS, MOUNTAINS

AND

VALLEYS

IN ITS VICINITY.

This work is commended to the attention

of all who are interested in

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES.

THE VIEW IS

34 FEET LONG AND 54 FEET WIDE,

ELEGANTLY LITHOGRAPHED

AND

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.

It is mounted on canvas, with rollers, and

will adorn the walls of the

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, the

LECTURE-ROOM, the

STUDY, or the

LIBRARY.

It has been authenticated from

The most Authentic Sources,

And will be found

AN INVALUABLE AID

to those engaged in

LECTURING ON THE HOLY LAND,

OR IN

IMPARTING INSTRUCTION

—TO—

School Classes

On the Subject to which it Refers.

A Descriptive Manual bound in muslin and

an Outline Key accompany the View.

PRICE TEN DOLLARS.

The following extracts from letters show

the opinion of eminent Biblical scholars in

reference to this work.

Rev. S. HENREYS PRIME, D. D., Editor

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XI: No. 29.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

God Knows Why.

Pilgrim—o'er earth's desert toiling,—
Faint thy step and dim thine eye,—
Wearied with life's many crosses,
Be not hopeless! *God knows why!*
Time brings sorrow to oppress thee,
Sorrow laden with a sigh,—
Yet ere long His smile will bless thee;
Trust! Oh, trust Him! *He knows why!*

Mother—by yon coffin standing,
Where thy loved in death doth lie,—
Weep a season, then remember
God, thy Father, *knoweth why!*
Ay! He knows why death's dark angel,
Here and there abroad doth fly,—
Wringing hearts in bitter anguish,—
Though afflicted, *God knows why!*

Maiden—friends may teach/rouse prove thee,
In misfortune pass thee by;
Weaving snares along life's pathway,
Yet be patient—*God knows why!*
Time will bring thee many changes—
Thorns beneath life's rose leaves lie,
All's not true that's beauty seeming,
Yet thy Saviour *knoweth why!*

Patriot—o'er our land so cherished,
We're dreading misdeeds swiftly fly—
Clouds of darkest, deepest blackness,
Gather o'er us—*God knows why!*
In this hour of our affliction
He will hear the fervent cry,
And command His benediction
On His chosen—*He knows why!*

Father! Great, all-gracious Father!
Low before Thy throne we lie;
Hear our fervent supplication—
Guide, oh guide us from on high!
Send sweet peace o'er all our country,—
Bind us by one sacred tie,
Life and Liberty to cherish
Evermore—*Thou knowest why!*

Select Literature.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE CATACOMBS.

It is rather difficult to obtain access to the catacombs of Paris, simply, I believe, because the Government considers it is a morbid and valueless curiosity which induces people to desire to visit such a spot; but there is an impression, more or less prevalent in the French provinces, that the reason why so many difficulties are thrown in the way of paying a visit to these gigantic galleries is owing to the fact that there is an entry into this underground world from the palace of the Tuileries. The provincials recently believe that the reigning potentate, whether king or emperor, is afraid of assassins being able to penetrate into the palace by this entry if the catacombs become publicly known, and their intricacies made comprehensible. Say to any one of these provincials that the case would be met by blocking up this palatial entrance to the vaults, and you will get in return a violent shake of the head. "No, no," your countryman will answer; "if majesty is afraid of assassins entering from the catacombs, remember the catacombs would give a means of escaping if assassins, in the shape of rebels, entered at the open gate. No, no—they'll not block up the palace entrance to the catacombs. No, no!"

Let this be as it may, it is certain that I and a party of four, exclusive of the guide, obtained permission to visit underground Paris. And it is worthy of remark, as illustrating upon what small hinges serious events turn, that if I had not said the following words to the cabman who took me to the entrance, I should never have had to endure what I am about to describe. These words were: "If I do not return in half an hour, drive off." So saying, I paid the man in advance for waiting, and followed my party to the entrance-door, which was of heavy wood.

My reason for retaining the cabman was this: I had been waiting some days for the official permission to visit the catacombs, and on the very morning when it arrived I was preparing to start for London upon business of moment. Now the train started at twelve, and the written permit arrived at ten. I was undesirous of losing the opportunity for my underground exploration, and I was desirous of starting by the twelve o'clock train. I therefore came to the conclusion that if half an hour in the catacombs (from eleven half past) would satisfy me, I could then catch the train by twelve if I had a cab ready; whereas if I found the exploration sufficiently attractive to occupy more time, I would then defer my departure until the evening.

I found the catacombs extraordinary, but monotonous. Everybody knows that they were originally the stone mines which supplied the building material of Paris; in fact, it has been aptly said that Paris has been built of her own entrails. Let there be the least volcanic shock below Paris—she lies in a volcanic line—and her stupendous palaces, her whole being would be swallowed in the tomb she herself has excavated.

At the beginning of this century Napoleon decreed extra-mural interment, and all the graveyards within the walls of Paris were broken up and built over. The bones of centuries were moved into the catacombs. Millions of the bones of dead French were carried thither, and fantastically arranged. The visitor passes between two walls of skulls, which all seem to stare at him with a ghastly blind stare.

Ten minutes were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity; but our guide, true to his trade, kept on making the widest promises of coming wonders, and, as a couple of my party were ladies, I need not add that the party's

curiosity was stimulated by the assertions of our leader.

We each carried a little lamp, and we looked an odd group.

"Well," said I, at last, "I really think I will leave you to your promenade. I can find my way back, I feel sure, and I have yet time to catch the train."

The guide laughed at the idea of my finding my way back to the entrance. I looked at my watch. It wanted ten minutes to the half hour; if I did not go back at once, the cab would be gone.

We had passed many transverse passages in our way; indeed, the catacombs, as I saw them, seemed a wide streets, and courts, and alleys. I was the last of my party, and perhaps, reluctant as I felt to go on, I lagged behind. At all events, I was looking about me from one side to the other, when, as the lamp of my companions crossed one of the transverse cuttings, I noticed, a few steps along this passage, an immense skull, in which all the teeth were singularly perfect, white, and gleaming. I turned into the passage, meaning to inspect this skull more narrowly, when, as I moved my head toward it, a horrible rat, frightened at my presence, leaped, in its fright, against my cheek. I fell as though I had been shot. We all have antipathies, more or less, and my antipathy is rats. I abhor them. I am almost ashamed to say it, but the shock of the sudden appearance and touch of that rat caused me to faint. I must have lost my senses for many minutes.

When I knew myself again I was utterly in the dark. The blackness seemed absolutely to hit me. I heard not a sound at first; then a rumbling; it was a passing carriage rolling above my horrible tomb. For a few moments, I think, I lost my consciousness once more. I am not sure, however, on this point. Having again recovered it, I endeavored to grasp the full truth of my position.

My friends were not near me, that was certain.

Now, had they left the catacombs, or were they searching for me? That they discovered they had lost me, almost immediately after I had fainted, seemed to me certain. Then how was it they had left the spot near which they had last seen me? It was certain that, in looking for me, they would take the line we had traversed. "Then why had they not found me? Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon me. They had thought, after calling to me many times and receiving no answer, that I had tried to make my way to the entrance. When they reached it the half hour was ended, and the driver being gone, they had believed him to have taken me away, and so supposed me on my road to England.

It was a terrible knowledge to gain, but I did not utterly despair. I felt sure that the alarm would be taken before I had been long enough in my living tomb to die of starvation. But to pass even four or five days underground, without food or water, in a darkness which was positively maddening—

I could not remain inactive; I must do something. What could I do?

My first question was, should I remain where I lay? In the first place, such inaction would kill me; in the second, it was needless; for, as when the alarm should be taken, every inch of this subterranean world would be searched till I should be found, it mattered not whether I might have wandered—I should be equally safe any where.

I got up, stretched my hand, and touched the wall of skulls. I shrank to the ground again. A few moments, and I conquered my cowardice. I declare to you that within a few moments, and purely by dint of gravenly and kindly reasoning with myself, I was able to touch the dead about me with absolute calmness; nay, I could run my hand over the shape of the skull with a kind of curiosity.

My lamp was shivered into a thousand pieces. I can not tell to this day how it was my companions did not hear the crash. I can only suppose that a carriage was rumbling along the road overhead when I fell.

Suddenly I thought of the rat. If the horrible thing came toward me, what should I do? The thought was parent to the belief that the execrable thing was there. I struck out instinctively, and my hand coming upon some of the broken glass of the lamp, it was cut, and I felt blood flowing from the wounds. I bound my handkerchief, my gloves, my cravat, round and round the wounds, rather than a drop of my life's blood should fall, to become food for the horrible creature that had brought me to this pass.

But I felt I must move—I must seek to free myself while help was coming. Which way should I turn?

I remembered that I had entered the passage on my right, and that the skull was on the left; then, to leave it, in order to reach the road by which we had come, I must let it be on my right hand, and when I had reached the road I must turn to the left. I soon discovered the inordinately large skull, left it on my right, and groped my way the few steps to the roadway. I knew when I reached it by the angle of bones. Immediately my highly-pitched senses perceived a change. My right cheek experienced an increase of temperature. Mind—my right cheek.

I asked myself to what this change could be attributable? I soon answered myself. It was a current of air from the outer world. Now, thought I, this current of air—for current it was, though I could detect no movement in the atmosphere—must come

from an opening; that opening must be at or near a door; then, if I follow up against this current, I shall ultimately reach the spot at which it enters.

Next moment I know I must have turned pale, for when I turned full face toward the current I could detect no difference of temperature. It required a contrast between the two cheeks, as it were, to ascertain the difference. I have since been told by a scientific friend that this can be accounted for. The nerves of the face, when I stood sideways, were struck by the current laterally, and therefore not so naturally as when the face set toward it; because, as all the provisions of nature exhibit preservation of forces, the nerves of the face, in meeting the wind, naturally—that is, when the man is walking—are so placed in relation to the wind as to offer the least possible amount of nervous surface to its influence.

As suddenly as I had been struck with the cause of the current I obtained another means of ascertaining my way. I turned to the wall of skulls which flanked the main road, and against which my right hand still was. Now I thought that side of each skull which receives the warm current, precisely as my face received it, will, from its action, be drier than the other side, which has been infinitely less open to the influence of the comparatively drying influence of the external atmosphere.

It was as I thought. The right side of the skull—that is, the side which was right when I stood with my back to the wall—was smoother than the left; so it was with twenty other skulls. I was not in error, and my heart beat wildly. It was clear, let me follow this clew, and sooner or later it must lead me to the entrance.

But there was a fault!

I knew that we had come along the road which lay to my left; the current blew from the right. One of two causes accounted for this. Either I had become confused in my memory of the locality, and the right was my road, or there was more than one entrance to these vaults. I decided to move to the right. I never learned afterward how many miles I really did travel; to me it seemed hundreds. I went on and on—sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but always surely. I knew that sooner or later I must come to a door.—When I came to one of the transverse cuttings, of course I had to make several steps at random. The duration of those steps seemed years. My fingers trembled with agony until they touched once more the reassuring line of skulls. Sometimes I missed the clew both of the drier side of the skull and the test of heat on my face by turning it sideways, but I soon regained it by continuing on. I suppose that at those times I was skirting curves. How many hours I spent in that wondrous walk, that logical deduction, if so I may call it, I only knew when I was once more in the open air. If I had set down and waited for help I should either have gone mad or idiotic, or have killed myself. Depend on it, reader, no matter how bad your condition, in whatever fix you may be placed, there is no help like your own.

I used to hear—I am speaking of my incarceration as though it lasted months—I used to hear the rumbling of the carriages overhead more or less distinctly, according to the depth of the stone above me. Yet it was company. That was the only noise which broke my silence.

Reverting to that current once more, it was astonishing how easily I learned its growing force, for I concentrated my whole mind upon the lesson. Ultimately, I could almost calculate the increase in its motion and temperature which so many hundred steps would yield. At last, suddenly, without any warning, the line of skulls ceased, and I touched wood!

It was a door of open lattice-work.

All looked dark beyond! But I knew I was at the exit. I had known that for many thousands of steps—many; and yet, when I touched the door, how I started!

What a celestial glory the day had as it broke upon my eyes, streaming in exquisite blue rays through the chinks of the outer door, which was beyond the lattice-work! I have no occasion to tell how I broke that lattice-work, how I hammered at the outer door, how I was at last released in the presence of half a dozen gens d'armes (who had drawn their swords), and of a score of wondering workmen.

This was not the gate by which I had entered. If I had been immured forty-two hours (as they told me), I had passed two nights in the catacombs, and all that time I had never once sat down.

I found my friends in great fright. They had only just learned, by telegraph, that I had not reached England, and that nobody in London knew any thing about me. I was ill for some time, of course; but I recovered to claim the distinction of having touched more skulls than any other man living.

The greatest charm of books is perhaps that we see in them that other men have suffered as we have. Some souls we ever find who could have responded to all our agony, be it what it may. This at least robs misery of its loneliness.

He who talks too fast, outruns his hearer's thoughts. He who speaks too slow, gives his hearer pain by hindering his thoughts, as a rider who frets his horse by reining him in too much.

Missionary Pioneers.

The April number of the North American Review has an interesting historical sketch of some of the pioneers in the establishment of Foreign Missions from this country, fifty years ago. Of one, best known in our community, and most highly honored where best known, the writer says:

"The Secretaries of the board were all marked men, closely identified with their work, bringing to it strong minds and fervent hearts, and taken into their characters the heroic elements with which it is fraught. The first of these was R. V. Dr. SAMUEL WORCESTER, a pioneer in the cause, whose prescient mind saw in its very inception its destined triumph, and whose plastic and organizing ability was second to no agency in its early success and rapid growth. Though a keen controversialist, he was preeminently 'a man of the beatitudes,' uniting with the hardest features of character—a strenuous purpose and an indomitable will—all the amenities of the Christian gentleman. In his declining health, he sought renewed strength where most men in his condition would have expected only a grave among the Cherokee Indians tribe, where a flourishing mission had been established. He attained his goal, witnessed the achievements of Christian civilization among the rude aborigines, mingling his last prayers with those of the missionaries and their converts, and sank to rest in the forest, where, through his instrumentality, already 'instead of the thorn was the fire-tree, instead of the briar the myrtle.'"

With Dr. Worcester, indeed, there is reason to believe that the world-embracing plan had an independent origin, though not prior to the Williams College union—it would appear that he had meditated and talked of it before he had listened to the appeal of Mills and his companions. We cannot doubt that his soul was enlarged and exalted by the great thought, and that his whole life flowed ever after in a fuller current of religious emotion, energy, and efficiency.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words.—How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and some times to their mothers. They order so. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk, remember, "If you please." Among your playmates, don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "if you please."

COURTESY AT HOME.—Almost any one can be courteous in his neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it and to show it is not felt; it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband as willing to be pleased at home as he is anxious to be pleased in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days for her guests, could not fail to make home happy.

TO RAISE A REVENUE.—A cotemporary hopes Congress will put a tax of one dollar upon every man under sixty who carries a cane; a tax of two dollars upon ladies owning poodles; a tax of one dollar upon all gentlemen under thirty who wear eye-glasses; a tax of nine shillings upon ladies who wear three or more flounces; a tax of five dollars upon all pretty women who wear veils, and a tax of ten dollars upon all ugly women who don't; a tax of two dollars and a half upon people who go wandering round to different churches and don't pay any pew tax; a tax of twenty-five cents upon every person who reads a newspaper he don't subscribe to or purchase; a tax of one hundred dollars upon any person, male or female, who gets into an omnibus or car when it is already full, and a tax of ten cents upon every person in Boston who pulls his watch out when the alarm is striking 12 M. This would give us a big income.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Every housewife, who uses kerosene oil, knows that it affords the best and cheapest light of all illuminating oils. But she also knows that the constant expense and annoyance from the breakage of lamp chimneys almost if not quite counterbalances the advantages of its use. One who has thoroughly tried the experiment of preventing chimneys from cracking by the heat of the flame, says: Put the glass chimney in lukewarm water, heat to the boiling point, and boil one hour; after which leave it in the water till it cools. The suggestion is worth a trial.

A Steamboat Incident.

A clergyman, giving in the Ladies Repository an account of some experiences in a trip from his own "comfortable parsonage" to New York city, refreshes his readers with the following exhibition of practical Christianity which came under his observation.

My journey to Boston was as monotonous as possible, and the two hours detention there was not particularly exhilarating. There was no time to visit places of interest, and I felt too misanthropic and gloomy for social intercourse, although other gentlemen were waiting like myself. More than once I had nearly determined to go home in the return train, but I was ashamed to do that after Mary's generous self-sacrifice. We were half way to Stonington before I began to rouse up and look about me. I was awakened by the cries of a child, and I saw that the seat in front of me was occupied by a young woman, plainly, but decently dressed, but with an expression of anxiety on her face that instantly attracted me. She had a baby in her arms, and another, just big enough to walk, on the seat by her. He was a bright little fellow, with great flashing black eyes, and thick coils of chestnut curls clustering all over his head; but he did not seem to be well, and fretted continually for the soothing attention that he saw bestowed upon the more helpless babe in his mother's arms. There were several bundles and a carpet-bag piled one above another on the seat next to the window, and the little boy, in his restlessness, often displaced them, and they came rolling down upon the floor. I would like to see the man who would not have succumbed and hauled down his flag before such a complications of miseries.

The young mother bore up bravely. While hushing the baby and lulling it with a sweet low lullaby to temporary quiet, she contrived also to coax the little boy's curly head to a pillow on her knee, and thus doubly burdened, found means to divert his attention with a cheap picture book.

But the weather outside grew dark and unpleasant. Thick clouds were slowly gathering their forces, and the wail of the wind was often heard above the noise of the engine. The anxious expression of the mother's face deepened as she watched the ominous signs that foretold a stormy night upon the Sound. There was a quick, tremulous motion of her lip at times, as if she were repressing the inclination to have a "hearty cry" over her troubles.

I had just thought of what should have occurred to me a long time before, that it was possible for me to relieve her of a part of her burden, and was trying to drive myself out of my selfish isolation by calling up all the good Samaritan thoughts that I had ever used in my sermons on practical benevolence, when an accession of passengers at a way-station obliged me to resign my seat to a lady, who actually thanked me for the civility.

Left again to myself, leaning against the door of the car, I resumed the thread of gloomy contemplation that had of late become habitual, and was soon lost in the old weary labyrinth of conjectures in regard to the state of my parish, its spiritual deadness, and the measures to be used to awaken any interest in religious things. I grew more and more sad and desponding as I meditated, and my cogitations were as fruitless as ever. I did not again think of the babies and their mother till we were about leaving the cars at Stonington. Happening then to glance down the car before getting out, I saw her looking about her in evident perplexity. The heavy rain was already pouring down, and the darkness outside was not very attractive even to unencumbered travellers.

I am ashamed to own that I did not offer my assistance. Mary says she will never believe it—that it is impossible for human nature to be so selfish, but the humiliating truth must be told. My own wretchedness and my sense of utter uselessness in my profession made me almost indifferent for the time to the claims of humanity. Still I was sensible of a feeling of surprise, which gradually became indignation, as I saw one lady after another unconcernedly pass by, and another gentleman as heartless as myself, ignoring her silent appeal to our sympathy.

The car was emptied at last, though I still stood in the door, hoping to see another do the Christian duty that I was so reluctant to perform. I could not leave her to her fate as the rest had done.

Just then some one entered the door at the other end, and I saw the young woman look eagerly round. She had again failed in her efforts to arrange babies and bundles for transportation to the boat. The newcomer was a stout-looking, elderly man, plain and almost shabbily dressed, with a great shock of red hair nearly lifting his hat off his head, and a round fat face, deeply marked with small-pox. He was whistling a lively air, which seemed to breathe a whimsical sort of defiance to the discomforts of the bleak night, and he stopped at once when he saw the helpless group before him.

"Going aboard, ma'am?"
"Yes, sir, as soon as I can."
"Good; so am I. Let me carry this youngster for you. I've got one at home just his size. Jehoshaphat! how nat'ral it seems!" said the man, as he lifted the boy to his shoulder. The child stopped crying and laughed gleefully. "And these bundles; are they yours, ma'am?"
"Yes, sir. Thank you, I can carry those very well. I can, indeed."

"That depends." He had already gathered them in his arms, and wrapped her thin shawl more closely round the baby. "Now we're ready. Keep close behind me, ma'am. It is but a few steps."

As they passed me in the door I seemed to awake from a horrid dream. My anxiety and morbid melancholy vanished. I suppose they could not stay in the atmosphere of that man's blunt, cordial kindness. I envied him the luxury of doing what I ought to have done. After all, I said to myself, there is real good in the world—real Christian charity, living piety, and active benevolence. I followed close at the man's heels. We were jostled a little as we pressed through the throng, but were soon safely on board, just in time to avoid being left behind.

"Here we are. A nice ride you've had, my little man." There was something absolutely inspiring in that rough man's voice. Now ma'am, I'll just take you, bag and baggage down to the ladies' cabin, for it rains as if it meant to free its mind. You had better get those damp wrappings off as soon as you can. Come, it is but a step further.

She hesitated. "No, sir. Thank you. You have been very kind, but my ticket is only for a deck passage, and I have no money. I—I should not have attempted such a journey, sir, without more means, but I have just heard from my husband, who is returning from California and is sick in New York. He did not send for me, but I could not leave him to be nursed by strangers."

"Of course you couldn't. But you must not stay here. You'll all catch your death if you do. Wait till I see the captain. I'll fix matters for you, never fear."

He trudged off to the captain's office, I still following. The captain glanced at the rough man and his rougher attire carefully, and listened without much interest to his story till he begged that the poor woman might be allowed to take her babies into the cabin. Then he assumed a very knowing look indeed.

"Is the lady a very particular friend of yours?" he asked. "We are importuned every trip for special accommodation for delicate ladies with gentlemen friends on board, all as poor as Job's turkeys. We serve them all alike, and each person gets what he pays for."

"Look here, sir, there's no call to insult anybody. You've had a fair chance to act like a gentleman and a Christian, but I never quarrel with a man if he prefers acting like a heathen. How much do you charge for a cabin passage?"

"One dollar."

"There's the money. I've got just seventy cents left. It will buy them a little supper, and I can go without mine."

The captain looked a little ashamed. He handed back half a dollar.

"I've no doubt its all cheat and humbug," he said, "but if you are not telling the truth you lie so naturally that it is worth fifty cents to hear you."

"Thank you all the same," was the reply, as the coin so ungraciously proffered was accepted.

I never saw a more grateful creature than that poor young woman when she found that her friend had secured a shelter for her. She cried with pleasure, and kissed his great, freckled hands in a transport of thankfulness. He helped her to a comfortable seat, waited till a tray of refreshments was brought to her then giving the stewards a trifle to secure all necessary attention, he left her to the comforts he had provided. His berth in the cabin was just above mine, and, though he kept me awake half the night whistling softly to himself, or humming tunes whenever he was not snoring, I forgive him with all my heart. I wrote to Mary in the morning that I had found a curiosity—a man with a soul as big as a cathedral.

THE BARBER'S REASON.—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber, in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored Church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the Church in Elm street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No sah, not at all."

"What, are you not a member of the African Church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand. "It was just like dis. I jined the Church in good fait; I give \$10 toward the stated gospel de fua' year, and the Church people call me 'Bradder Dickson'; the second year my business not so good, and I gib only five dollars. Dat year the people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, the third year I feel bery poor, hab sickness in my family; and didn't gib nuthin' for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me 'dat old nigger Dickson'—and I left em."

"Nothing is more unmanly than to reflect on any man's profession, sect, or natural infirmity. He who stirs up against himself another's self-love, provokes the strongest passion in human nature."

Swearing a Contraband.

The following description of the swearing of a contraband is from a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer from a member of Company K, First Iowa Cavalry:—

"Innumerable questions were being propounded to him, when the corporal advanced, observing,

"See here, Dixie, before you can enter the service of the United States, you must be sworn."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied when the corporal continued.

"Well, then, take hold of the Bible," holding out a letter envelope upon which was delineated the Goddess of Liberty standing upon a Suffolk pig, wearing the emblem of our country. The negro grasped the envelope cautiously with thumb and forefinger, when the corporal proceeded to administer the oath by saying:

"You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and see that there are no grounds floating upon the coffee at all times."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied, "I allers settles him in de coffee-pot."

"Here he let go of the envelope to gesture late by a downward thrust of his forefinger the direction that would be given to the coffee-grounds for the future."

"Never mind how you do it," shouted the corporal, "but hold on to the Bible."

"Lordy massa, I forgot," said the negro, as he darted forward and grasped the envelope with a firmer clutch, when the corporal continued,

"And you do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of all the loyal States, and not spit upon the plates when cleaning them, or wipe them with your shirt sleeve."

"Here a frown lowered upon the brow of the negro, his eyes expanded to their largest dimensions, while his lips protruded with a rounded form, as he exclaimed:

"Lordy massa, I neber do dat. I allers washes him nice. Ole missus mighty 'teler 'bout dat."

"Never mind ole missus," shouted the corporal, as he resumed; "and you do solemnly swear that you will put milk in the coffee every morning, and see that the ham and eggs are not cooked to much or two little."

"Yes, I do dat; I see a good cook."

"And lastly continued the corporal, 'you do solemnly swear that when this war is over you'll make tracks for Africa almighty fast.'"

"Yes, massa, I do dat. I allers wanted to go to Chee-cargo."

"Here the regimental drums beat up for dress parade, when Tom Benton—that being his name—was declared duly sworn in and commissioned as chief cook in Company K, of the First Iowa Cavalry."

The photograph makers must be in luck, with the present rage for cartes-de-visite. They who make the faces are more fortunate than those who sit and—pay for them. Only think of supplying every young lady in the neighborhood with your "counterfeit presentment," at two shillings a head! And not because the damsel "cares a cuss" for you or your picture, but because she wants to get her album full first! Otherwise she would say "Confound your picture!" as flippantly as though it were her hand-some than "Honest Abe's." We have an idea that the nuisance may possibly be abated by Government interference. Taxation is the word. Call photographic albums "luxuries," Mr. Chase, and tax 'em like blazes! The experiment is worth trying.—Boston Post.

A cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy, and if the bubbles a-parate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected. Try it.

VALUE OF FORTITUDE.—As we stand by the sea-shore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world: they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

MATCHING AND MARRYING.—Marriages are often called "matches;" yet, of those who are married, how few are matched! Temper, tastes, and disposition should be well studied before marriage. Husbands and wives are like locks and keys, that rather break than open if the wards are not answerable.

A gentleman was once praising the personal charms of a very homely woman before Mr. Foote, the comedian, who whispered to him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right, by the laws of nations, as the first discoverer."

Mr. Bancroft, a member of the British Parliament, recently made a speech on female education, in which he illustrated the present system by referring to a school in which it appeared that almost every girl had a criminal, but hardly any possessed a pocket handkerchief.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
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Winchester.—JOHN H. HAYES.

Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are daily employed to take and forward orders for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

Last evening's news informs us that the enemy had attacked a portion of General McClellan's lines at Yorktown, but were repulsed; and that the bombardment of Yorktown had commenced. As we look at the position of the rebels, we do not mean that at Yorktown alone, but their whole line of operations, it seems to us that they are so completely hemmed in on all sides, that nothing but superhuman exertions can ever extricate them. As time rolls on the coils that bind them grow tighter and tighter, and despair, deep and dark, is pictured upon every countenance. It is not to be wondered at that the desperation of their situation appalls them. The indefatigable and prodigious exertions which some of our generals have made to resist the tide of rebellion would have blanched the cheek and cooled the courage of a less indomitable foe. It is almost that Greek meets Greek upon the battle-field, but when they do, terrible are the results. Such is the case in the present war, when the forces are equally matched. The fighting that is then done on both sides is without a parallel. Even the field of Waterloo did not witness greater deeds of valor, than did our own Pittsburg. When we look at the odds which the rebels have to contend, we cannot but admire their courage, though it is exhibited in the very basest of causes. Were it not for the blockade, we could never quell this rebellion. The few evasions which have occurred, have only tended to add to their thirst for the necessities of life and war; and were they less vigorous people they would have quailed before the tremendous odds which have been arrayed against them. This view of one side does not prevent us from noticing the stupendous year's work which the North has accomplished. Putting both sides together, no other people on the face of the earth could have done the same amount of labor, in a twelve month, as they have done. Two armies, combinedly consisting of not less than a million of men, have been gathered together and formed into disciplined hosts from the most inexperienced material. Everything that was necessary for the equipment and well being of this mass, had to be procured. Men who never handled a gun, or saw a section drill, left their customary peaceful employments to take up the rougher game of war and had to be taught the simplest rule in the manual. And who, after their great achievements, can say that they do not make good soldiers, eye the test of soldiers, even—as was the case in some instances—under inferior leadership? What does all this teach? Does it not show that the two great sections of this country were constituted to pull together in unity for each other's benefit and progress? Working together, and with full confidence in each other's integrity, they could defy a world in arms; and while engaged in the good work of trade and commerce they could challenge competition in almost every branch of industry. Then why is it that the devil is allowed to reign triumphant over the minds of so many men, who ought to know better and do better? It is because the machinations of a few debased men are allowed to obtain away with the better portion of the community, and thus control them for the furtherance of their Satanic designs. Those men who have been duped, will see when it is too late the rig that has been run upon them; and from the bottom of their hearts will they be forced to exclaim—"Save us from our friends."

We understand that several of the light-fingered gentry visited our town one evening this week. We have not heard of their "operating" upon any of our citizens. Subsequently one of them relieved a Billings man of his wallet in the Lowell Depot, Boston, but the police nabbed the fellow before he had time to decamp.

As this is the season of the year when winter wardrobes are about to be laid aside, we call attention to the Stock of New Spring Goods just opened by Mr. Chas. A. Smith. It is large, varied and tasteful, and will satisfy the wants of the most fastidious.

Good for May has been received. It is quite an attractive number, and will be found valuable by every lady who obtains a copy.

Proceedings of Town Meeting.

On Art. 1.—Chose Stephen Nichols, Moderator.

On Art. 2.—Voted to accept the School Committee's report.

On Art. 3.—Voted to accept the report of the Board of Engineers.

ENGINEERS' REPORT.

In compliance with the Ordinance concerning the Fire Department, I herewith transmit a report of the condition of the houses and apparatus, of the number of fires which have occurred, and the amount of the loss and insurance so far as could be ascertained.

FORCE AND APPARATUS.—The department numbers three Engineers, and one hundred and eighteen officers and members of the companies connected with it. The apparatus consists of four fire engines and one hook and ladder carriage.

NIAGARA, No. 1.—Is located on Railroad street. It is a first class engine, built by Howard & Davis, in 1853. There is also one two-wheeled horse carriage, capable of carrying 500 feet of hose. There are 300 feet of serviceable hose at the house. All of this apparatus, together with the engine-house, are in good condition, the latter having been thoroughly repaired the past year. The company is an excellent one, comprising 45 members. John Gilman, foreman.

JACOB WHEELER, No. 2.—Is situated at North Woburn. This, also, is a first class Howard & Davis machine, built in 1853. It has one two-wheeled horse carriage, which will carry 350 feet of hose. There are 800 feet of serviceable hose at the house. The engine is in most excellent condition, as is also the apparatus connected with it. The engine was painted the past year, in a most satisfactory manner. A good and efficient company is attached, composed of 42 members. T. F. Wadsworth, foreman.

WASHINGTON, No. 3.—Is located at Central Square. The engine is without a company, owing to the situation and condition of the house, as reported last year. I believe the subject of repairing the house has been in the hands of a committee of the Selectmen.

VITO, No. 4.—Built by Thayer, is located at East Woburn. There is also one two-wheeled horse carriage, with 300 feet of hose, which is not reliable owing to the great length of time it has been in service. The company consists of 31 members. Chas. Porter, foreman. They have labored under great disadvantages, being without a house and good apparatus, but notwithstanding, they have done well.

HOOK AND LADDER TRUCK, No. 1.—Is without a company, and is situated on Railroad street. It is in good condition, and has all of the necessary apparatus attached.

RESERVOIRS.—There are seven reservoirs, located as follows: one on Academy Hill, one at the foot of the Common, one at the rear of the Baptist church, one at the foot of Salem street, one at the union of Johnson and Main streets, and two at North Woburn. All of these are full and in good condition, with the exception of the one on Academy Hill and one at North Woburn, both of which were built by Tuttle, of Lowell.

FIRE.—The department has been called out sixteen times during the past year. Fires in town, eight; fires out of town, eight. False alarms, none. May 11th, fire at Marriette's barn; loss \$120—no insurance; cause unknown. May 17th, alarm from Winchester. May 24th, alarm caused by fire at Melrose. May 25th, alarm from Winchester. May 29th, alarm from Reading. July 18th, fire at Stoneham. This was the most trying fire to the men that they have had for many years. Assistance was sent for at noon on one of the warmest days we had. Some of the men were overcome with heat and dropped by the roadside. Medical aid was kindly procured by the citizens of Stoneham, and every thing done for the comfort of the men. We were on duty six hours. August 15th, James McCreely's house, North Woburn; loss \$2500; insurance \$1300; cause unknown. Aug. 23rd, alarm from South Reading. Sept. 14th, Michael Collins' house, East Woburn; loss \$800; insurance \$200; cause unknown. Sept. 17th, alarm from Stoneham. Oct. 1st, Elliott's factory, No. Woburn; loss and insurance unknown. Nov. 4th, alarm from Winchester. Nov. 30th, Chas. and Cummings' ten-house; loss \$200—no insurance; cause, spontaneous combustion. Dec. 15th, Wm. T. Spiller's house; loss \$75—no insurance; cause, sparks from the chimney falling on the roof. Feb. 6th, James A. Mann's house, occupied by Mr. Mann and Mr. Nichols; loss \$100—no insurance; cause, spontaneous combustion. March 26th, patent leather factory, owned by John B. Alley, and occupied by the Fabbrica Felting Company; loss on building and machinery \$6000—insured \$10000. Feltling Company's loss \$10000—no insurance; cause, spontaneous combustion. This is the most destructive fire that occurred in town the past year, and had it not been for one unfortunate circumstance, the building might have been saved.

EXPENSES.—Whole expense of fire department, including pay of men, and outstanding bills, \$1115.14.

REMARKS.—The action of the firemen has been prompt and energetic as usual, although it is estimated that nearly one-fourth of them left for the "cat of war," or to seek a better remuneration for their hard labor. Most of these have returned and resumed their places in the department. The officers deserve many thanks for their efforts to keep the companies full the past year, and I think there has been no time that they have fallen short of their usual complement. The department has been given general satisfaction, as I have heard no word of complaint against it.

It will be seen by referring to the number of alarms, that one-half of them were caused by loss of fire. The cause, spontaneous combustion, of the companies that they would not be allowed to run to fires out of town unless assistance was sent for, I am sorry to say, caused some dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, I think such an order was called for, and there are many reasons why it should be strictly enforced. Up to the time that the order was issued, there had been nine alarms, six of which were caused by fires out of town.

The appropriation for the coming year will be insufficient for the support of the department, as you will see by the annual report for the past nine years. 1854, \$1387.14; 1855, \$1608.57; 1856, \$1108.71; 1857, \$1059.11; 1858, \$1421.03; 1859, \$1262.07; 1860, \$1428.86; 1861, \$1308.19; 1862, \$1115.14. Average, \$1295.64. This is exclusive of the new engines, and the engine-house in North Woburn. Out of the nine years, there have been but four in which these companies have drawn full pay. No. 2 is the only company that has not been out of the department.

We have had no large conflagrations, but in case one should occur, it is unquestionably the duty of all good citizens to assist the firemen; and as I am about to leave the department, permit me to say a word in regard to that. The owners of parties representing the property, should be present to consult with the officer in command, and none others should interfere, he having spent much time to mature plans for operation in case a fire should occur, and being alone responsible for the result.

All of which is respectfully submitted by
L. W. COOPER,
Chief Engineer of W. F. D.

On Art. 4.—Voted that the Selectmen be instructed to call the annual town meeting on the first Monday in April, and that the

financial year close on the first day of March annually, and that the reports of the several departments be made to the town at the said meeting.

On Art. 5.—Voted that the several reports of the departments of the town be printed annually, in one volume, and distributed one to each family in town one week previous to the annual town meeting, under direction of the Selectmen.

The style of the Report is familiar, and abounds in many places in frequent "we's." The desire for startling antitheses and homely terms and words, which sound well when properly mouthed, makes us think that but one hand and one mind were alone employed. Instance, the fundamental axiom on page 15, which even the writer thought needed italics to make it more startling. "The schools are for the town, not the town for the schools." We think these are very pretty and sonorous. There is much of the sentiments in relation to the studies in the school which meets our views. The plan of cramming the dead languages into a boy or girl's brain, whether or no, is injurious and ought not to be permitted. And the Committee are doing a good work when they say, that, "a thorough knowledge of the English branches is more to the purpose and of greater practical value."

On page 32 will be found an elegant and tasteful ebullition of feeling which will command the attention and please the fancy of every one. The young lady who is noticed in the same sentence, must be peculiarly gratified at the good sense displayed in making her name and school the vehicle to convey to the fathers of the town the disgraceful fact of nuisance in the school yard. The references to the Selectmen's peculiar fitness to judge of nuisances, is very chaste, and in an educational report, where the Committee have expressed so strongly and properly their objection to hasty, ill-considered expressions to the scholars, it does seem very proper for the Committee, with a slang word, to call the Selectmen scavengers. To speak hastily to scholars in school is certainly reprehensible, but to deliberately write and print a gross charge of incompetency concerning the Selectmen in the Annual School Report is the height of good taste. But soberly if the Committee were able to find no better place to insert such stuff in the Report, than in the notice of a female teacher's school, we think it would have been far preferable to have omitted it altogether.

There is one subject in connection with this report on which we desire to express our views. We may be singular in our opinion on this matter, but we think not. There is a great objection to having the entire board of School Committee composed of ministers of the gospel. We are glad to see a change this year, in a board of three, one minister is sufficient. We are told that it is necessary to have on the board some who can understand the language of the High School, in a word, who have had a college or liberal education—granted. I say on the other hand that it is equally desirable that there should be on a board of three, two good, practical, common sense business men, who can examine the lower grade of schools, quite as well as ministers, and whose ability to get along with teachers, parents, and scholars, is not equalled, certainly not surpassed, by professional gentlemen.

In closing this hasty notice of their elaborate and worthy report, I cannot help calling attention to the last paragraph where the Committee has shown its mania for writing and its severe good taste by coupling a public loss to the town, with a glorification of Federal victories.

After reading our correspondent's "ebullition," we cannot help thinking but that there is some difference of opinion between him and the Committee, and that a "private interview" might be the means of bringing about a reconciliation of antagonistic views.

Letter from the Union Guard.
YORKTOWN, VA., April 7, '62.
Last Friday we broke camp and took up our line of march for Yorktown. The morning was truly beautiful, what we call a good old hazy morn. The marching-bird was chanting forth its sweetest notes of joy, and the crew was cawing forth its melodious bars as he soared above the lofty pines, thinking its own young the whitest of the white. All nature—animate and inanimate—seemed to be on the move. Old Mother Earth was about spreading a new carpet of green, and the Peach and Plum trees were in full bloom. Old Virginia is beginning to look like Eden in some parts, and like destruction in others.

At 6 o'clock, our "knapsacks" were strapped on our backs, and the Division moved on slowly. The morning was sultry, no air stirring. The travelling was pretty good, and we arrived at Big Bethel at ten o'clock, unsung knapsacks, partook of salt beef and hard tack and a gentle ration of brook water, and then trotted on. At 3 o'clock, we halted and pitched Ponchos for the night.

Yesterday morning, at daybreak, the bugle sounded reveille. At 11 o'clock, we reached our present location, which is within a mile of the fortifications of Yorktown, and three of the town. Gen. Martindale took the 22d down toward a breastwork and halted near the edge of the wood in sight of the fortress. Col. Gove ordered Co. A, Capt. Sampson, into the woods on picket duty. Co. F, grounded arms and marched down the hill in front of the fort, to clear the road of fallen trees, which were felled to obstruct the passage of artillery. The Guards went to work with a will, but scarcely had a tree been removed before came a shell over our heads, and we all fell to the ground save one, but not until it had passed. Up we jumped and at it again. Never did I see the boys work with such energy. "Go in boys," says Capt. Thompson, "I'll watch the gun and tell you when to fall." Two more were thrown, but to no effect. We accomplished our work before we left, in spite of all their firing. We then went into the woods to support Capt. Sampson, and staid all night. Martin's Battery, formerly Follet's, played on the rebels a little and must have killed a

number of them. Two of the battery men were killed outright and several wounded, besides having five horses killed. Captain Wardwell of Co. B, took his Company down toward the battery to see if it could be taken by a charge, but a shower of grape and canister caused him to about face and leave on the double quick for the woods, but not until seven of his men were wounded, two or three, I think, mortally; one has died. It is certain now, that heavy siege guns must operate upon this battery before it can be reduced.

Professor Love has twice reconnoitered the enemy with his balloon. There is a number of works in sight, which must be reduced before we can make a forward movement. Report says that the reinforcements of the rebels are cut off, and that they must fight or surrender. Preparations are being made for a great battle, which is to be fought chiefly by artillery.

Senator Wilson's Speech on the Bill to Abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia.

We give below several portions of this speech. They will be found interesting and valuable, Congress in removing the taint of Slavery from the District of Columbia has only performed an act of justice and humanity, and placed the country in a truer light before the people of the world. That slaves could be held in bondage at the capital of the nation has ever been a stain upon us, and has given the lie to the boastsings we have indulged in respecting the freedom of our institutions. This war is teaching the people in letters of blood, the deplorable slavery, and the necessity of binding the hydra-headed monster with chains which even herculean strength cannot un rivet. The leaders in this rebellion will obtain different results from those which they anticipated; instead of perfecting their plans of infamy, they will find that a higher and greater power has said—"So far and no further canst thou go." The day that will see the loosening of the manacles that bind the last slave held in bondage in this fair land, will be a day of jubilee. May Heaven hasten its coming. The joy that will then fall to Africa's down-trodden race, no tongue can tell, and no heart feel unless it beats beneath a slave skin.

"This bill proposes to strike the chains from the limbs of three thousand bondsmen in the District of Columbia to erase the word 'slave' from their foreheads, to convert them from personal chattels into freemen, to lift them from the degradation of personal servitude to the dignity and responsibilities of manhood, to place them in the ranks of free colored men, to perform with them the duties and bear with them the responsibilities of life. This bill, if it shall become law, will simply take three thousand men from humiliating and degrading servitude and add them to the twelve thousand free colored men of this District, to be absorbed in that mass of industrious and law-abiding population. The passage of this bill by the Congress of the United States will not, cannot, disturb for a moment the peace, the order, the security of society. Its passage will excite in the bosoms of the enfranchised not wrath nor hatred nor revenge, but love, joy, and gratitude. These enfranchised bondsmen will be welcomed by the free colored population with bounding hearts, throbbing with gratitude to God for inspiring the nation with the justice and the courage to strike the chains from the limbs of their neighbors, friends, relatives, brothers, and lifting from their own shoulders the burdens imposed upon them by the necessities, the passions, and the pride of slave-holding society."

This bill, to give liberty to the bondman, deals justly, eye, generously, by the master. The American people, whose moral sense has been outraged by slavery and the black codes enacted in the interests of slavery in the District of Columbia, whose fame has been soiled and dimmed by the deeds of cruelty perpetrated in their national Capital, would stand justified in the forums of nations if they should smite the fetter from the bondman, regardless of the desires or interests of the master. With generous magnanimity this bill tenders compensation to the master out of the earnings of the toiling freemen of America. In the present condition of the country the proposed compensation is full, ample, equitable."

But the Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Davis] raises his warning voice against the passage of this measure of justice and beneficence. He assumes to speak like one having authority. He is positive, dogmatic, emphatic, and prophetic. He repeatedly assures the Senate that he gave utterance to what he knew, that his warnings and predictions were infallible prophecies. The Senator predicted in excited, if not angry tones, that the passage of this bill, giving freedom to three thousand bondmen, will bring into this District beggary and crime; that the "liberated negroes will become a sore, a burden, and a charge" that "they will be criminals" that "they will become paupers" that "they will be engaged in crimes and petty misdemeanors" that "they will become a charge and a pest upon this society." The Senator emphatically declared, "I know what I talk about!" "I speak from what I know!" Assured, confident, defiant, the Senator asserts that "a negro's idea of freedom is freedom from work" that "after they acquire their freedom they become 'lazy,' 'indolent,' 'thriftless,' 'worthless,' 'inefficient,' 'vicious,' 'vagrabonds.'"

I would remind the Senator from Kentucky that the people, whose representatives we are, now realize in the storms of battle that slavery is, and must ever be, the relentless and unappeasable enemy of free institutions in America, of the unity and perpetuity of the Republic. Slavery—perverting the reason, blinding the conscience, extinguishing the patriotism of vast masses of its supporters—plunged the nation into the fire and blood of rebellion. The loyal people of America have seen hundreds of thousands of brave men abandon their peaceful avocations, leave their

quiet homes and their loved ones, and follow the flag of their country to the field, to do a soldier's duties, and fill, if need be, soldiers' graves, in defence of their periled country; they have seen them fall on fields of bloody strife beneath the folds of the national flag; they have seen them suffering, tortured by wounds or disease, in camps and hospitals; they have seen them returning home maimed by shot or shell, or bowed with disease; they have looked with sorrowful hearts upon their passing coffins, and gazed sadly upon their graves among their kindred or in the land of the stranger; and they know—yes, sir, they know—that slavery has caused all this blood, disease, agony, and death. Realizing all this—aye, sir, knowing all this, they are in no temper to listen to the threats or menaces of apologists or defenders of the wicked and guilty criminal that now stands with uplifted hand to strike a death blow to the national life. While the brave and loyal men of the Republic are facing its shot and shells on bloody fields, their representatives will hardly quail before the frowns and menaces of its champions in these Chambers.

Long Island Reminiscences.
Ere leaving the town of Southold for Southampton, I delivered at Greenport not less than ten religious discourses in eight successive days, amid those blessed revival influences in connection with which there had been during a few previous months, notwithstanding war excitement and pecuniary embarrassments, nearly two hundred hopeful conversions, including twenty among the Presbyterians, forty-three among the Baptists, fifty among the Congregationalists, and above a score in the outskirts of the village associated from sectarian and denominational efforts. The place will be forever memorable and precious to me, as well as to many others; yea well-nigh as sacred as was the Mount of Transfiguration to Simon Peter, or the Isle of Patmos to the apostle John. After spending my last night here in an ancient building where according to tradition, and the belief of its occupants, George Washington once lodged, during a temporary sojourn in this neighborhood, I crossed the beautiful bay of Peconic into Southampton, the largest town, territorially, on the Island.

Southampton has 63,000 acres of land, and 30 miles of sea-coast. It has 8 post offices and 14 villages. The population is estimated at 6600, with only eleven more females than males, at least before the commencement of the war. Within the boundaries of the town are 22 school districts and 17 churches. It was first settled in 1640 by a party of enterprising emigrants from Lynn, Mass. The largest village is at Sag Harbor, where there are nearly 3000 inhabitants, a newspaper office, two clock factories, &c. &c.

In 1777 Col. Meigs, with 130 men, surprised a British force stationed at this Harbor, destroyed 13 vessels, besides a great amount of forage and merchandise, and returned across the Sound without the loss of a man. The English had six killed, and 90 taken prisoners. Whereupon Congress presented the commanding officer with a sword, and Gen. Washington wrote a brief letter of congratulation.

But the most interesting locality in this vicinity is the "Shinnecock Reservation," an Indian settlement of about 25 houses and 200 persons. This is the residence of a remnant of the aboriginal population of the town, called the Shinnecock tribe. They are gradually becoming familiar with the arts of civilized life, obtaining a subsistence by the culture of the soil, fisheries, &c. Many of their young men go on whaling voyages, and some of their young women are employed as servant girls or household domestics in the families of the whites. While very few foreigners can prove as satisfactory as these native Americans. They have nearly lost a knowledge of their native language, and can speak the English quite fluently; excelling, too, as singers and musicians. They are generally frugal, industrious, orderly and loyal. They have an Orthodox Congregational church, and a Second Advent society, the former of which worship in a small chapel, and the latter in private houses. They have also a new and commodious school-house built at the expense of the State for the education of their children. Their proportion of the Common School money is regularly received, and they are exempt from all the annoyances of taxation to meet local or national expenditures. Being disfranchised, for some reason or other, they are freed from the manifold trials (?) incident to voting at the ballot box on election days; and were therefore not responsible for the Inauguration and mal-administration of James Buchanan.

The surviving members of this tribe occupy their land as tenants in common, as did some of their Jewish ancestors portions of the Holy Land of Palestine. According to the statements of the historian this tract was conveyed to the Trustees of the town by the Sachems of the Shinnecock Indians, in 1703, and the same day was leased back to them for a term of 1000 years, at an annual rent of one ear of corn!

The last night I spent in their humble village, shut out, as it were, from the rest of the world, will never be forgotten. Hearing of the expected advent of a New Englander among them, a meeting was called, which proved to be a crowded one, some coming from Good Ground, the distance of six miles; nor did we disperse from the chapel, where I had recently made a public profession of religion, out of 40 "young converts" until about 10 o'clock. Such cordial and loving handshakings I have seldom enjoyed, with hearty thanks for Hymn Books, S. S. Library Books, Pamphlets and Newspapers distributed among them, finished by eastern friends. And I left at 4 o'clock the next morning for my favorite Mass. home, feeling that after heaven would seem the more attractive because of the anticipation of seeing so many of that dear people there.

W. C. W.
[In last week's communication, near the close of the first paragraph, was this ambiguous and meaningless sentence, "The presence of a rarity as in the extreme Southern States," it should read, "The presence of a live Yankee is almost as much of a rarity, &c."]

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

RELIGIOUS.—At the Cong. Church last Sabbath morning there were appropriate services in accordance with the recommendation of the President's proclamation. The pastor preached upon the text, Exodus, 17: 13.—"And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it, Jehovah-nissi."

After explaining the circumstances which called forth the words of the text, he went on to consider its application to the present time. He briefly sketched the recent battles in which the Federal army had been victorious, and their results. After alluding to the heroic valor of our soldiers, and to the consolations which the bereaved should derive from the death of those near and dear to them on the battle field, and the wounded from their sufferings, he passed to consider the lessons which the occasion and the subject suggests. First, "Prayer as an essential element of success." Second, "Means are always to be employed, but not to be relied on."

The use of means was indispensable, but we were to remember that God alone can give us the victory. And this he will do, so long as the principles for which we are contending are just and right. We must be willing to suffer if need be, in order that this war may be carried on successfully. The closing hymn was "America," in singing, which all the audience joined. At the Monthly Concert in the evening, the same topic was presented by the Sup't, and remarks made by the pastor, and Messrs. Abbott, Clark, L. Richardson, and S. Richardson. Dr. Chapin spoke upon the importance of the young making themselves more familiar with the Bible, where they would find stories surpassing in interest any found in any other book.

LYCEUM.—At the meeting of the Lyceum last Monday evening, the quarterly election of officers took place, with the following result: President, William F. Young; Vice President, Salem Wilder; Secretary, Edward D. Chaloner; Treasurer, Edward P. Boon; Directors, Allen F. Boon, Alfred Norton, Oliver P. Rogers. The Treasurer's report for the last quarter represented the Lyceum as having enough funds on hand and due, to meet all demands to the present time. It was decided to adjourn for four weeks, and that the Committee on Social Entertainments in connection with the Directors, prepare such exercises and make such arrangements for meeting as they see fit, and as will be a fitting close to the meetings for the present.—The regular meetings to be resumed on the first Monday evening in October.

The President in some general remarks, referred to the influence for good which such organizations as these have in a small community, and expressed the belief that the last three months' experience of the Lyceum had been beneficial. He offered some suggestions in regard to its future meetings, hoping that all would put themselves in the way of its benefits, by not coming with their seated prejudices against this or that idea which may be presented, but come with minds open to conviction, and ready and willing to defend the truth so far as it appears to be right, and reject whatever is wrong. Let the debates be so conducted as shall make us more truly free men or women, knowing the right and knowing daring to maintain it, even though you may be in a minority. The remainder of the evening was occupied in the discussion of the question, "Are the recommendations of the President in his message to Congress relative to the emancipation of slaves, constitutional or expedient?" B. B. Stanton opened on the negative, and was the only one that took that side of the question. Messrs. Story, Wilder, and Young, spoke on the affirmative. It was decided on its merits in the affirmative or in favor of sustaining the President, by a unanimous vote.

PRESENTATION.—The third and fourth classes of the High School numbering some thirty-four pupils, not being willing to be outdone by other members of the school in their appreciation of the labors of their late teacher, Mr. Emerson, and feeling also a little indignant that the other classes did not call upon them to join together in making a present, united in the presentation to Mr. Emerson of a large and elegant silver plated Cake Basket, and Butter Plate, as a slight token of their regard for her husband and as mementoes of their appreciation of his efforts for their advancement in knowledge. The basket and plate cost nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents, and were marked "Presented to Mary B. Emerson." These and the books presented by the other classes, must be very gratifying tokens to this teacher, of the affection of his late pupils and will serve often to remind him of those in this town for whom he has labored in years past, and with whom he has been so pleasantly associated.

WAR ITEMS.—Capt. J. A. Bolles made our town a brief visit this week. He was detailed by Gen. Dix to visit Fort Warren to examine into the number and condition of the political prisoners confined there, prior to an investigation by the Commissioners. The Capt. is in good health, and busily employed all the time.

Among those killed at the recent battle at Pittsburg, was a son of Mr. Samuel Richardson, of this town, who was a Captain in the 54th Ohio Regiment. He had been living at the West some four years.

Mr. C. P. Sanborn arrived at Boston with the remains of his son, who died at Fortress Monroe, last Saturday evening, and the interment took place on the following Monday afternoon at Forest Hills Cemetery. Mr. Sanborn did not receive the intelligence of the death of his son until some five days after its occurrence, and in going on to obtain his body, he was obliged to go to Washington to get a pass. It seems as though under the circumstances so much formality should not be required.

SAD OCCURRENCE.—Last Wednesday afternoon, shortly after 4 o'clock, a little son of Mr. A. G. Ham, about 2½ years of age was found to be missing. It seems that he had been taken to a neighbor's house close by and returned home about 4 o'clock. His mother

called him into the house, but he seemed disposed to linger out of doors, and as he was in the yard, he did not notice for a short time his whereabouts, although having an eye on him at times. While her attention was directed elsewhere she missed him, and on looking round could see no trace of him. His little wagon with which he was playing, was shortly found near the water's edge, which is not far from the house, leading to the supposition that he had fallen into the water and was drowned. The church bell was rung, and a large number of sympathizing friends commenced a search for the body, which was continued until a late hour in the evening without success. The water was shut off by the upper dam and let out at the lower one so as to lower the water where they supposed the body was. The next morning the search was resumed and continued all day. A little scarf which the boy wore, was found in the morning near Bacon's dam some half a mile from his residence. The body had not been recovered up to Thursday evening last. The sympathies of our whole community are with those parents thus so suddenly bereaved of their little boy the light and joy of their home. What the long hours of that night of weary watching and agonizing suspense must have been to them can be imagined but not described. The little one has gone from his earthly home to his Father's Home on high—to Him who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The afflicted father will now realize more deeply the force of those beautiful lines, which he read before the Lyceum a few weeks since, commencing, "Over the river, they beckon to me," as one has well said, so can these bereaved ones say,

"Ask the water if they heard not,
As they gleamed and flashed away,
Sound of angel-pinions, blending
With the music of their spray?

If they saw not, in the sunlight,
Angel forms from heaven come—
Come to bear away our Willie
To his bright and starry home?"

EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

HORTICULTURE.—An adjourned meeting of the South Reading Horticultural Association was held on Tuesday evening, at which various matters were interestingly discussed. Several additional Committees were appointed. Measures were adopted for the immediate incorporation of the Society. The meeting was again adjourned for two weeks, to hear reports of Committees and act thereon and for the further discussion of topics connected with the objects of the Association. Present appearances indicate that a lively interest will be felt in the operations of the Society during the year.

A change in the running of cars on the Boston & Maine Railroad was made on Monday 14th inst. By the present arrangement, from the quarter-past 10 A. M. train, there is not another down train from the upper depot for more than 5 hours, though on the Georgetown Road there is a departure for Boston a few minutes past 12 M. There is but one out Mail daily, and that must close at 9 A. M., two hours earlier than before, so that persons not living in the immediate vicinity of the Post Office, will hardly be able to receive their letters in season to answer them the same day. This is hardly equal to the general accommodation of this popular road, and we will hope soon to be favored again with a train in the early part of the afternoon.

SUICIDE.—Widow Clarissa Hall of this town, took a fatal dose of poison on Sabbath morning after most of the family had gone to church. She was feeble and was left in care of a younger sister, to whom she remarked that she would go to the barn and feed the chickens. The sister allowed but a short absence before she went to the barn to see if all was right, when she found Mrs. H. upon the scaffold in agony from the effects of a dose which apparently she had just swallowed. She survived however until late in the afternoon of Monday. She had been insane at times in previous years, and was doubtless so at the time the fatal deed was done. On Monday when she appeared to be perfectly sane, she declared to the physician (Dr. Mansfield) and to her mother, that she had taken nothing but tea, and wondered that they should for a moment question her word. She was about 41 years old, and formerly resided in Woburn, but since the death of her last husband some years ago, she has been with her parents, (Mr. and Mrs. John Wiley) where it would seem that everything was calculated to make her life happy.

It is no compliment to one to make him say "compliment" in referring to the fullness or completeness of a thing. In last week's report of Town Meeting, one paragraph should have read "complement" instead of "compliment."

SCHOOLS.—Arrangement for the Schools, commencing—the High and Grammar—April 14th, the others, April 21st, 1862.—Divided into three classes.

FIRST CLASS:
High School, North Senior, North Primary, Centre Primary, No. 1 and No. 2.

SECOND CLASS:
Grammar, Greenwood, Center Junior Intermediate and Woodville.

THIRD CLASS:
Center Senior Intermediate, West Senior, West Primary and Montrose.

Sub-Committee—1st Class:
1st Term—Winship and Foster.
2d —Eaton and Mansfield.
3d —Sweetser and Upton.

Sub-Committee—2d Class:
1st Term—Eaton and Mansfield.
2d —Sweetser and Upton.
3d —Winship and Foster.

Sub-Committee—3d Class:
1st Term—Sweetser and Upton.
2d —Winship and Foster.
3d —Eaton and Mansfield.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A. H. S., in a letter from Ship Island, dated March 20th, says: "The weather here

is extremely hot and unfavorable to health. What it will be in July and August, I cannot imagine. The negroes say it will take the skin right off our hands and faces. My health is so affected by the climate, and living on board ship, that the Surgeon advises me to return to the North. A man died on board two days before our arrival here. He was sewed in a sack; two bomb-shells were put in each end, and, in presence of the company to which he belonged, he was dropped overboard; when a large shark, that had followed us in the wake of the vessel for several hours, rushed up with the rapidity of lightning, and with a single snap of his jaws, divided the body in the middle, before it had time to sink. I heard the yell of horror from the men who witnessed it, but, thank God, I did not see it!" "The understanding is that New Orleans is to be attacked immediately."

BILLERICA.

Howe School.—The Howe School commenced on Monday last. It is not so large this term as it usually is.

Levee.—The Ladies of the Universal Society held a levee on Wednesday evening last, which called together quite a number of our town people, as well as those from adjoining towns. There was some excellent singing by the Singing Club. The dramatic performance was also good. About 10 o'clock dancing commenced, aided by a good band of music. The assembly broke up about 2 o'clock Thursday morning, all apparently feeling that they had had a "quarter's" worth of good time.

Preaching.—The Rev. Messrs. Stone, Stevens, Russell, Buffum and Proctor took War as the subject of their discourses last Sunday morning, after reading the President's Proclamation.

Wounded Soldier.—Henry Newburn one of the Soldiers from this town who was wounded in Burnside's Expedition, has arrived home. He was shot through the arm. He intends to return as soon as his wound will allow him.

The Ball given by the Stoneham Light Infantry, at the Town Hall, Stoneham, last evening, was a brilliant affair throughout. The decorations were in splendid style, and the supper tasty. The managers are deserving of much praise for the manner in which they conceived and carried out the affair.

SEVEN HUNDRED VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP.—Young men were warned in time, supply your arms with BALLS, POWDER, and OILMENT. They are guaranteed to cure the worst cases of Sores, Ulcers, Scurs, Fevers & Bowel Complaints. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

Special Notices.

Important to Females.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS.
The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting irregularities, Pains, Menstruation, removing all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, whites, all nervous affections, hysteria, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arises from interruption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
were the commencement of a new era in the treatment of those irregularities and obstructions which have consigned so many to a premature grave. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular, and whenever an obstruction takes place the general health begins to decline.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S PILLS
are the most effective remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, and have been used at different periods, throughout the country, having the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each Box—the Price ONE DOLLAR per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills.

Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor. Sold by all druggists generally. See that each Box has his name.

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore, M. S. Burr & Co., Boston, wholesale Agents, or sent anywhere on receipt of price, 25 cts. per box.

Died.

DEVER.—In Woburn, 14th inst., John Dever, aged 30 years.

LEBARON.—In Woburn, 16th inst., Phoebe L., wife of Joseph LeBaron, aged 56 years, 9 months.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.
To the Heirs-at-Law, and others interested in the Estate of ELKANOR REED, Widow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, JOHN JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell the whole of the Real Estate, deceased, GRACEY, the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition: You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at CONCORD, in said County, on the first TUESDAY of MAY next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same; and said Johnson is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 11th day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

A. H. TYLER, Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, the NINETEENTH day of APRIL, inst., at three o'clock, P. M., at the shop lately occupied by Benjamin Edwards, Jr., in Woburn, all the Tools, Stock and Machinery used in the manufacturing of Comb, now stored in said shop, and belonging to the late firm of Edwards, Knery & Co. Conditions of sale—Cash.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, April 11th, 1862—2w

NEW SPRING GOODS!

DRESS GOODS,

NEW PRINTS,

BLACK SILKS,

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BLD & BROWN COTTONS,

WATCH SPRING SKIRTS,

SMALL WARES,

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ALL AT

VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH

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TO GENTLEMEN

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RESTORATIVE.

\$1,000! PREMIUM. \$1,000!

IT IS NOT A DYE!

Will cause Hair to grow on Bald Heads; will restore Grey or Discolored Hair to its ORIGINAL CONDITION AND COLOR.

Will prevent the Hair from falling Off, and promote a New and Healthy Growth; completely eradicates Dandruff; will give to the Hair a Clean and Glossy Appearance.

Is a certain Cure for all Diseases of the Head.

IT IS A PERFECT AND COMPLETE

DRESSING FOR THE HAIR.

Read the following testimonial:—

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE, New York, Nov. 6, 1861.

Wm. Gray, Esq., Dear Sir:—Two months ago my hair was almost entirely bald, and the little hair I had was all grey, and falling out, until I feared I should lose it all. I commenced using your HAIR RESTORATIVE, and immediately stopped the hair falling out, and soon restored the color, and after using two bottles my hair is completely covered with a healthy growth of hair, and of the same color it was in my early manhood. I take great pleasure in recommending your Hair Restorative, and you may also rest assured that I am a person to me.

ROBERT MURRY, U. S. Marshal, Southern District, New York.

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Woburn, March 8—4f

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VOL. XI : : No. 30.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Carte De Visite.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

[Few trifling gifts receive such thanks as the graceful postcard. Florence Percy sent in return for one of those little photographs which are now so popular—and which a friend had forwarded to her. It represented the original standing by a chair, hat in hand, with a sort of going directly air about it—and the suggestiveness of the position inspired the following little poem:]

Are you going to leave me—or why do you stand
At the foot of the stairs with your hat in your hand?
Ah, the thousand of years which have passed
Since we met,
Have they brought you new burthens of grief
And regret?
I fancy your face has been furrowed by care,
And sorrow has written her autograph there:
I see it—although but a moment you stand
At the foot of the stairs, with your hat in your hand.

And, spraking of stairs,—when some even-
ings you go
To a stylish re-union in Rattlepurse Row,
Where are figures as faultless and faces as fair
As the waxen emblems that loop up their hair,
And music, and moonlight, and waltzes and wine,
Where rich garments rustle, and rare jewels
shine—
How you wish you could flee from it all and
could stand
At the foot of the stairs, with your hat in
your hand!

But you try to out-smile and out-flatter the
rest,
With your heart beating bitterly under your
vest—
While you choke down the pain with a jest
and a song,
And flutter your best in the butterfly throng;
But the small talk all done, and the compli-
ments passed,
You rejoice to get out of the parlor at last.
Oh, the feeling of blessed relief when you stand
At the foot of the stairs, with your hat in
your hand!

So I think, now-a-days, in this hurry and
strife,
This aching deception which people call life,
A sort of masked ball, where no seeming is
true,
And no one turns out as we thought he would
do;
Where false glitter tires us, and empty hopes
cheat,
And we keep all the bitter, and lose all the
sweet,
How glad I shall be when 'tis done, and I
stand
At the foot of Life's stairs, with my hat in
hand!

Select Literature.

A STRANGE WAY TO A LEGACY.

The year after the general peace was the first of my travels. I was just twenty-two, and thought myself lucky when, early in the summer of 1816, my uncle sent me to be his agent and representative in the house of Skinderkin & Co. The firm were fur-merchants — part Russian, part German, and English. It was indeed rather a company, and a very composite one. I do not remember half their names. They had partners in all the Baltic, Dutch and German towns, not to speak of London, where my uncle represented them in King William Street; but the fountain-head of the house was in St. Petersburg, and thither he sent me.

I thought I was going to see the world, and be a great man; indeed, having little acquaintance with the said scene, I entertained secret designs of lording it over the Russian and German clerks, for all the company had their national representatives in the chief house, and I was appointed to the English department. I got a great deal of good advice, and a large supply of congratulations on the position I was to occupy. My maiden aunts counselled me to conduct myself properly; my grandmother recommended me not to grow too proud; and the curate of their church in Hampstead gave me serious admonitions against being perverted to the Greek Church.

I set out with all the weight of my own importance and these sage counsels. I arrived safely, though a voyage to St. Petersburg was no joke in those days, and got regularly located in the house of Skinderkin. It was large enough to satisfy my fondest expectations, and stood close on the Neva, that oldest and outstraggling part of St. Petersburg, said to have been the site of an Ingham village, the whole of whose inhabitants perished in the adjoining marsh, when the city had to be built at any cost of life or labor, and Peter the Great wielded at once the trowel and the knout for his subjects' encouragement. The nobility had built their palaces there in Peter's time; but partly the moving habits of the Russians, partly the inundations to which it was particularly subject, made them abandon the quarter early in the reign of Catharine II. Merchants and traders of the first class then took possession; the palaces were turned into stores and warehouses, from which the noble proprietors drew considerable additions to their incomes, in the shape of rent; and in one of the largest and grandest, Skinderkin & Co. had located themselves. In such noble rooms, galleries, and corridors, was business never before done. Such quantities of fur, from Finland, Lapland, Siberia, Kamtschatka, as came there to be stored, booked, and shipped, with the sun seen

dreamed of. Nevertheless, the proverb, that far-off fowls have fair feathers, was strikingly illustrated in the matter of my St. Petersburg appointment. In the first place, the establishment was disciplined after the old Russian fashion, invented in the Tartar times, when every warehouse had to be a fortress, and every merchant a sort of military freemason. We all worked and boarded on the premises, but the work and the boarding were carried on in a dreary penitential style—silent, secret, and systematic — a happy mixture of the house of correction, the monastery, and the barracks. The hours were kept with regulation strictness. The meals were announced by the tolling of a great bell, which might have served for anybody's funeral. Every desk and stool was partitioned off its neighbor; sub. and superior sat like so many prisoners in solitary confinement, except that they could partly see, and all watched each other. Then, as to lording it over the Russian and German clerks, not one of them could speak English. I knew nothing of Russian or German—it is not easy lording it without speech—but somehow I discovered that every soul of them cordially despised me, because my uncle was known to have the smallest stake in the firm.

I think that fact was first made plain to me by my senior in the English department; which, let me observe, consisted only of him and myself. He had come from Yorkshire, and his name was Hardstaff—a title which sounded so aristocratic in the ears of the Russians, that they entertained a general respect for him. But had the Fates so willed Hardstaff would have been a more suitable appellation, for I never saw a man who looked as like having been hewn, and not very carefully either, out of a granite rock. He had been forty years in Russia; and although my own stay was not long enough to prove it by personal experience, I believe there is something in that select climate which Russianises men of all countries. The process had been effectual on my Yorkshire friend, though nobody could be prouder of his British birth, and more particularly of his native county. Hardstaff was a genuine subject of the Czar, in craft, cunning, and cold readiness for everything that might serve his own interest, no matter whose it injured. He had sat so long beside the stove, dealt so long with fur-traders, and lived under the discipline of the house, that his manner and, I believe, his mind, had taken the frozen mechanical tone of a Russian official. Natural disposition had probably a good deal to do with it. I never saw the man smile, except at somebody being overreached; and next to the furs, the great business of his life was to take and keep other people down. I will do him the justice to say he was an adept in both departments. His long acquaintance and large experience of the trade made him an authority even with his employers. He had their confidence in other respects to a degree which was generally known, though not made public. In no country are there more unavowed influences at work than in Russia. Hardstaff was not the head of the house; the department in which he overtly acted was the least considerable, but everybody about the premises was aware that his opinion was asked on the most important transactions, that he was note-taker and spy-general for all his superiors; and though the pleasing of him was an impossible aspiration, it was highly imprudent to incur his ill-will.

For myself, I had come to be my uncle's representative, and the old gentleman in King William Street was an acknowledged partner; but Hardstaff was so well established by forty years of sorting furs, writing beside the stove, not to speak of spying and being consulted, he knew so much that I did not, and he was determined never should, and business was so differently conducted in St. Petersburg and London, that I settled into the subordinate position from the first hour of taking my seat at the desk assigned me. It stood at the opposite end of the stove, which, as usual in Russia, occupied nearly half the room, then our counting-house, but looking very much as if it had once been a lady's dressing-room. There were mirrors, with the richly gilt frames let into the walls, which were magnificently painted; and in one corner there were marks as if a wardrobe had stood there. Of course, my desk was shut in by a rough wooden partition; but it only went half-way to the roof, and by stretching up a little, I could see all that came and went, without, as I thought, being observed. Hardstaff had the same advantage, but he never appeared to make use of it. Hour after hour, I have seen him sitting over his book, registering sales, crimes, and black-fox skins, specimens of which lay on the desk before him, without lifting his eyes or moving a muscle. As for speaking to me, Hardstaff never did such a thing, except when, much against my inclination, I had to ask him some question about the business on hand. Then his answer was given in the shortest possible compass, and the most unintelligible terms he could devise. It was a case of hatred at first sight. Hardstaff did not approve of my coming; he wanted no Englishman there but himself, and I can vouch there was no love lost on my side; but he was not the man to quarrel or to be quarrelled with.

We were seated at our respective desks—I ought to say in our cells—one morning. It was summer-time, being the beginning of July; but summer in St. Petersburg means one long hazy twilight, with the sun seen

through it something like our red harvest-moon, higher or lower in the sky according to the hours of the day, with a heavy sultry atmosphere, not unlike what we have in England before a thunder-storm; in short, just the sort of a time in which to get lazy, and do nothing at all. The strangeness of day, the dry dreary mode of life, my own stranger-ship in that foreign land, where I knew neither man nor language, had made me heartily tired of my St. Petersburg appointment, which looked so grand in prospect. I had delivered five letters of introduction at as many houses of my uncle's mercantile acquaintance, was assured of high consideration by every one of them, and never heard another word or sign of their existence. I had walked round the magnificent streets and squares of palaces which distinguish the Russian capital; I had peeped into the dense pine-forests which grow so close upon them; I had looked at the mujicks' huts beside the sluggish Neva, the great dilapidated warehouses, and the very dirty shipping which high tides brought under their windows. I had gone to the theatre, and paid enormously for a bad seat; I had gone to the coffee-houses, and got disgusted with popular habits. I had a general conviction that everybody was cheating me out of doors, and everybody watching me within, and any apology to get back to King William Street would have been a godsend. In this frame of mind I was sitting, and making believe to write, that dim, sultry day of the northern summer, when one of the opposite mirrors, which happened to stand higher than my barricades, showed me that a woman had actually entered the room.

I would as soon have expected to see a bird of paradise as a female face in that establishment; all our tables were spread, and, I believe, our cuisine and laundry done by men; but there was a woman dressed in what I instinctively knew to be the first fashion out of Paris, not thirty at the outside calculation, with finely moulded features for a Russian, a soft, fair complexion, light-blue eyes, and hair of a golden yellow. She had come in so noiselessly, that I was not aware of her entrance till apprised by the mirror; and, still more astonishing, she was speaking to Hardstaff. Their talk was low and earnest, and I must confess to listening; but they spoke in Russian. However, the eye sometimes does duty for the ear: by its help, and the lowness of the partition, I discovered to my unqualified amazement, that they were talking of myself. How I learned the fact, it would puzzle me now to tell; I think it was by something in the lady's look. Hardstaff's flinty visage never told tales; but when they had spoken for a few minutes, he raised his voice, and said, in the tone of civil command in which he was pleased to address me: "Mr. Summerville, have the goodness to bring me the invoice of those seal-skins to be sent to our house in London." It was then about furs they had been talking. Did the lady want to buy some of the seal-skins that were packed up and almost ready for shipping to my uncle? No matter; it would give me an opportunity of getting a better sight of her. I had to pass her with the invoice, and that nearer view showed me that not only she was a very pretty woman, but also that I had seen the same face some days before looking out at a window of one of the great palaces in the wide and windy square of the Admiralty. The lady looked at me now most graciously, and when I acknowledged her presence with my best bow, said, in very good English for a foreigner: "I am sorry, sir, to be the cause of giving you so much trouble."

I had not heard my native English for two months, except from the dry, disagreeable Hardstaff, and could have danced for joy on the spot to hear it uttered from those rose lips; but as it was not desirable to be thought insane, I kept my British composure as well as I could, and stammered out: "No trouble at all."

"You are very good," said the lady. "Might I ask if you have been long in St. Petersburg?"

"Only two months," said I.

"And how do you like it?"

"I have scarcely had time to know."

"Well, it is true you English are sensible people, and do not make up your minds in a hurry. I have a great respect for the English—how well she spoke our language!"

"I had a governor of your nation, the best creature in the world. What trouble she took to teach me the little English I know!"

"Her trouble was well bestowed, madame," said I, having by this time got up my courage and my manners; "you speak it like a native."

"I did not know that Englishmen could flatter," said the lady, with the sweetest smile; and before I had time to rebut the charge, she added: "But tell me how you like society here?"

"I have seen very little as yet, madame."

"Ah, perhaps you have no friends or relations in the city?"

"None, madame; I am quite a stranger."

She looked at me so kindly, so sympathizingly, I could have stood there for a fortnight; but Hardstaff handed me back the invoice, saying, with his accustomed frost: "It is all right;" and as I was expected to retire to my desk, I did so with another bow, to which the lady made a polite acknowledgement, talked a few minutes more in Russian with Hardstaff, and went out as noiselessly as she had entered.

From that hour, Hardstaff grew more familiar and communicative, with me, as if he had found out that I might be considered somebody. His society was about as the fruit of a crab-tree; but I had no chance of company, and wanted to hear what he knew regarding the lady. For once in his life, Hardstaff appeared willing to give the desired information. He told me she was the Countess Rozenki, a widow, rich, childless, and belonging to one of the first families in Esthonia. He further explained her coming to the warehouse, by letting me know that it had been the Rozenki Palace, and that the seal-skins shipped for my uncle had come from an estate most fertile in furs, which the Countess owned in the government of Archangel. "It is not exactly her own," said Hardstaff, "but properly belongs to her husband's nephew. She is his guardian, however, and that is nearly as good as ownership in Russia."

Some days after this, on an afternoon when Hardstaff, by a most unusual chance, was not at his desk, I was sitting with the pen in my fingers, and the account-book before me, wondering if she would come again in my time, when there was a slight creak of the door, a light rustle of silk, the prettiest tinkle on the brass rail of the stove, and there stood Madame Rozenki.

"Ah, my English friend," she said, smiling with accustomed sweetness as I presented myself, "how glad I am to see you once again! Shake hands; they always shake hands in your country, don't they? My governess told me so. How I long to visit England!"

It is to be hoped that I shook the small delicate hand, covered with lemon-colored kid, as fast as then required, with becoming grace and ardor. I know that I was intensely charmed. "She inquired for Mr. Hardstaff. I told her all I knew about him. She just hinted that her business was not very important or her time pressing. I of course offered her the best seat the place afforded, to await his return, and we got into conversation."

As far as my memory serves me it was regularly opened by her ladyship inquiring once again how I liked the society of St. Petersburg. As we had shaken hands, and she had such a respect for the English, I related my mind by telling her the exact truth—that I knew nobody, and nobody knew me; that I did not have a soul to speak to but Hardstaff, and was heartily tired and sick of my situation. The lady seemed to enter into my feelings to a degree which endeared me, young as I was.

"Far from your relations, and without friends in a strange city," she said, "with no associate but the old man who sits at that desk—it is a hard trial. And you can't return to England without your uncle's permission, of course?"

"No," said I; "and he is a man to whom I should not wish to complain of solitude; he would laugh at me for being childish, and bid me mind my business."

"Ah, those money-making old men think of nothing but business," said the countess. "But, tell me now, should you like to see society? I mean first-class company—the world of fashion in St. Petersburg?"

"Your ladyship, I am not accustomed to fashionable life; I have never been anything but a merchant's clerk."

"Yes; but you have a genteel air, and might be made presentable," she said, surveying me from head to foot with a look of the most candid and polite patronage; "and as you are so lonely, if you will be a good boy, and come to my house to-morrow evening, you will see a select circle of my best friends. It is only quadrilles, cards, and supper."

Was I dreaming, or did a Russian countess actually invite me out of Skinderkin & Co.'s counting-house to quadrilles, and supper?—Then what apparel had to appear in at the Rozenki Palace? Evening-dress had never been counted among the requisites of my existence, and in the confusion of these thoughts I could only stammer out: "Much obliged to your ladyship, but—"

"You are thinking of your dress, young man," said the countess, laying her small hand lightly on my arm, and looking me archly in the face; "well, don't disturb yourself about that; we can do fairies' work at the Rozenki palace, and you shall be my Cinderella. Just step round to the tea-shop in the lane behind your warehouse, about seven to-morrow evening; you will find a carriage waiting there; step into it; it will bring you to the palace. The footman will show you a dressing-room, where you will find everything requisite for a gentleman's toilet; then ring the bell, and the footman will conduct you to my salon."

I do not remember what I said by way of thanks and acknowledgement for this, it was so unlike anything I had ever met with, so far out of the common course; yet there was the young man in my position who would have refused?

"Oh, never mind," said the countess, cutting me short with another light pat on the arm; "you will be kind to some Russian, perhaps, who may be lonely in England, when you have inherited your uncle's business, and become a great merchant. You won't forget to be at the tea-shop by seven. I can't wait for that old man any longer.—Good-bye."

She shook hands with me once more, and was going, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "My friend, I forgot to ask one thing," she said, turning at the door; "can you speak French?"

"No, madame," said I, blushing to the roots of my hair, as I recollected that that was the language of the good society in Russia; but my school-days had been in the time of the long war, when French was neither so common nor so requisite as it has since become to men of business.

"Do you understand it at all?" and her look grew keenly inquiring.

"Not a word, madame."

"That is unfortunate; everybody of fashion speaks French here, and very few understand English; besides, nothing could convince them that you had been brought up a mere peasant—a poor, you understand, if you could not speak French; but there is one expedient which has just occurred to me; you will pretend to be dumb. I know you are clever enough to act a part; it will be no loss, as you cannot understand what is spoken; but, remember, not a sound before my guests or servants; it might bring us both to be talked of, and I want to let you see society. Good-bye."

The door had closed upon her exit before I had well comprehended the curious arrangement, but the more I thought of it, the more clever, advantageous it seemed. The Countess Rozenki had evidently taken an interest in me; was it friendly? was it more than that? A rich and childless widow, young and beautiful, moreover, had taken it into her head to shew me good society, and make me presentable. The chance was worth following up, whatever it might lead to. Hardstaff came in about half an hour after, but of course he heard nothing about it. There was no reason why he should. Seven was our closing hour, then the supper came off; some of the clerks went for walks, or to see their friends; the lazy ones went to bed; some Russians can do a wondrous deal of sleeping.

Having pondered and congratulated myself on the invitation, and given the porter a silver rouble, to take no notice of my movements—a Russian understands such matters without speech—I went forth at seven on the following evening, as if to take my accustomed walk, and in front of the tea-shop there stood a carriage—a very handsome one, but with no crest on its panels, and what I have often remarked in Russia, struck me forcibly on this occasion: though the usual class of customers were coming and going to the shop, though dirty children played about, and lazy men sat smoking at every door, nobody looked curious or surprised to see such an equipage in their quarter. It was strange, too, how quickly the coachman seemed to know his fare; he opened the door the moment I approached; I stepped in, and away we went to the Rozenki Palace.

I knew the city well enough to see that we were not going the direct way, however, and also that we were stopped at the back entrance, which was in a narrow, sombre looking street, with a dead-wall shutting in the grounds of a monastery right opposite. A footman in splendid livery received me, showed me through a passage and up a stair to a dressing-room elegantly furnished, where according to the countess's promise, I found every requisite for a gentleman's toilet, including a complete suit for evening-dress. The clothes were made more in the Parisian than the London style—so they seemed to me; but who had taken such an exact account of my proportions? they fitted me amazingly, and my whole appearance in the full-length mirror gave me courage for the rest of the trial. Having dressed, I rang the bell as commanded, and, to my astonishment, who should answer it but the countess herself! She wore a magnificent evening-dress, of which, not being skilled in ladies' apparel, I can only say that it was very grand and very low, and that the lady looked to great advantage in consequence. The quantity of jewels flashing from her snowy neck and arms would have done some ladies good to see; but in she came as friendly and familiar as she had been in the counting-house.

"I just wanted to see how you looked before going down to the company. Ah! very well indeed," she said, turning me round by the arm as if I had been her younger sister, on the point of being brought out. "Didn't I guess your fit, my dear boy? You will make conquests among the girls this evening. But don't forget your part of mute; it is all we can do for the present. Of course, you will learn to speak French in time; I'll give you lessons myself. But now I must go to receive; the footman will conduct you to the salon; do your devours as if you had not seen me, and don't forget that you are dumb."

She left me before I could make any reply. In another minute, the footman was at the door. Under his escort, I reached the reception-room. What a noble mansion it was! how extensive—how richly decorated—nothing more splendid than that suite of public rooms ever came under my eye. The furniture, mirrors, and pictures were on the most magnificent scale. I don't pretend to be a judge of such matters, but I have seen nothing like it since, and it fairly dazzled me then.

The countess was sitting in the central salon; some of the company had entirely arrived, others were coming in. I heard the roll of carriages, the hum of voices, the rustle of silks. The novelty of the scene rather confused me, but I was determined to prove that I was clever enough to act my part. There might be a great stake to win or lose that evening; so I walked straight to Madame Rozenki, made the bow which had been extensively practiced for the occasion, saw in an opposite mirror that it was well done, and would have retired to a seat, when to my utter amazement, she sprang from her velvet sofa, uttered a half-scream of French, threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me on both cheeks. I never was so taken by surprise in all my life, and it is my firm conviction that I must have looked particularly foolish; but there was no time to recover myself; she took me by the arm instantaneously, marched me round the rooms, presented me to everybody, old and young; they all seemed wonderfully glad to see me, but every one spoke French, there was no chance of forgetting my part. I bowed and smiled as well as I could; the countess did all the talking, and at last she conducted me back to the salon, and set me down between two very plain and very large women, with an astonishing amount of feathers and diamonds. They both talked to me with great civility, of course; I did not understand a word, but replied with nods and smiles, which seemed quite satisfactory. People came and came until the rooms were full. I saw officers in Russian uniform, with stars and ribbons on their breasts, and ladies in all sorts of finery, but there was not a pretty woman in the room except Madame Rozenki. She presented me to everybody; they all took as much notice of me as if I had been a foreign-prince on my travels.

I did whatever she bade me, which she did, of course, by signs; played cards with three old ladies, danced with two young ones, handed herself to the supper-table, and felt myself in fairy-land: the splendid dresses, the magnificent rooms, the hum of conversation, and the crowd of faces, were all so new, so different from my counting-house life, that the whole seemed like a dazzling dream. At last, the company began to scatter away; the daylight had waned and come again, as it does between eleven and one at that season. The countess whispered to me in a corner that I had better get home; my own clothes were in the dressing-room, and the footman would shew me out; that was after a good many ladies and gentlemen had taken an almost affectionate leave of me. I went up accordingly, re-dressed, was shewn out at the back-gate, found my way to the lane, got in by the broken conservatory, but could not fall asleep till about half an hour before the great bell summoned us all to our places of business. I made up for it by sleeping over the desk that day. Our work was slowly as well as cheerlessly done. If Hardstaff observed anything, he made no remark; if he had, I should not have minded it; my head was full of the Rozenki Palace, the fine company, and the countess. I have said she was a pretty woman; I had no doubt that she was rich, and it was impossible to doubt the interest she had in me. Nothing in the world would have taken me out of St. Petersburg now; I had come to a new life in the strange northern climate. Madame Rozenki was the first woman I had ever seriously thought of, and how could I help it, under the circumstances?

The very next day, Hardstaff was gone from his desk again. I fancied he had taken to the tea-shop, and thought it beneath him to be known. Gone he was, however, in the afternoon; and with the same creak, rustle, and knock, in came the countess. She made no excuse, did not ask for Hardstaff, but sat down at once, and began talking to me; how I liked her party—what I thought of the ladies—did I know what any of them had said of me, and would I like to come again. I did my best to answer in a truthful manner, particularly as regarded the ladies, for I saw she had kept a remarkably close watch upon me all the evening. I also took occasion to insinuate my surprise at her own behaviour and the general notice taken of me by the company.

"O yes," said she, "I received you as an old friend—that is the best passport to society. They were all friendly, of course. That is our way in Russia: we are quite a warm-hearted people."

They did not look so, but no doubt they were. I would have believed anything that woman said.

She congratulated me on appearing to such advantage; said she should have credit in my bringing out; assured me that the two ladies between whom I sat were her late husband's cousins; and heiresses to great estates in Rod Russia; and advised me not to let them or anybody else know that I was not dumb till she taught me French. "Then," said she, "the recovery of your speech will be so interesting. But I am forgetting that I want you to write something in my album!" and opening a flat parcel she had brought under her arm, the countess presented me with a beautiful book of the kind with illuminated borders, backs of carved ivory, and all manner of handwritings and languages on its satin-like pages.

"There, you are to write some English poetry—anything you like from Shakespeare or Byron, within that border of forget-me-nots. It will be a specimen of your handwriting and your taste, for me to keep when you have gone back to your own England, and forgotten me."

"I will never forget you, madame," said I, and might have said more, but she rose with: "There is somebody coming—I must go. Bring the book with you to-morrow evening—at seven, remember. I won't send the

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carriage; it might attract attention; the footman will be waiting for you at the back-gate. Good-bye, my dear young friend," and the counting-house door again closed between her and me.

With all the care and precision requisite for such a task, I copied a passage from *Romeo and Juliet* into the ivory album. It was intended to indicate my private sentiments. I don't think I was actually in love, but Madame Rozenki, though some years older than myself, was a young, fair, and wealthy widow; and what man at twenty-two would not have fallen into the snare?

I copied the passage, and I went to the party. The footman received me by the back-gate, and shewed me to the dressing-room. I got arrayed, rang the bell, was inspected by the countess, in another rich evening-dress, was approved of, conducted to the drawing-room, presented to scores of more company, set to dance, played cards, and hand ladies, and allowed to go home in my old clothes, and creep in at the conservatory window as before.

There were, I believe, two or three more invitations by notes brought me by a dirty boy from the tea-shop; but my first evening at the palace serves so completely for all that followed, that I have no additional particulars to record.

An inexperienced person would scarcely believe how rapidly the charms of the scene faded away, or rather became tiresome. The mere sight of grandeur and finery, which seemed so dazzling and fairy-like at first, on the second or third repetition lost its novelty. As I could not understand a word that was said, the real amusement of company was lost to me. Playing the mute's part for so many hours, and going home with nothing but a glare of lights and jewelry in one's eyes, and getting up to business after an hour or two of broken sleep to doze over the desk all day, seemed all cost and no profit. If madame had given me a quiet interview with herself in one of the back-rooms, where one might get up one's courage, and make one's declaration, it would have been something worth losing sleep, bribing porters and shirking Hardstaff for; but the lady called me her dear young friend, presented me to her company, and gave me hints on deportment. What better signs of a tender interest could any man expect?

I was weighing the whole subject in my mental balance one day in the counting-house; I had not missed Hardstaff; but the creak, the rustle, and the light knock brought me out of my own barricades to see that his desk was vacant, and Madame Rozenki had taken possession of the only chair we kept for strangers.

The usual remarks and enquiries about her last party having passed, she began to compliment me on the elegance of my handwriting as exhibited in her album, a countess-dowager and two heiresses from Moscow had admired it, and I made a bold attempt to direct her attention to the meaning of the passage written, and its suitability to my peculiar case, by saying: "How do you like the lines I selected?"

"Ah, they are moving," said the countess, with a very embarrassed look. "You should not have written them; I must not hear such things; you do not know all; I am an unhappy woman;" here she sighed deeply.

"You unhappy, madame?" said I coming a step or two nearer, for the opportunity was not to be lost.

"Yes," said the countess, casting her eyes to the ground; "but do not ask me; I cannot tell you; yet you are the only person on whom I can depend." Her eyes were raised now, and looking me keenly in the face: "Will you do me a service?"

"At the risk of my life, madame," said I, and the offer was honestly made.

"Well, I believe you; but fortunately there is no such risk requisite; all I want you to do is to make a fair copy of this paper; and she produced from her pocket a pretty large one, neatly folded. "You see," she continued, spreading it open before me, "it is a law-paper, absolutely necessary in a very important suit—one which may result in riches or ruin. I must give it up to the court; but as it might be lost, or get into my enemy's hands, an accurate copy would be of the greatest importance to me. Family reasons make it undesirable to intrust such a paper to any clerk or lawyer, but I can trust you. If you will take the trouble of copying it, word for word, letter for letter, in your own clear beautiful hand, I will never forget the obligation."

An instantaneous offer to do that or anything else she wanted, was the only reply I could make.

"Thank you, thank you," said the countess, placing the paper in my hand, which, by the by, she pressed. "You are the only man in the world from whom I could ask such a service, and to your honor and discretion I can trust

Married.

FORSTER—WALTON—In South Reading, April 19th, by Rev. Mr. Barrows of Reading, Mr. A. A. Forster, to Miss Rebecca T. Walton of South Reading.

Died.

CHENEY—In Reading, April 11th, Mrs. Ann Cheney, aged 37 years, 7 months. Cause—In South Reading, April 21st, suddenly, Mr. John Emerson, aged 53 years. Cause—In South Reading, April 21st, of Consumption, Gilman F., son of Gilman and Betsey Carey, aged 23 years.

RANDALL—In Madison, N. J., April 20th, Rev. Mr. Randall, son-in-law of B. H. Wiley Esq., of South Reading, aged about 62 years.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to a power of sale and for breaches of the conditions contained in a Mortgage of the Estate given me by Joseph P. Sheafe of Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dated the twenty-ninth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and recorded with Middlesex District Deeds, Book 789, Page 419, I shall sell at Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of MAY next, at four of the clock in the afternoon, upon the premises, all the right, title and interest in and to said premises, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto in anywise appertaining, all the right, title and interest in the same premises remaining in the said Joseph P. Sheafe upon the giving of said mortgage. Such sale to be made for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the money secured thereby.

Said premises consist of a certain piece of Land with a Dwelling House and outbuildings thereon standing, situated in Medford, in said County of Middlesex, on Forrest street, so called, and as follows, viz:—Beginning on the Western side of said Forrest street, by land of Abijah W. Farrar, then the line runs Westerly by land of said Farrar, about one hundred and ninety-eight feet to a corner in the fence—thence Southerly by said Farrar's land fifty-three feet and eight inches to land of Nahum Mitchell; thence Easterly by said Mitchell's land, about one hundred and ninety-eight feet to Forrest street; thence Northerly by said Forrest street, forty-three feet to the first mentioned bound, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging,—it being the same estate conveyed to Lorenzo Clisby by F. A. Billings, by deed dated Nov. 5th, 1853, and conveyed by said Clisby to me, Nov. 7, 1853, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 607, Page 19, and the same conveyed to said Joseph P. Sheafe by me, March 29th, 1858.

Terms and conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

JAMES WAT, Mortgagee.

STONEHAM, April 25th, 1862.—3w.

For Sale or To Let.

ATTENTION on Fairmount Street, containing Six Rooms. Enquire of J. M. JOHNSON, 150 Washington Street, Woburn, April 25th, 1862.—3w.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators with the will annexed of the estate of SALLY STRECK late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, married woman deceased, and has taken upon themselves that duty and administration of the estate of said deceased, and to said estate called upon to make payment to

SHEPHERD CONVERSE, JOHN JOHNSON, Admsrs.

Woburn, March 11th, 1862.—3w.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, and others interested in the Estate of ELEANOR FIELD, Widow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, JOHN JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell the whole of the Real Estate of said deceased for the payment of her debts, and to said estate, and for other reasons set forth in said petition; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at CONCORD, in said County, on the FIRST TUESDAY of MAY next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same; and said John Johnson ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, three times successively, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Eighth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

3w—25 J. H. TYLER, Register.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

ARE OFFERED AT

GAGGE'S

TO GENTLEMEN

Who are about to order

SPRING CLOTHING!

Call and see his Stock of Goods.

Rubber Clothing Company,

ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND

OF THE CELEBRATED

Metropolitan Universal

Clothes Wringer.

This wringer is WARRANTED good for one year, and is the only durable and reliable machine of the kind in the market.

AGENTS wanted in every town and city.

RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,

37 Milk Street, BOSTON

TO LET.

The estate formerly owned by John Flanders, consisting of Dwelling House, Shop and Stable, House opposite, and Tenant at the "running pump" place, so called. Apply to

JOHN JOHNSON, Treas. W. A. & M. Association.

Woburn, March 5th

ARMY CHECKER BOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE some very convenient ARMY CHECKER BOARDS which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail. Call and examine.

1862!! 1862!!

Bill Heads! Bill Heads!

BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the JOURNAL OFFICE, at short notice, in good style, and at prices as low as in the city, or elsewhere.

Tenements to Let.

TO LET, in Woburn Centre, FOUR TENEMENTS, to one of which is attached a stable. Rent from \$50 to \$150. For particulars apply to JOSEPH KELLEY, Woburn, March 22, 1862.—4t

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

Office, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

REV. N. DAY, Pres't. REV. F. MASON, Vice.

R. GREENE, M. D., Superintendent Physician.

This Institution was established for the cure of Disease, upon the principles of innocent medication, entirely discarding the use of Poisons.

Many diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Heart Complaint, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and a great variety of ordinary Diseases are successfully treated by Medicine which may be sent to any part of the country with full directions.

Persons having Cancers, or those afflicted with complicated diseases, should immediately avail themselves of Dr. Greene's personal attention.

Consultation at the office, or by mail, free of charge.

Dr. Greene will be at the office from 8 A. M., to 1 P. M.

The office will be open, and competent persons in attendance, from 7 A. M., to 6 P. M.

All communications should be directed to R. GREENE, M. D., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

NOTE. Persons wishing to investigate this mode of practice, or for superior success, will be furnished with a sample of the medicine, free of charge, by addressing R. GREENE, M. D., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

The Place to Purchase Everything in the

SEWING MACHINE DEPARTMENT.

C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Sewing Machine Shuttles, Bobbins, Needles, Hemmers, Sewer-drivers, Oilers, and Oil, Silk, Cotton and Sewing Machine Thread, and every variety of Sewing Machine Trimmings, at the lowest prices.

Also, every variety of First Class Sewing Machines, at the Manufacturers' lowest cash prices. Persons wishing to purchase Sewing Machines will do well to call on the undersigned.

150 Washington Street, Boston

Day & Martin, London.

REAL JAPAN BLACKING.

From DAY & MARTIN, 97 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, for polishing and preserving Leather, carried throughout the civilized world as the best composition for Boots and Shoes. Sold by the principal dealers in Family Stores, Boots, Saddlery, &c.

Each bottle of the genuine bears the name of the Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 31 Cornhill, Boston.

VICTORY COFFEE.

THE subscribers desire to call the attention of the trade in New England to an article which they have prepared with the above trade mark, and which is of superior quality. It is warranted to contain nothing injurious to the system, its ingredients being CORN and DANIELSON'S PATENT COFFEE. Directions for its use are printed on the wrapper. It is sold by the family, by the wholesale, and by the retail, at the lowest prices. It is sold by the family, by the wholesale, and by the retail, at the lowest prices. It is sold by the family, by the wholesale, and by the retail, at the lowest prices.

Put up in pound papers, 50 pounds to a box, and family will be without it after once using it, the price being within the reach of all. Dealers are advised that their orders should be sent to the undersigned, or to the Factory, 75 Charlestown St., Boston, will meet with prompt attention.

HAYWARD & CO.

RHEUMATISM & NEURALGIA.

You need suffer no longer unless you choose WHITE'S ELIXIR is a sure remedy. It has cured persons who have suffered 30 years! It cures a Physician who keeps constantly on hand six months in the Hospital. Many persons suffering such intense pain as nearly deprived them of their reason, have been cured in a few hours. It is sold by the wholesale, and by the retail, at the lowest prices. It is sold by the family, by the wholesale, and by the retail, at the lowest prices.

Put up in pound papers, 50 pounds to a box, and family will be without it after once using it, the price being within the reach of all. Dealers are advised that their orders should be sent to the undersigned, or to the Factory, 75 Charlestown St., Boston, will meet with prompt attention.

HAYWARD & CO.

CLOTHING

MEN'S AND BOYS'

Ready Made Clothing,

FURNISHING GOODS, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

We are now opening our Stock of Spring Clothing, manufactured expressly for the New England Trade. A large portion of our Cloths were purchased before the late advance in prices, thus enabling us to offer great inducements to our patrons and purchasers generally. We invite an examination of our stock, and goods and prices will prove highly satisfactory.

GEO. O. SIMMONS & CO.,

OAK HALL,

32 & 34 North St., Boston, Mass.

TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS,

AND SHOULDER BRACES.

DR. J. W. PHELPS, celebrated throughout New England and the West, as the inventor of various kinds of apparatus for the cure and correction of all kinds of deformities, and as the author of his establishment, No. 6 Tremont Street, Boston, full assortment of Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c.

Dr. Phelps has supplied the Mass. General Hospital with his apparatus for the last twenty years, and his Instruments are recommended by the Medical Faculty.

EBEN W. LOTHROP,

16 Harvard Place, Boston.

(Opposite Old South Church).

GOLD LEAF, DENTISTS' GOLD PLATE,

WIRE AND SOLDER, Constantly on hand, of Gold and Silver Assayed, Melted and Refined.

FAIRBANKS & BEARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

Alc, Porter, Cider, Soda,

AND MINERAL WATER,

Howard Athenaeum Building, Howard St., BOSTON.

DRUGGISTS AND PORTER.

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR CHEAP JEWELRY!

100 Prices for \$4.00, comprising the same description of jewelry as used in the Price Stationary Packages. One piece of Jewelry sent postage paid for 10 cents, with a circular giving a description of the goods. Also, Stationery and Jewelry Packages, the best in the market, at prices varying from 50 cents to \$1.50 a dozen. Address, J. S. ANDREWS, 110 Salisbury St., Boston, Mass.

Employment! A New Enterprise!

The Franklin Sewing Machine Company are desirous of securing a limited number of active persons as Local and Traveling Agents to sell the cheapest, as well as the best FAMILY SEWING MACHINE now before the public. A very liberal salary and Expenses paid or commission allowed. For Circulars, Terms, and Specimen Machine, address, with stamp, HARRIS BROTHERS, Box 393, Boston, Mass. (Clip this out for reference.)

LYNDON CENTRE, VT., APRIL 5, 1862.

To Messrs HARRIS BROTHERS. Sir I have, to one of your Family Machines. It pleases all who see it very much. I can send a number without great effort, they are so simple, durable and useful.

Rev. A. SCOTT.

IRA B. SHAW,

DEALER IN

Foreign & Domestic Fruit,

Confectionery, &c. Meals with hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.

No. 5 Bromfield St., Boston.

DR. S. O. RICHARDSON'S

SHERRY WINE BITTERS.

Those persons who have debilitated constitutions, and those suffering from extreme weakness, dyspepsia, flatulency, general prostration of the system, debilitated spirits, headache and languor, should have recourse to Dr. S. O. RICHARDSON'S Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters. It is truly a valuable remedy.

For sale by Druggists everywhere.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

PURE PICKLES.

Delicious Sauce, Fine Mustard, and Genuine Ketchup.

FROM CROSSE & BLACKWELL,

LONDON.

Chow Chow, Piccalilli, Mixed and other Pickles, Salsas, the Hervey John Bull Anchovy, &c., &c.; Durham Mustard, India Soy, Curry, Walnut Ketchup, Pickled Mushrooms, &c., &c., are adapted to hot or cold.

MEATS, FISH SOUPS, GRAVIES, ETC., and supplied to every cook.

C & S's goods have gained great renown for their purity and quality, not only in England but in other countries. They are sold nearly as low as inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their preparations, should see that the name of Crosse & Blackwell, London, is on each bottle or parcel purchased.

Importers and Agents, BRAY & HAYES, 31 Cornhill, Boston.

PAPER! TWINE!

PASTEBOARD!

WHERE THEY CAN BE HAD?

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In every variety. Wholesale or Retail. Send orders by mail or Express.

MILITARY AND REGALIA GOODS.

Rich Presentation

STAFF, LINE, AND REGULATION SWORDS.

Of the Arms Manufacturing Co., and others, warranted the Best in the market.

SWORDS, CUTS, BELTS, CHAPS, SABLES, CATS, FALLETTES, GLOVES, STRAPS, SPURS.

GOLD EMBROIDERED ORNAMENTS, BUTTONS, LACES, and the various colored and RY CLOTHS, to which the attention is called to

MILITARY TAILORS.

BANNER SILKS, STANDARDS AND TRIMMINGS.

Together with a variety of

REGALIA GOODS,

Such as VELVETS, SATINS, SILKS, RUBBONS, GOLD AND SILVER LACES, BRAIDS, STARS AND TASSELS.

Wholesale and Retail by

A. W. POLLARD,

6 COURT STREET, Boston, Mass.

CODMAN & SHURTLEFF,

13 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

BESIDES a complete assortment of articles intended for the exclusive use of the Medical and Dental Professions, have always in store at lowest prices, a great variety of the following articles suited to the wants of the general public.

TRUSSES.

Every desirable style of most popular patterns. Particular attention, however, being directed to the merits of a

NEW SPRING LEVER TRUSS,

which has been proved by the experience of many years during the last two years past, to be the best yet invented, affording, as it does, a circular upward and lifting action, while worn with such comfort that the wearer, after short experience, is almost unconscious of its presence. A pamphlet descriptive of this Truss will be sent to the address of any person.

ELASTIC HOSE,

For Varicose Veins, Swollen and Weak Joints. Of these goods we have several grades of Silk and Cotton, at corresponding prices. The sizes are full length, three-quarters, half or knee hose. Leggings, Elastic Caps, and Anklets. Directions for measurements for Hose forwarded when requested.

Also, Elastic and ordinary style Abdominal Shoulder Braces, &c., &c., &c.

Also, Galvanic Batteries, Hooping Trampolines, Anorectic and Convulsant Tubes for the Dentist.

A complete price Catalogue of Dental and Surgical Instruments will be sent to them desiring it.

F. R. ROBINSON'S

INDEXICAL SOAPS.

Two Silver Medals Awarded.

SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Britannia and Plated Ware, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c.; warranted to contain nothing hurtful, and positively injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use. See testimonials and directions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other soap for cleaning fine House paint; the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink, Pencil, Varnish, Acid, and other stains from the hand, leaving them soft and white. It is equal to the best French ponce, and sold for less than half the price.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest materials, and agreeable to the taste. Physicians and other scientific men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth and Gums of all are infested with animal parasites. Careful and repeated experiments have proved that Soap is the only agent that will destroy them without injury to the organs. Manufactured only by the BOSTON INDEXICAL SOAP COMPANY.

GEO. W. SAFFORD & CO., Agents,

78 Sudbury St., Boston.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers generally.

Medical Notice to Females.

Dr. C. W. Callins,

145 Pleasant St., Boston.

Continues to give SPECIAL ATTENTION to diseases of Women and Children. His unrivalled success for the last ten years in the treatment of all female complaints, is universally admitted by the Faculty and the public generally. All communications strictly confidential, and accompanied by a recommendation provided for those who wish to stop few days in the city.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER

OIL AND LIME.

FOR CONSUMPTION, it is the only reliable remedy known. It has, in thousands of instances, restored patients to their former past hope of recovery; and in tens of thousands, has arrested the disease in its primary stages, and restored the patient to robust health.

BRONCCHITIS. Its effect in this troublesome disease is very marked. It is necessary to persist in its use for a considerable length of time.

FEMALE DEBILITY. To sustain and augment the vital forces, make new, rich and pure blood; to build up the nervous system; to restore energy to the mind and body—nothing can be better adapted than this preparation.

In Asthma, General Debility, Emaciation, Coughs, it is a reliable remedy. Nine-tenths of the cases where it is supposed to fail, simply arise from the remedy being abandoned before its beneficial effect became obvious. Be careful and get the genuine, manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, 166 Court St., Boston.

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Metropolitan Superior

Marking Plates, and INDELIBLE INK, PUT IN A FEW MINUTES AT ANY TIME.

Rooms, 45 1/2, Salem St., Boston.

Business Plates, Brands and Steel Stamps made to order, and superior INDELIBLE INK, STENCIL ALPHABETS, and all Stencil Stock cheap at wholesale. On receipt of \$1 a superior Name Plate, in German text, or writing letters, with INDELIBLE INK, brush, box, and directions, will be sent by return mail, postage paid, to any part of the country.

Natural History Store,

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CHAS. G. BREWSTER,

Dealer in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins, Live Birds, Singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells, Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Feather Work, Artificial Eggs, and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, Bird Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, &c., &c.

Birds and Animals preserved to order.—When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

ROMAN CEMENT,

IMPORTED BY

BRAY & HAYES, 31 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Roman and Portland cement, for brick or stonework, hydraulics gas and water pipe joints, &c.

Self-Adjusting

CLOTHES WRINGER.

This is an improvement over all other kinds, as it adjusts itself to any size article, from a handkerchief to a bed quilt, and will not get out of order. Our Machine is made of wood, with rubber bands, which we warrant not to break or stretch half an inch in two years (notwithstanding what other manufacturers say), and our name is plainly marked on each Machine. Any one purchasing can return it after one month's use, and get the money they paid for it not satisfied.—For sale Wholesale and Retail, by HALEY, MORSE & BOYDEN, over Worcester Railroad Depot, Albany Street, Boston.

MICA, OR SHEET ISINGLASS.

For Stove Doors, Lanterns, &c. constantly on hand at 21 Union Street, Boston, by GEO. H. RUGGLE.

(Concluded from First Page.)

you in my own boudoir. Be particular in copying this," she pointed to some words like a signature at the end of the paper. "Good-bye; I must go. Come between seven and eight; and the countess was out of the door before she could hear my promise to be punctual.

I copied the paper with great attention to accurate transcription and strict secrecy.

Word for word, letter for letter, as Madame Rozenski directed, I traced out in the privacy of my own room, so as not to be seen by Hardstaff, the curious Slavonic writing, of which I did not understand a syllable.

There was some difficulty in matching the parchment and copying the signature; it might have been the emperor's sign-manual, for aught I knew.

The work cost me a sleepless night, but it was finished in good time. No eye could have told the difference between the copy and the original; nobody had cause to suspect what I was about; and with the service done, and the great opportunity in the boudoir in prospect, I repaired to the back-gate of the Rozenski Palace between seven and eight.

The same footman admitted me, and with the accustomed look, motionless and stolid; but instead of leading on to the boudoir, as I expected, he handed me a sealed note, and stood by in the passage till I read it. That process did not require much time. The letter, which was dated 10 A. M., contained only this:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—Unforeseen circumstances oblige me to set out immediately for Archangel; I must therefore lose the pleasure of receiving you this evening; but we will meet again at my return, when I hope to make more fitting acknowledgments for your friendship. Please to give the papers, both copy and original, to the footman; he has orders how to forward them; and believe me yours, in great haste,

CATHERINE ROZENSKI."

It was her handwriting, and only one course remained for me; I gave the papers to the footman. Having no knowledge of each other's language, no questions could be asked or answered; and I went home, wondering what business could have called her so suddenly to Archangel, when she would return, and what acknowledgments were to be made to me.

These wonders were still fresh in my mind when, a few days after, the English packet brought me a letter from my uncle, earnestly requesting my immediate return to England. It was so brief, and so hastily written, that I concluded the old man must be very ill, and thinking of his heirs and successors, Hardstaff, to whom I shewed the letter, by way of apology for my precipitate departure, was of the same opinion, and thought I should lose no time.

No time was lost; I set out with the English mail-packet. It was reckoned a fortnight from St. Petersburg to London; but I reached King William Street in the forenoon of the tenth day, to find my uncle well and busy in his counting-house.

In answer to my hasty inquiry why he had sent for me, the old man looked mysterious, beckoned me into his private room, and put into my hands a letter from Skinderkin & Co., in which he was informed, in the most business-like manner, that the interests of the firm and my own safety made it advisable that I should leave St. Petersburg immediately, as I had incurred the resentment of a noble Russian family.

The case was now clear to me; the countess had been exiled to Archangel, and I sent home to England, through her high-born relations' dread of a *mesalliance*.

I felt myself the hero of a real romance;—but what was to be done? Her address in Archangel was unknown to me; and even if it had been known, who could say to whose hands my letter might fall. Better to wait, and see what chance time might bring. For the present, I parried my uncle's lectures and inquiries by giving him to understand that I could not help the partiality of a rich widow and a countess.

The old man seemed to think it very unaccountable; so did everybody who heard it except my mother, good woman; she calculated on officiating at a wedding-breakfast in the Rozenski Palace.

I became somebody, even in the house-keeper's opinion, but had subsided into my old place in the counting-house, and my seat in the back-parlor, when, with the last packet, which left just before the frost had melted the Baltic, who should arrive but Mr. Hardstaff!

He had resigned his office under Skinderkin & Co., and was on his way to Yorkshire, where he intended to spend the rest of his days in genteel retirement by help of his Russian savings. They had got two Scotchmen in lieu of both him and me; but some affairs which he was commissioned to wind up brought him to King William Street, and I took the only opportunity now in my power to learn something of the countess, by asking him, when he chanced to be left by ourselves, if Madame Rozenski had been calling at the counting-house of late.

"O no," said he; "she sends her steward now; she wants no more silly young men to do her business."

"What business do you mean?" said I. "What you did for her: helping to get her nephew's estate in Archangel. The boy had died while he was yet a minor, in the monastery just behind her palace, where she had placed him to be educated and out of the way. He was dumb, you see, and has been dead for two years, but nobody knew that. She got the rents and the furs, and at last contrived a scheme—I suppose, because you looked a fit subject for it—to pass you off for her dead nephew with her company at the palace, and make you copy out will leaving the estate to her. I believe the monks and she got up a funeral when you were fairly out of St. Petersburg. Of course, she made Skinderkin & Co., send you." And the amiable man smiled.

"What did you get for helping in the business?" said I, feeling that every word he spoke was true.

"You do the work, and wise folk get the

profit," responded my excellent senior. "But I must tell you she is married to a prince—one of the Romanoff family, they say; and I would advise you to keep well out of Russia: it would never do for people to know the strange way she took to get her legacy."

A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

Isometrical Perspective View of
JERUSALEM,
AND THE
CITIES TOWN, MOUNTAINS
AND
VALLEYS
IN ITS VICINITY.

This work is commended to the attention of all who are interested in

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES.

THE VIEW IS
8½ FEET LONG AND 6½ FEET WIDE,
ELEGANTLY LITHOGRAPHED
AND
BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.

It is mounted on canvas, with rollers, and will adorn the walls of the

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, the

LECTURE-ROOM, the

STUDY, or the

LIBRARY.

It has been constructed from

The most Authentic Sources,

And will be found

AN INVALUABLE AID

to those engaged in

LECTURING ON THE HOLY LAND,

OR IN

IMPARTING INSTRUCTION

to

School Classes

On the Subject to which it Refers.

A Descriptive Manual bound in muslin and an Outline Key accompany the View.

PRICE TEN DOLLARS.

The following extracts from letters show the opinion of eminent Biblical scholars in reference to this work.

Rev. S. IRENEUS PRIME, D. D., Editor of *New York Observer*.

"I trust that it will hang on the walls of tens of thousands of our Sunday-school rooms."

Rev. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D., Author of "Travels in the East," &c.

"I can heartily, and with confidence, recommend it to be used by Sunday-schools and Bible-classes."

The late Rev. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., of New York.

"It ought to stand in the very highest rank of striking graphic illustrations of Scripture."

Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D., of Boston.

"I welcome this rich and beautiful map as a vivid exhibition of the general features of the Holy City and its environs."

Rev. JOEL HAWES, D. D., of Hartford Conn.

"As I look upon the map, I seem to be present in the midst of scenes which I visited fourteen years ago."

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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Poetry.

To a Bird Singing in the Woods.

O Thrush! upon the beechen bough,
Shake thy glad wings, and sing,
All things around thy dwelling now
Bad freshly in the spring.

Through new-ep'd leaves of brightest green
The fitting sunlight break,
The fern-leaves o'er the streamlets lean,
The star primroses wake.

And over all the sunshine flows,
And over all thy song,
Sole breaker of the woods' repose,
Floats as we pass along.

Thou hast no past, no future, bird!
Sing on in unchecked glee;
From me shall come no harsher word,
To mar thy minstrelsy.

Sing clear and shrill! 'tis good to list
Thy song of jubilee,
And in this weary world to wist
That some rejoice like thee;

Some who can dwell in simple trust
'Mid this day's leaves and flowers;
Nor taint their beauty with the dust
Of other by-gone hours.

Chambers' Journal.

Select Literature.

LAST WORDS.

Is there not something very tender and suggestive, reader, in the title which heads this paper? Who will deny that an intense and sorrowful interest attaches to the last recorded utterances of all men, but more especially of all great men? Who can say what marvellous sights may not have been seen by their mortal eyes, which, so fast closing upon all earthly things, were even then entering the very presence chamber of the Highest? It is related by the biographer of Thomas Campbell that the last sound which escaped the poet's lips on earth "was an exclamation of surprise or joy." Who can say, as the poet's spirit was traversing that border-land which separates life from immortality, what wondrous sights might not be dawning upon its vision?

Judging by the various recorded utterances of our great men when they lay a-dying, the subjects which occupied their last thoughts were as diverse as those which occupied their lives. Oftentimes, the last broken exclamations recorded of our great men contain dim fore-shadows of things to come; as often, however, they are merely expressive of happiness and resignation, or of despair and weariness of life. In other cases, again, we see "the ruling passion strong in death." We find warriors thanking God, with their last breath, that they had done their duty; and martyrs, whilst ascending the scaffold, resigning their souls to Heaven, feeling assured that their deeds would be their truest monument to all future time. Occasionally, too, we have men poking jokes at the grisly King of Terrors himself, and passing behind the dark curtain with a just upon their lips! In short, we shall find the last words of our great men generally breathe out courage, wisdom, philosophy, pathos, happiness, sorrow, wit, remorse, or despair, just in the proportion which their lives exhibited these qualities.

Not a few of our great men have, of course, departed without giving utterance to any very remarkable last words, but still, generally speaking, their last recorded utterances will be found—viewed by the light in which they uttered them—to be wise, suggestive, tender, and profound.

Surely, there is something very pathetic in those last words of Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the High School head-master: "It grows dark, boys; you may go." As the shades of death were fast closing around him, the master's thoughts were still with his work; and thus regarding the shades of death as but the waning twilight of the earthly day, he gave the signal of dismissal to his imaginary scholars, and was himself at the same instant "dismissed" from work to his eternal rest! Every one knows that the two last words which Goethe uttered were truly memorable: "Draw back the curtains," said he, "and let in more light."

At the time of Humboldt's death, the sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying, and it is stated that his last words, addressed to his niece, were these: "Wie herrlich diese Strahlen, sie schenken die Erde, zum Himmel zu rufen!" (How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to Heaven!)

Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, more than once turned to Lockhart, and exclaimed with great fervor to him: "Be a good man, my dear." When we recollect the character of the man who uttered them, is not there a little sermon in these words? Judge Talfourd, it will be remembered, died suddenly whilst delivering the charge to the grand jury at the Stafford assizes. The last sentence which he uttered, before his head fell forward upon his breast, is pregnant with wisdom; and from the eternal truth which it so nobly enunciates forms a fitting conclusion to Talfourd's benevolent and useful career. "That," said he, "which is wanted to bind together the bustling bonds of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy." And so with that last word "sympathy" yet trembling upon his lips, poor Talfourd passed away.

Dr. Johnson's last words, addressed to a young lady standing by his bedside, were: "God bless you, my dear." And "God bless you! . . . Is that you, Dora?" were Wordsworth's last words.

There is a singular identity, also, between the last utterances of Mrs. Hannah More and of the historian, Sir James Mackintosh, the last words of both consisted of one word, and both alike breath the same spirit of happiness. "Joy" was the last utterance of the former, and "happy" that of the latter. "I am ready" were the last words of the great actor, Charles Mathews. John Knox, about eleven o'clock on the night of his death, gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed: "Now, it is come." These were his last words, for in a few moments later he expired.

General Washington's last words were firm, cool, and reliant as himself. "I am about to die," said he, "and I am not afraid to die." Noble words these! There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated request to those around him "to mark how a Christian could die."

Elly, the great painter, quietly marked the progress of dissolution going on within his frame, and coolly moralized thereon. His last words were: "Wonderful—wonderful, this death!" and he uttered them with perfect calmness.

Thomas Hood's last words were: "Dying, dying," as though, says his biographer, "he was glad to realise the sense of rest implied in them."

Amongst the last utterances of another great wit, Douglas Jerrold, was the reply which he made to the question "How he felt?" Jerrold's reply was quick and terse, as his conversation always was. He felt, he said, "as one who was waiting, and waited for."

When we remember Charlotte Brontë's stormy and sorrowful life, lightened for only a few brief moments towards its close by her marriage with her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, there is a melancholy plainness in her last words. Addressing her husband, she said: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy."

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his doctor. "No, it is not," was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life.

One of Keats's latest utterances is full of a singular pathos and duty. "I feel," he said on his death-bed—"I feel the flowers growing over me." Tasso's last words—"In manus tuas Domine" (Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit)—are eminently religious. They were uttered by him with extreme difficulty, and afterwards he expired.

Napoleon's last words assuredly exhibit "the ruling passion strong in death." On his death-bed, he became delirious. He issued orders to his troops, and imagined that he was conducting a great battle. "Tête d'armée" were the last words which escaped his lips.

We lately read a touching anecdote of the last moments of a great merchant. This gentleman had long been resident in China, where he had amassed a colossal fortune. He resolved at length to return to England; but whilst he was busily making final preparations for his return home, he was struck, down by death. The track of his homeward voyage, so often traversed by him in spirit was, however, so stamped upon his brain, that died deliciously pointing out the headlands and capes which he fancied he saw on his homeward voyage. He died, too, singularly enough, just as he, in his delirium, fancied that he sighted the lights of his English home. Pacha's last words: "La mort est plus aise a supporter, sans y penser, que la pensee de la mort sans peril." So perhaps, after all his end was peaceful.

The son of Edmund Burke, the great statesman, was a young man of rare promise, and his early death hastened the decease of his illustrious father. It is related, that on the night of his death young Burke suddenly rose up and exclaimed: "Is that rain? O no; it is the sound of the wind among the trees." He then turned to his father, regarded him with a look of great affection, and then commenced to recite with deep feeling these sublime lines of Milton from Adam's Morning Hymn, which he knew to be his father's favorite:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Blow soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

Just as he pronounced the last word, his strength failed him; the lamp which had flickered up so grandly in its socket was quenched; he fell forward into his father's arms, and he died. Burke's grief was terrible; and he did not long survive his son. Burke's own last words are the same as those of Johnson and Wordsworth—namely, "God bless you."

A remarkable instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" is to be found in the account left us of the death Mozart, the great composer. Although Mozart was enfeebled by a fortnight's illness, still, when he felt that his last moments were approaching, he desired that the "Requiem" (which was among the latest of his productions) should be sung around his bed by some friends of his, performers at Shickaneder's theatre. He himself sang the alto part, Schack the soprano, and Hofer the bass. Shortly afterwards he expired. This instance of the "ruling passion," we opine, has, in penny-a-liners' phrase, "been rarely equalled, and never surpassed."

Who that ever read them, can forget those noble last words which Bishop Ridley, addressed to his fellow-sufferer, Bishop Ridley, when both were about to perish in the flames at Oxford? Addressing Bishop Ridley, he said: "Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley; this day we light a candle in England, which shall never be extinguished." We question whether, if the archives of all the "noble army of martyrs" were to be ransacked, there could be found a record of any more memorable utterance than this.

That great man and incorrigible joker, Sir Thomas More, perished, it will be recollected, upon the scaffold. Observing, as he was ascending the scaffold, that it appeared very weak, he turned to the lieutenant, and said to him merrily: "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, that you see me safe up; and as for my coming down, why, let me shift for myself." Thus speaking, passed away one of the best and bravest spirits of that age. Surely it was men like him that first won for our land the title of "Merry England."

King Charles II. also died with a joke upon his lips; his death and been expected for some time before it occurred, and thus many of his courtiers had been kept up all night. He apologised to those who stood round his bed for the trouble he had caused them; he had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. "This was the last glimpse," remarks Lord Macaulay, "of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation."

There is an incident related of the death-scene of Sir Charles Napier, the great Indian warrior, which is so curious and suggestive, that (although, strictly speaking, it does not come under the category of "last words," since no word was spoken by Sir Charles) we cannot resist referring to it here. It appears, then, that the 221 Foot was the regiment with which Sir Charles's chief victories were achieved, and to which he was most strongly attached. Just as the old warrior's spirit was passing away, Mr. M'Murdo, his son-in-law, seized the tattered, short-torn fragments of the colors of the 221 Regiment, and waved them over the dying warrior. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Sir Charles's face as this was being done, and thus his spirit passed away.

In Spenser's matches *Helmskringla*—a work whose every line should be read by all lovers of deeds of Norse daring—there is to be found an account of the last words of an old Norse hero named Thormod. This worthy had been mortally wounded by the shaft of an arrow striking him in battle. He retired to a barn, where a woman-servant tried to pull the shaft of the arrow out of his wound with the help of a pair of tongs! Not succeeding in her attempt, however, Thormod reproved the girl for her tenderness in using the tongs; took them himself, and by main force, pulled the arrow out of the wound. Upon it there hung some morsels of flesh from his heart, some red, some white. When Thormod saw them, he said grimly: "The king has felt us well. I am fat, even at the heart-roots." And so saying," says Starleson, "he leaned back and was dead." We imagine that there can be found but few instances of last words which imply such a thorough scorn of physical pain as do these of Thormod. In the *Helmskringla*, too, there will be found an account of another old Norse king. This hero, feeling that his time was at hand, and being sternly resolved not to die a natural death, ordered his war-galley to be brought out. This being done, he proceeded on board, set it on fire, and slowly drifted out to sea, chenting his war-song with his last gasp. Surely the gates of the Walhalla of the Norsemen would fly open to welcome two such heroes as this old Norse king and Thormod.

Zwingli, the great German reformer, was killed in battle in the year 1531. His last words are cool and brave. Gazing calmly, and with undaunted courage, at the blood trickling from his death-wounds, he calmly exclaimed: "What matters this misfortune? They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!"

And now that we are speaking about the last words of warriors, who can fail to recollect those noble last words of our great Nelson? "I thank God," said he, "that I have done my duty." And so, with the great guns booming overhead, proclaiming the victory so dearly bought, he died.

In the year 1591, Sir Richard Grenville—the Sydney of the sea—was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force. After inflicting the most terrible chastisement upon the Spanish fleet—it is said that Sir Richard was engaged with no less than fifteen ships—the *Revenge* (Sir Richard's vessel) was taken, and Sir Richard Grenville himself was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honor. But in a few days, he felt that death was at hand, and spoke these memorable words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervor: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind; for that I have ended my life, as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honor; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of

having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do."

We purpose giving as the final illustration of our subject, the last utterances of a soldier who fought in another warfare; to wit, the Venerable Bede, Bede died at Jarrow Monastery, near Newcastle, in the year 735. The account left us of his death is very striking. For a long time previous, Bede had been engaged upon a translation of St. John's Gospel into the Saxon language. His work, which was to give God's word to the common people in their own tongue, was very nearly completed; but Bede's strength was ebbing fast. He sat in his chair, however, conscious, still, though the shades of death were fast gathering around him. The scribe, who was writing to Bede's dictation, now hastily exclaimed to him: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." This speech recalled Bede's fast-fading senses; gathering together all his strength, he answered: "Write quickly!" and then dictated to the scribe the last chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The scribe wrote it down rapidly, and then said: "The sentence is now written." Bede replied: "It is well. You have said the truth. It is finished! *Consummatum est!*"—*Chambers' Journal.*

About Pockets.

Pockets are a marked feature of civilized life. Their history is the history of humanity, and a catalogue of their successive contents would furnish a condensed biography. There were no pockets in the fig-leaves of Eden; our first parents had no need to hoard or appropriate for the trees and herbage of the garden offered them freely all their simple wealth. There were no pockets in Adam's first blouse of skins, for as yet he had no knife wherewith to cut his tobacco, and was innocently ignorant of the potency of the marvelous weed. But when life grew hard and human interests conflicting, then the pocket becomes a developed institution, a receptacle for the means of daily salubrity, amenity, and convenience. It is a social, not selfish institution. It contains supplies, not hoarded. The treasures of the miser are buried in a vault; while the subsidies of the pocket are appropriately known as change. From its warmest corner comes the penny for the street-sweeper, the toll for the pet of the freestone, and the weekly gratuity for charities of every kindly name.

But the most characteristic deposits are not in money. Children prefer the concrete to the abstract, the end to the means. While the little man wears the dress of his sister, his pocket, like hers, is filled with cakes and candies. But very soon he seeks a wider range of activities, and the sweetmeats, not yet ignored, dispute possession inch by inch with jess haps, fish-hooks, tops, kite-strings and knives. If he is mechanical the knife gains a companion in an ivory rule; if studious, in pencils and paper. Then comes the belligerent period when the country boy makes investments in powder and shot, and the young citizen is an amateur in pistols and percussion caps. And as war alternates with peace, the tomahawk with the calumet, so about this, if at all, is developed a preference for cigars and "fine-cut" but these are noxious weeds that are likely to choke out all healthful growth. Just as rats leave a sinking ship, when these fragrant treasures find their way to the pocket, indignant moths leave the young man's wardrobe in disgust. It will be well if the odor does not serve to expel more desirable visitants than these. Then follows the youth's latest pocket companion, the watch, pointing with its golden finger the silent march of the time.

For the girl her early sugar plums give place to the cheap luxury of paper dolls, soon followed by that familiar implement the thimble. Hard upon this comes the scribbling stage, when the pocket finds room for pencils and paper, for notes of many pages duly crossed, and filled with the fancies and follies, the friendship and fashions of sixteen. It is but a slight change from the romantic missive to those of a warmer hue, the billet-doux of boyish admirers, to be followed we trust by the firm lines that bear the frank avowal of a manly love. Yet these last will not remain long in the pocket; they are too precious guests for such familiar treatment, and shall retire to some inner sanctuary, set apart for the holiest of all. With love comes sorrow, with sorrow religion; so when our crowned woman has hidden away her heart's treasures, hallowed by kisses if not by tears, amid a shower of fallen rose-leaves, perhaps prophetic of their fate, she receives a new friend, a pocket-Bible, in their place. Consecrated to labor, love and duty, the pocket thus meets the whole round of human needs.—*Springfield Republican.*

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth hearing. This looking forward foretelling does not pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness, as God gives them every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

Neither despise nor oppose what you do not understand.

House Cleaning.

BY AN IRREPRESSIBLE MAN.

"What a confounded state of disorder this house is in," I said to my wife, on coming home from business the other afternoon; "if I didn't know better I should think we were going to move. Pray tell me what are you about?"

"I am about to clean house, my dear," my wife replied.

"You look as if you were about to become an inmate of the insane asylum," for my wife was shockingly attired in a dressing-gown that had seen better days and many house-cleanings. She carried a long handled feather duster in her hand, and had a cap on her head.

"Oh, you may sneer at me as much as you please," she said; "but I presume that you would find a difference in the appearance of the house if it were not that I superintended the cleanings."

"What possible good is accomplished," I asked, "by turning the house upside down in this manner? For my part, I never could see that you improve its appearance in the least by doing so; it is simply a confounded bore, and I have come to the opinion that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is house-cleaning."

"One thing is very certain," she replied, "which is, that you men know nothing about it. Look at that cobweb in the corner there!"

And my wife made an attack with the long handled feather duster upon an inoffensive little cobweb, that I thought rather ornamental than otherwise.

"Now don't you think," I said, "that if you were to clean one room at a time, that it would be a great deal better than throwing the entire house in confusion at once—Devote one week, for instance, to the cleaning of the parlors, another to the dining-room, and so on. That is my plan."

"At that rate, house-cleaning would last through an entire year, and I, for one, am not disposed to adopt your plan. No, I want to put it all into as small a space as possible, and get through with it as speedily as I can. If I were to follow your suggestion, the dust and dirt raised in cleaning one room would be sure to settle, or in some way get into another room just put to rights, and the result would be that house-cleaning would never end. No, everything must be done at once."

"Well, my dear," I said, "I'll not attempt to argue the matter with you, for I know it would be a very useless task, but I must say that my mother, who understood these things, used to say—"

"Of course," my wife interrupted, "your mother did very differently from what I do. She was differently situated, and could do as she pleased. A widow, left as your mother was, could have her own way in a great many matters which we poor wives cannot follow. I know your mother was a very remarkable woman; but I trust that I do my duty to you and my children and my house, as well as I know how. I don't," continued my wife, putting the end of the handle of the feather duster into the corner of her eye, and brushing out an imaginary tear, "I think it fair, or honorable, or generous, or husband-like in you to be always telling me how much better your mother kept house than I do. I wish to gracious you had married your mother."

"Pooh! pooh!" I exclaimed, "you know that would not have been proper. I might have married your mother, though, which would have been as near as I could come to gratifying your wish."

My wife smiled.

"My mother wouldn't have had you, sir," she said.

"She would not have shown as good taste, then, as her daughter did," I replied.

"Her daughter sometimes regrets the 'good taste' she showed," my wife said, mischievously.

"I think you are mistaken, my dear," I answered; "but I am ready to waive the question, provided you will tell me when dinner will be ready. It is six o'clock, and as yet I see no signs of it."

"I thought I told you, before you went away this morning," my wife made answer, "that you would have to get your dinner down town, for we should have none."

"You did say so," I replied; "but I supposed it was simply a hint for me to send home something from the market, which I did."

"I know you did—enough to feed the alderman and their assistants with. How did you think it could be cooked when we were cleaning house?"

"I didn't know you were going to clean house," I said; "I wish to gracious I had; I wouldn't have come home till midnight."

"Yes, and left your poor wife here in the dust and disorder, while you were feasting and enjoying yourself. I am glad, now, you have not been to dinner, for you can see what I have to put up with! how I have to get along, and how uncomfortable, even to me, house-cleaning is."

"I presume it is, my dear," I said, in a mollified tone of voice, for I was desirous of having my dinner, and did not care to provoke my wife; and I am very sorry that you deem it necessary to engage in it. Why don't you sit down quietly, and let the servants do the work. I don't think it necessary for you to lift a finger to it."

"Nicely the house would be cleaned, indeed," she replied.

deed," she replied, "if I did not. You men know nothing about it, and I just wish you wouldn't speak another word on the subject."

"Very well, let me have some dinner," I replied, "to put into my mouth, and I will not. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is going without my dinner."

"I am sure I don't know," said my wife, "what you will have to eat, for it is utterly impossible for me or either of the servants to stop work at present to cook anything."

"Oh, anything will answer," I said, "a piece of cold meat or pie, or a slice of boiled ham, for instance. That together with an apple tart and glass of wine, I think, will suffice. Let one of the servants set the table in the library, and then send the things up, if you please."

My wife laughed.

"If you think," she said, "that we have any meat pie or boiled ham in the house, you are greatly mistaken."

"Why, we had some yesterday, where has it gone to?"

"Gone to?" echoed my wife. "Don't you suppose the children and servants must eat?"

"Why, yes, certainly," I answered; "but—"

"But what?" interrupted my wife. "You don't think a meat pie will last forever, I trust?"

"No," I answered; but my mother, at house-cleaning time, always had a meat pie and a boiled ham in the cupboard."

"There it is again," exclaimed my wife; "you are always comparing my housekeeping with your mother's. I don't like it. I endeavor to do the best I can, and if I fail to have a meat pie and a boiled ham in the house whenever you ask for them, I am certain to have your mother's ways cast into my face. I don't do things as your mother did, I know, and, what is more, I don't intend to. If you are not satisfied with my manner of keeping house, why you had better hire a housekeeper who will suit you better. I never heard my father—and he was a most fastidious man—complain of my mother's housekeeping, and she taught me. Everybody who knew my mother said that she was the neatest and most perfect of housekeepers."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed; "don't say any more to me about your mother, for if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to hear about her housekeeping. But all this time, while you are talking about the excellent housekeeping qualities of your mother and yours, I am absolutely starving. Now, once for all, can I have my dinner or not?"

"Certainly," answered my wife, "just so soon as I am able to get it for you."

"When will that be?" I asked.

"In about an hour," she replied.

"I can't wait so long," I said, "I have an engagement to meet a gentleman on particular business, at eight o'clock, and here it is seven. I see that I'll have to go out and get my dinner elsewhere; there is no help for it. I'll have a good one, at all events," I added, as I drew on my gloves.

"Yes, you had better go," said my wife, "and leave me here to eat dry bread, while you spend two or three dollars on a dinner. My father never left my mother, when in this way."

"What do you mean?" I inquired, slightly startled, "by 'in this way'?"

"Why, in the midst of house cleaning, of course," she replied; "what other way could I mean?"

"Oh!" I said, much relieved by her explanation, "I thought, perhaps, that you meant—"

"Sir," said my wife, indignantly, "you will oblige me, now, by going out and getting your dinner wherever you please, and paying just as much as you like. But my father—"

"My dear," I said, interrupting her, "if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to hear about your father. Good bye!"

"I placed my hand on the knob of the door, to open it, when Katy, entering the room, said that dinner was on the table. Immediately I turned to my wife, who had been arranging her hair, and performing other toilet duties, during our confab, and, offering her my arm, which she took, we proceeded to the dining-room."

Some Hints about Ladies' Bonnets.

A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose, or red flowers, suits a fair complexion. A lustrous white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or violet flowers. A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions; it may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferable with rose. A rose-colored bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-color may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable; a wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect. A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the ensemble of the type with black hair as with the other type yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange, and yellow. A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as those which have been made concerning its use in connection with the blonde type, except that for the brunettes it is better to give the preference to

accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue. Bonnets of rose, red, orange, are suitable for brunettes when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with red. A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interpose between the complexion and headdress. It is the same with bonnets of an orange color more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades. A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers are preferable to all others. A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or bright red complexion; nor can it be allied to such as have a tint of orange-brown. When it suits a brunette, it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings. A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion, since there are none which yellow will suit. Yet if we interpose between the violet and the skin, not only the hair, but also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this color may become favorable. As an important memorandum, it must be added, that whenever the color of a bonnet does not realize the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the headdress by masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories.

Parson Brownlow.

Brownlow is a man of medium height and rather slim, with a round, "bulky" head, a quiet, pleasing countenance, and good address; is an excellent, logical and persuasive speaker, and is as little in personal bearing and appearance like the blackguard he tries to make himself appear as one can well imagine.

A characteristic story is told of him that is well worth recording. Upon the borders of Virginia, there was a settlement of rough, "hard shell" Baptists. The Methodists had long essayed to make a lodgment in the quarter, but were summarily defeated by the decisive mode of turning their missionaries neck and heels out of the place—and this in no very tender or "do as you would be done by" style of Christian treatment. With such vigor did the Baptists hold this tower of the Lord, that the Methodists, with all their zeal for propagating the gospel, and their resolute devotion to the great duty, paused before this Baptist Gibraltar. The task seemed a hopeless one, and not one of the faithful could be found to encounter the inevitable risk of personal violence—especially as a coat of tar and feathers had been designated as the fate of any new warrior of the cross who should appear in that region in Methodist garb. At last, however, Parson Brownlow was appointed to the duty of converting these heathen from the error of their ways.

Parson Brownlow was much younger and less celebrated than he is now, but the same spirit animated him then that has since exalted his reputation so widely. He knew the risk he was chosen to encounter, and rather relished the novelty and excitement of this new field. Accordingly, mounted upon his horse, with the inevitable saddle-bags of the Southern horseback traveler, he entered the enemy's camp, one Saturday morning, and announced his purpose to give the barbarians of that locality a "creed of the true doctrine on the holy day to follow." The result was that his horse and saddle-bags were taken as spoils, his person roughly maltreated, and he was turned loose in the outskirts of the place, and ordered, at his peril, never to study daylight in that quarter again.

The Parson footed it home as best he might, but soon after re-appeared at the scene of contest and conflict, with another horse and another pair of saddle-bags, to commence his labors. His treatment was commensurate with the hearty and religious indignation of his foes, and once more the Parson footed it home, sore and horseless.

A third time the irrepressible Brownlow appeared upon the field, to be served about as before; only his pertinacity and courage had worked upon the curiosity as well as fear of a portion of the good people of the region—Some were for hearing "what the cuss was arter," but he was finally again unhorsed and un-saddle-bagged, and he started home about; but he had effected a lodgment among those rude people, who loved pluck and grit if they did not love Methodism. Of course he was expelled again. And sure enough the fourth time, with the fourth horse and fourth pair of saddle-bags, appeared the persevering Parson Brownlow. By this time there had arisen a decided curiosity to hear what the "cuss" had to say, and the Parson was at last allowed to preach.

Well suited in tastes and impulses to the rude congregation before him, he soon won their confidence, and closed a decidedly popular man. A dozen invitations pressed him to dinner—a universal request that he would come again as soon as he could, and full restoration of the value of the lost horses and saddle-bags proved the final triumph of the "irrepressible Methodist." The final result was, the place became the most invincible of Methodist strongholds, and Parson Brownlow one of the most popular preachers among them.

The good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near to heaven.

LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN!

WOODS' MINSTRELS!

MOST COMPLETE COMPANY EXTANT!

Will appear on

Wednesday Even'g, May 7th, '62.

-18-

NEW SONGS!

ACTS!

DANCES!

BURLIQUES!

AND FUNNY SAYINGS!

See Programmes.

TICKETS 15 CTS.

Doors open at 7, to commence at 7 1/2.

LARGE SALE

FARMING STOCK & TOOLS!

At Auction.

The subscriber having sold his Farm, will

sell at Auction, without reserve, on

Monday, the 5th day of May,

at 9 o'clock, A.M., at his residence in BUR-

LINGTON, all the

Farming Stock and Tools!

Consisting in part as follows: 1 team Horse,

weighing 1150 lbs., 1 good carriage Horse, 1

Cow, 1 Sow and five pigs, 4 Shotes, 1 Buggy,

1 covered market Wagon, 1 Open do., 1 two

horse Team do., Horse-Cart, Sleigh, Market

Pung, Ox-Sled, Wheelbarrow, Buggy Har-

ness, Market-Wagon do., Horse Cart do., 2

Lead do., 2 extra Rides, 5 tons English Hay,

300 bundles Corn Stalks, 30 bushels Rye, 40

bushels Jackson White Potatoes, 5 bushels

Cider Vinegar, Hay Cutter and Trough, Por-

table Boiler, Lot of Casks, and 10 cords of

Oak and Pine Wood. Also, a great variety

of Farming Tools, consisting of—Ploughs,

Harrow, Shovel, Hoes, Hay and Manure

Forks, Chains, Iron Bars, and various other

articles not enumerated. Also, a variety of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

Consisting of—Beds, Bedding and Bedsteads,

Chairs, Tables, Crockery and Glass ware,

and a great number of Kitchen Utensils, &c.

The above mentioned Carriages and

sets of Harness, &c., in excellent condition,

all having been purchased by the subscriber

within two years.

J. W. SNOW, Aucr.

P. S.—If stormy on said day, the sale will

be on the next fair day at the same hour.

To the Honorable Board of County

Commissioners within and for

the County of Middlesex:

The undersigned, citizens of Burlington,

in said County, respectfully represent that

that part of the old County road leading

from Boston and Lowell, is situated in

said Burlington, and between the dwelling

houses of Otis Cutler and Charles W. Ben-

nett, is crooked, and that the public con-

venience requires that the same should be

straightened. They therefore request your

Honorable Board to view said premises, and

make such straightenings and alterations of

the same as to your Honorable Board shall

seem proper.

JAMES L. MILLER,

JOHN WINN.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. At a meeting of the

County Commissioners for said County, of

Middlesex, at Cambridge in said county, on

the FIRST TUESDAY OF JANUARY, 1862, the

eight hundred and sixty two, and by

adjournment at the same place on the twenty-

ninth day of April, A. D., 1862. On the

foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff

of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to

all persons concerned therein, that said

said Commissioners will meet for the

purpose of viewing the premises and hearing

the parties at the Court House in Concord on

Tuesday the third day of June next, at 10

o'clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town

Clerk of Burlington with a copy of said pe-

tition and this order thereon, thirty days at

least before said view, and by publishing the

same in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper,

printed at Woburn, three weeks successively,

the last publication to be at least ten days at

least before said view, and also by posting the

same in two public places in the Town of

Burlington, fourteen days before said view;

and that he make return of his doings hereon,

said Commissioners, at the time and place

fixed for said view.

M. PRESTON, Ast. Clerk.

A true copy, Attest,

Moses Fairbank, Dept. Shif.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to a power of sale and for

breaches of the conditions contained in a

Mortgage of Real Estate given me by Joseph

P. Sheafe of Stoneham, in the County of

Middlesex and Commonwealth of Mas-

sachusetts, dated the twenty-ninth day of

March, in the year of our Lord one thousand

eight hundred and fifty-eight, and published

with Middlesex Journal, at the District Court,

Book 789, Page 449, I shall sell at Public

Auction, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH

day of MAY next, at four of the clock in the

afternoon, upon the premises, all the right,

title and interest in and to said premises

which were conveyed by deed mortgage, and

all the right, title and interest in the same

premises remaining in the said Joseph P.

Sheafe upon the giving of said mortgage.

Such sale to be made for the purpose of en-

forcing the payment of the money secured

thereby.

Said premises consist of a certain piece of

Land with a Dwelling House and outbuild-

ings thereon standing, situated in Medford,

in said County of Middlesex, on Forrest street,

so called, and bounded as follows, viz.—Be-

ginning on the Western side of said Forrest

street, by land of Abijah W. Farrar, thence

the line runs Westerly by land of said Far-

rar, about one hundred and ninety-eight feet

to a corner in the fence—thence Southerly

by said Farrar's land about fifty-three feet

and eight inches to land of Nahum Mitchell;

thence Easterly by said Mitchell's land, about

one hundred and ninety-eight feet to Forrest

street, forty-three feet to the first mentioned

bound, with all the privileges and appurte-

nances thereto belonging,—it being the same

estate conveyed to Lorenzo Clisby by F. A.

Billings, by deed dated Nov. 6th, 1853, and

conveyed by said Clisby to me, Nov. 7, 1853,

and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 789,

Page 19, and the same conveyed to said Jo-

seph P. Sheafe by me, March 29th, 1858.

Terms and conditions of sale made known

at the time and place of sale.

JAMES WAIT, Mortgagee.

STONEHAM, April 29th, 1862.—3w.

Godley for May,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Choice and Reliable Seeds!

CURTIS & COBB,

348 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

SEEDS, TREES, PLANTS, BULBS, GRAPE

VINES, SHRUBS, HERBACEOUS PLANTS,

Garden Implements, Garden Engines and Fertil-

izers of all kinds.

SEED CATALOGUES FOR 1862,

Containing a list of our Vegetable and

Choice Flower Seeds,

ready for distribution to all applicants.

Our collection of German, French and English

Seeds is very full and choice the present season.

Also, Herd Grass, Clover, Red Top, Western Red

Clover, White Dutch Clover, Red Top, Rhode Is-

land Hay, Sweet Meadow, English Lawn and Field

Seeds of all kinds, at the lowest market prices.

SEEDS furnished by mail, post-paid.

Address CURTIS & COBB,

N. B.—Cobb's CELEBRATED SUPERIOR POTATOES

of LIMB for sale by the ton or single bag, at the

manufacturer's price. 31-2w.

VAN ANDEN'S PATENT

PORTABLE COPYING PRESS!

HANNAN & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS, 29 CLIFF ST., N. YORK.

Two sizes,.....\$1.00 and \$1.25.

On receipt of price a Press will be mailed

to any address, postage paid. Descriptive Circulars

sent if requested. Stationers and Agents supplied

on liberal terms.

Extraordinary inducements offered to intel-

ligent Agents. 31-2m.

NOTICE

I hereby give, that the subscriber has

been duly appointed Administrator of the estate

of HENRY PARKER, late of Woburn, in the

County of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken

upon himself that trust by giving bonds as

the law directs. All persons having demands

upon the estate of said deceased are required to

exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said

estate are called upon to make return to said

estate at the office of H. PARKER, Adm.

Woburn, April 29, 1862.—31-2w.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY.

The undersigned has been appointed As-

signee of the estate of BENJAMIN GOLD-

SMITH, of Stoneham, in said County, insolvent

debtor, and all persons having demands upon

the estate of said insolvent are required to

exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to

said insolvent are called upon to make return

to said insolvent at the office of H. PARKER, Adm.

Woburn, April 29, 1862.—31-2w.

For Sale or To Let.

TENEMENT on Fairmount Street, con-

taining Six Rooms. Equipped with

water, gas, and all modern conveniences.

Woburn, April 29th, 1862.—31-2m.

NOTICE

I hereby give, that the subscribers have

been duly appointed Administrators with the

will annexed, of the estate of SALY STEEL,

late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex,

deceased, and has taken upon himself that

trust by giving bonds as the law directs.

All persons having demands upon the estate

of said deceased are required to exhibit the

same; and all persons indebted to said estate

are called upon to make payment to

said estate at the office of JOHN CONVERSE,

JOHN JOHNSON, Adms.

Woburn, March 11th, 1862.—3w.

WYMAN'S

AMBIOTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND

DAGUERRETYPE ROOMS,

KELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1862. ytt

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

Main Street, WOBURN.

Jan. 7.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

ALSO, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware

Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

See Advertisements for Sale and To Let.

(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).

Nov. 1862. ytt

Central Market,

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store for-

mally occupied by E. O. SODS, will keep con-

stantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Pro-

visions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFOORD,

get 8, 1862. ytt

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

ARE OFFERED AT

G A G E ' S

TO GENTLEMEN

Who are about to order

SPRING CLOTHING!

Call and see his Stock of Goods.

Rubber Clothing Company,

ONLY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

AGENTS FOR NEW ENGLAND

OF THE CELEBRATED

Metropolitan Universal

Clothes Wringer.

This wringer is WARRANTED good for one year,

and is the only durable and reliable machine of the

kind in the market. Also, Staindard and Jewelry

Packages, the best in the market, at prices vary-

ing from cents to \$100 a dozen. Address, J. S.

ANDREWS, 110 Salisbury St., Boston, Mass.

RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,

37 Milk Street, BOSTON

TO LET.

The estate formerly owned by John Flinders,

consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, and Stable

House opposite, and Tenement at the "running

pump" place, so called. Apply to

JOHN JOHNSON, Treas. W. A. M. Association.

Woburn, March 8-11

ARMY CHECKER BOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army

will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE

some very convenient ARMY CHECKER BOARDS

which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost

but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail.

Call and examine.

1862! 1862!!

Bill Heads! Bill Heads!

BUSINESS MEN can be supplied with

BILL HEADS, in any quantity, at the JOUB-

LE OFFICE, at short notice, in conformity with, and

at prices as low as in the city, or elsewhere.

Tenements to Let.

TO LET, in Woburn Centre, FOUR

TENEMENTS, to one of which is at-

tached a Stable. Rent from \$10 to \$150. For par-

ticulars apply to JOSEPH KELLEY,

Woburn, March 22, 1862.—3w.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

INDIAN MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

Office, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

REV. N. DAY, Presdnt. REV. P. MASON, Vice Pr.

R. GREENE, M. D., Superintending Physician.

This Institution was established for the cure of

Disease, upon the principles of Janoetec medica-

tion, entirely discarding the use of Poisonous

Drugs.

Many diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the

Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspep-

sia, Liver Complaint, Hoarseness, Rheumatism,

Female Complaints, and a great variety of

ordinary Diseases are successfully treated by

Medicine which may be sent to

Miscellaneous.

Life Sculptures.
Chief in hand stood a sculptor boy
With a marble block beside him.
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel's dream passed over him;
He carved the dream on a shapely stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone;
He had caught the angel's vision.

Sculptures of life are we, as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—An old school-master said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word." "But do they understand it that is the question," said the minister. The school-master only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. "A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, 'Yesterday, I showed some strange gentlemen over my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could.'"

A Bug Story.—In London are licensed persons who are styled "Buggers," whose business it is to clear bedsteads from the little varmints. In the Bath Road, London, is a sign, "Bug Cleaner to Her Majesty." On the opposite side of the road is a neighbor in the same line of business, whose sign reads, "Bug Cleaner—no connection with the Bugger opposite."

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood, and said to him, "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh, ay," said the farmer, "he is dead, but he has no doubt 't'will carry on 't' business, and make it as profitable as ever it was."

ENGLAND.—Michelet, the French author, says,—"England was always a mystery to me until I visited it. I found it a great sand bank, enveloped in a fog. The fog fed the grass, the grass fed the sheep, the sheep fed the men."

A little boy in Winstead Corners was severely scalded the other day by spilling a teapot full of tea down his breast. The local paper speaks of the "lesson it conveys to parents, when tea is from one to two dollars per pound."

A lady in this town proposes to go into insolvency, as she "ows so many calls" that she sees no other way to liquidate her obligations.

"Well, Susan, what do you think of married ladies being happy?" "Why, I think there are more *ain't* that is, than that *ain't*."

Some people think black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight the holier they are.

A mosquito is a customer who tries to get inside the bar and take "a nip" without paying for it.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods, she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Why is Hiram Powers one of the meanest men alive? Because he "enriched" a Greek Slave out of a piece of marble.

Very few diseases are so mortal as the fear of death.

A woman should have no male friends but those who are the friends of her husband.

There is no friend to man so true, so kind, so real and so good as woman.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of spirits.

Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.

To pin our faith on another man's sleeve, and submit to be led by authority, deprives us of independence and subjects us to just contempt.

Don't let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. To be sure, the bad might be eradicated in after years, but it is easier to sow clean seed than to cleanse dirty wheat.

Not an oath is uttered that does not vibrate through all time in the wide-spreading current of sound; not a prayer is lisped but its record is stamped on the law of Nature by the seal of the Almighty's will.

Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated to parental love by the innocent and sports of childhood is the only home of the human heart.

The sweetest and most satisfactory connections in life are those formed between persons of congenial minds, equally linked together by the conformity of their virtues, and by the ties of esteem.

Women often lose the men they love, and who love them. By mere wantonness or coquetry, they reject and then repent; they should be careful not to take this step too hastily, for a proud high-minded, gifted man, will seldom ask a woman twice.

A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

Isometrical Perspective View of

JERUSALEM,

AND THE

CITIES, TOWNS, MOUNTAINS,

AND

VALLEYS

IN ITS VICINITY.

This work is commended to the attention

of all who are interested in

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES.

THE VIEW IS

8½ FEET LONG AND 5½ FEET WIDE,

ELEGANTLY LITHOGRAPHED

AND

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.

It is mounted on canvas, with rollers, and

will adorn the walls of the

SUNDAY-SCHOOL, the

LECTURE-ROOM, the

STUDY, or the

LIBRARY.

It has been constructed from

The most Authentic Sources,

And will be found

AN INVALUABLE AID

to those engaged in

LECTURING ON THE HOLY LAND,

OR IN

IMPARTING INSTRUCTION

—TO—

School Classes

On the Subject to which it Refers.

A Descriptive Manual bound in muslin and

an Outline Key accompany the View.

PRICE TEN DOLLARS.

The following extracts from letters show

the opinion of eminent Biblical scholars in

reference to this work.

Rev. S. IRENEUS PRIME, D. D., Editor

of New York Observer.

"I trust that it will hang on the walls of

tens of thousands of our Sunday-school

rooms."

Rev. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D., Author of

"Travels in the East," &c.

"I can heartily, and with confidence, re-

commend it to be used by Sunday-schools

and Bible classes."

The late Rev. JAMES W. ALEXANDER,

D. D., of New York.

"It ought to stand in the very highest rank

of striking graphic illustrations of Scrip-

ture."

Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D., of Boston.

"I welcome this rich and beautiful map as

a vivid exhibition of the general features of

the Holy City and its environs."

Rev. JOEL HAWES, D. D., of Hartford

Conn.

"As I look upon the map, I seem to be

present in the midst of scenes which I visited

fourteen years ago."

Rev. MARK HOPKINS, D. D., President

of Williams College.

"Short of an actual visit, nothing can be

better adapted to give an accurate, vivid and

lasting impression of those sacred scenes."

Rev. W. S. TYLER, D. D., of Amherst

College.

"I can testify from personal observation to

the faithfulness, as well as beauty and dis-

tinctness, with which Jerusalem and its en-

vironments are represented in this view."

Rev. W. B. STEVENS, D. D., Assistant

Bishop of Pennsylvania.

"It will give an admirable idea of Jerusa-

lem and its adjacent places."

Rev. JOHN F. LANNEAU, for 10 years a

missionary in Syria and the Holy Land.

"Admirably adapted to Sunday-school and

Bible-class instruction."

The late Rev. N. MURDY, D. D., of Eliza-

beth, N. J.

"It cannot fail greatly to assist teachers of

Sunday-schools and pastors in the Bible

classes."

Rev. FRANCIS VINTON, D. D.

"I markedly assist in the deliberations,

and well calculated to impress relative local-

ities on the memory."

Also highly recommended by

Rev. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D. D., Editor

of the Methodist.

Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D., of New

York.

Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D., of

Philadelphia.

We will furnish the Manual and Outline

Key for the use of Teachers in every school

where the work is introduced at \$3 per

dozen. Single copies will be sent for exami-

nation on receipt of 30 cents in postage

stamps.

A New descriptive catalogue of Sunday-

school library books and sample copies of

our paper will be furnished gratuitously on

application.

Please address

PROPRIETORS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES,

148 South Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Harper for May,

For sale at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

CLARK'S Patent Indelible Pencils, for

Marking Clothing, for sale at the Bookstore.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL

Printing Establishment,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

WE call the attention of the public to

the facilities of the above establishment for

the execution of

Printing of Every Description.

All classes of the community can have their

wants supplied in any style of printing they may

need.

BLANKBOOKS,

INSURANCE POLICIES,

BANK CHECKS,

CIRCULARS,

PROGRAMMES,

PAMPHLETS,

ORDER OF EXERCISES

LEGAL BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

CATALOGUES,

SERMONS,

NOTE BOOKS,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

ADDRESS CARDS,

BALL CARDS,

ORDER OF DANCES,

SHOP BILLS,

PASTERS,

AUCTION BILLS,

SHOP BILLS,

MILK BILLS,

LABELS, &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

Posters of all sizes; also Visiting, Marriage,

Invitation, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may

wish printing done, can send their orders by mail,

or otherwise, and be assured that they will be

promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

PAPER HANGINGS!

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND VARIED

SUPPLY OF

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl

and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per Roll.

This is the largest and choicest lot of Pa-

pers ever offered in this town—containing 100

different styles of patterns.

Persons are invited to call and examine

samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Friends and Relatives

OF THE

BRAVE SOLDIERS & SAILORS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

AND

OINTMENT.

All who have Friends and Relatives in the Ar-

my or Navy, should take especial care, that they

be supplied with these Pills and Ointment, and

where the brave Soldiers and Sailors have not

been neglected to provide themselves with no better

remedy. No wonder in the land should be

tried in the hour of need.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops

Will be speedily relieved and effectually cured by

these Pills, which will correct the liver and stimu-

late the system. These Pills will be found to be

the best remedy for the above complaints, and

will be found to be the best remedy for the

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

"BLESSED DREAMS."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The sunset's smile had left the sky—
The moon rose calm and fair,
As if a little maiden knelt
To breathe her nightly prayer:
And thus her brief petition rose
In simple words and few—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Oh, I have stood in temples grand,
Where in the rainbow'd gloom
Rough pompous prayers from priestly lips,
Through clouds of dense perfume—
But never one has seemed to me
So guileless, pure and new—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Ab, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need have we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise?
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But bow and pray with you,
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Select Literature.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

It must be more than sixty years ago, for I am seventy-nine, and then I was only sixteen, and head-girl at the Ravensbourne school, when one day my Lady Ravensbourne came in to speak to the matron. I call her my lady, though by rights she was only Mrs. Ravensbourne, for to us she was far grander than any duchess, and all the village spoke of her as "my lady." She wanted a kitchen maid; and the matron called me up, and said a good word for me; and then my lady asked in her gentle way if I should like to live at the Hall. I hardly knew what to say between pleasure and bashfulness, but somehow it seemed all settled, and three weeks after, I went to Ravensbourne Park. Well, that time has not much to do with my story, but I was then that I first came to know and love my lady so well. I soon grew quite happy there, in spite of missing mother at first; for my lady was so kind, and took such care that her servants should be comfortable, that the place was like another home to me. I did not care so much about the squire, and was a bit afraid of him, for he had a loud voice, and a sharp way of speaking; but he was very fond of my lady, and let her persuade him into doing a great many kind things that he never would have thought of by himself.

I had been at the Hall about ten years, and had become one of the head-housemaids, and Master Edgar—that was his only child—was just thirteen, when there came a sad change in the house. My lady died. She had been ailing for long, but had still gone about, though looking sadly white and thin, till one day she was found sitting in her arm-chair by the open window, dead. The squire would never see before how ill she was, and now when this great shock came, it seemed almost to stun him; he shut himself up alone, and when the funeral was over, had his things packed, and without a word to any one set off for France with only his own man with him. A week later, Mrs. Gover, the housekeeper, had a letter bidding her dismiss most of the servants, since he should be away some time. Master Edgar was at school when his mother died; but in the holidays he used to come down to Ravensbourne, and except for him, we hardly saw a soul in the house from year's end to year's end. I was one of the few who stayed, and oh, how lonely it seemed! all my dear lady's rooms and the squire's shut up, and so many of the servants gone, till sometimes I thought I would give up my place, and seek another service; but then I knew I should pine to be back at Ravensbourne, altered though it was. So I went on for three years, every day Master Edgar grew taller and handsomer while Master Edgar grew taller and handsomer every day, and so merry and pleasant; though he was a bit wilful, and no wonder, left all to himself, with no one to look after him, for the squire never sent for him, though he wrote often, and Master Edgar always told us he was coming home soon.

N was came at last, but not such as we had looked for. The squire was going to marry again. It was a French lady whom he had chosen to fill the place of our dear mistress; and when we knew this, we were right glad that the squire did not intend, as his letter told us, to come to England at present, though he wished his late wife's apartments to be refurnished at once for his new bride. How angry we felt, and so I think did Master Edgar, though he said nothing, for a red flush came over his face when Mrs. Gover told him he had heard it, and he would frown and bite his lip whenever he caught sight of the carpenters and paper-hangers at work in the house. We hated the thought of the Frenchwoman who was to reign at Ravensbourne; but we need not have feared, for she never came. At the end of a year, another little son was born to the squire, and at the same time his wife died. I fancy it was no very bitter grief to him, for Marston, his man, told us afterwards he thought it was a marriage made in haste, and repented at leisure, she looked so much more unhappy after it than before. However that might be, he seemed tired of France, and perhaps he

was afraid of being caught by another artful Frenchwoman, for home he came as suddenly as he had gone, leaving the little babe with some of its foreign relations. He looked older and paler, but he seemed very glad to be at Ravensbourne, and with Master Edgar again. My lady's rooms were shuttered up again, and their gay furniture covered over, and the squire and his son lived in another part of the house, and were very happy, riding and shooting together. Only one thing came in time to be a sore grief to the old squire, and that was, that his son would not marry. He had set his heart upon it, and seemed long to have a woman's gentle, loving ways about him again; but say what he would, the young squire only laughed, and made answer that there was plenty of time, and he wanted no change just yet. So the years went on, and at last his father seemed to give up the notion, and only gave a deep sigh now and then, when he passed the empty rooms, or looked up at the great picture of my lady in the gallery.

But at last, when the young master was nigh upon thirty, the news began to get about that he was to be married, and no one doubted it who saw his father's beaming face. The young squire was very little at Ravensbourne while the courting went on, for the lady lived far up in the North, where he had first met her and fallen in love while on a shooting visit. But in the bright summer weather they were married, and he brought her home. There were great rejoicings, arches of flowers, and bells ringing, and flags flying, and all the servants drawn up in the oak-hall, and the old squire walking up and down there, and not able to be still for an instant. When at last we heard the wheels, he was out on the steps in an instant, and stood there with his white hair waving in the wind, ready to lift his daughter-in-law from the carriage. They came in together, she leaning on his arm, and her husband on her other side; and when they were in the hall, the squire welcomed her to her new home, and then turned to us, and bade us all obey her as our mistress. She wore a veil when she came in, but while he spoke, she put it back, and oh, what a lovely, blushing face she had! She was very young—only nineteen, they said—but yet she looked as dignified and earnest as any woman could, while she said in a clear, sweet voice, that "she hoped to have strength given her to do her duty, and be a good mistress to us all."

The squire never looked sad now, and his son seemed blither than ever, as he walked and rode with his wife. Often, too, he drove with the old squire, or rode to him, and it seemed truly as if a new light had found its way into the old home. They had been married about two years, when master Jasper, the squire's other son, first came to England. His father had been to see him twice in France, but never seemed to care much for him, and when he came to Ravensbourne, no one wondered at this. He was a tall, well-looking lad of sixteen, with a lowering look, and a foreign accent, that grated sorely on English ears; but for all that, and his sullen manner, I could not but pity him sometimes, he seemed so to stand alone among those who loved each other so dearly. My lady did indeed try to be kind to him, but he shrank away from her, and used to wander all day in the fields and woods alone. Once when I was brushing out my lady's beautiful hair (for I was her maid now), we saw Master Jasper crossing the park. She followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, and then said with a sigh:

"I think I could be fond of that boy if he did not hate my husband so."

"Hate my young master!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered sorrowfully. "I have seen him watching him often; I have seen the hatred in his face. 'Oh, I wish he were not here.'"

"The squire would send him away at once, if you wish it, my lady," I said.

"No, no," she answered hastily; "I could never wish it; it would not be right. This is where he ought to be, and I must learn to feel so."

It happened, strangely enough, that two days after this I myself saw, for the first time, the look of which she spoke. The young squire was going out riding, and was standing by the steps, with the horse's bridle over his arm while he spoke to my lady; presently Master Jasper came down the steps, touched the horse sharply with his cane as he passed, and then strode on, while the startled animal, breaking from his master's hold, galloped down the road. Mr. Edgar called to one of the stablemen to catch the horse, and then striding after his brother, struck him with his riding-whip, and asked how he dared meddle with his horse. The lad made no answer, but was standing near at the time, and the dark look on his face I never forgot. When his brother, two minutes after turned round, and, holding out his hand, said he was sorry to have been so violent, the other silently put the outstretched hand aside.

"I should not like you ever to be in Jasper's power," I heard the squire say afterwards to his wife; and she answered calmly: "I hope I am never likely to be." That same evening Master Jasper was closeted for two hours with his father, and the next day we heard that by his own desire he was going back to his old home in France. There was peace at Ravensbourne after he left; and when five years later, a son and heir was given to my master and mistress, their cup of blessing seemed filled to the brim. I think

they had given up wishing; but I had known, in spite of my lady's cheerfulness, that it was a sore disappointment to her to have no child; and now when it came, she could not restrain her joy. We heard her singing in the garden and the house, and her step was light, and her eyes sparkled from morning to night. How she loved that boy! She would sit by the hour dancing him on her knee, or watching him sleeping; and when he was in her arms, her beautiful face had such a glow of pride and pleasure. Ah, we were all happy then; for until that time a fear had been with us, that when Master Edgar died, Master Jasper would have Ravensbourne Park. Very soon the little fellow's merry crowsings sounded over the house; and his mother used to watch smilingly while the old squire mounted him on his foot, or his own father tossed him in his arms. I like to think about those days, the more, perhaps, because even now I almost fear to bring back the memory of the time which followed, and change my lady's life from joy to mourning. For that time came only too soon!

CHAPTER II.

The little boy—Gerald he had called him—was just beginning to trot about the house, when one day my young master went out hunting. He was to be home by sunset. But just as the sun dipped down among the trees, the groom rode into the stable-yard alone, his horse covered with foam, and told us breathlessly that his master had been thrown, in galloping down a steep hill, and that since they lifted him up, he had neither moved nor spoken. My lady heard the news without a tear, though the look in her sweet face went to my heart. She only said she would go to him at once; and she and the squire started off on horseback to the cottage, fifteen miles away, where he lay senseless. He just revived to draw her to his breast, and murmur what a blessing she had ever been to him, and then breathed his last upon her shoulder. They brought her home; and five days later she stood beside his grave, and then turned away, when all was over, still calm and quiet, striving to soothe his broken-hearted father.

But when she put aside her long crepe veil, and lifting her boy, held him tightly to her heart, I knew by her face, and by her whispered words, that precious as he had been before, he was now the one joy and comfort of her life; and the little fellow seemed to know it, too, for loving as she had ever been to him, there was something in the clinging hold of her hand, and the fond, wistful look in his face, which had not been of old. The two were always together, wandering about the garden or park, or sitting in the library talking in low mourning tones of the father he had lost, or often still in the squire's room; for the old squire was failing fast; perhaps there had been some signs of decay before his son's death, but if so, we had not noticed them. Now, however, all saw the sunken cheek and uncertain step, and felt his days were drawing to an end. Things began to grow sadly wrong now; and though my lady's rule still kept order in the house, in the stables and grounds all was very different to the days when the squire and Master Edgar were riding in and out with quick eyes and strong wills. One great disturbance there was, when a groom came home drunk in the middle of the night, having galloped my lady's own horse through the darkness, and broken its knees. In some way, this came to the squire's knowledge, and the groom was dismissed, and in his place came a dark, hard-looking man—Foster by name—whom we all disliked for his surly manner, though he was quiet enough, and joined in no stable riot. As time went on, and the squire grew weaker in body and mind, my lady and the little master hardly ever left him. She had written to Master Jasper, begging him, if he wished to see his father again, to come to England at once; but I saw that she was relieved when an answer came saying that he could not then leave France, and that he believed, besides, that his presence would be no comfort to his father. Just at that time there came a change in my life, which prevented my being as much with my lady as I had been till now. Mrs. Gover, the housekeeper, now very old, and worn by grief and nursing, which she would yield to no one but my lady, fell ill, and died. She was a great loss, for a head was much needed in that large household, and there was no one to take her place. I was thinking of this one day as I sat over my work, when my lady came into the room, and noticing my anxious looks, asked me the cause. I told her and she answered:

"It has been on my mind, too, Hannah, and I have thought of a plan. There is only one person I could trust as I trusted Mrs. Gover, and whom I should be quite happy in putting at the head of everything. Will you take her place?"

I was very much surprised, and at first I could not collect my thoughts or answer her. She went on earnestly:

"You know how I shall miss you. No one else can be so to me what you are; but you will be more comfort and help to me as housekeeper than even as my maid."

And so we settled it, with many bitter tears on my part, when I gave up to a stranger the work of waiting on her. My successor was a pale little woman, with a startled look in her light blue eyes, and a nervous, hurried manner. Her name was Sarah Weston, and

she had been a dressmaker in small way in the village for some months; but when she heard that my lady wanted a maid, she came to offer herself, saying that she had once before been lady's-maid. She told us that she was a widow, with one little girl, who lived with some relations far away, so she had no home-tie; and as she seemed in many ways a likely person, my lady engaged her. One thing about her I thought strange, and that was, that though she had been eager and flurried in telling all she could do, yet she did not strike me as wishing to come; and when my lady engaged her a shudder came over her face, and a look of such distress, that for a moment I thought she was ill. It passed, however, and she thanked my lady and took her leave. She came to us at once, and fitted quickly into her place, doing every thing for my lady in a quiet, skillful way, and learning all her ways and fancies. Perhaps this very cleverness of hers gave me a jealous pang when I saw her busy in my mistress's room; or else there was something in her timid voice and shrinking manner which angered me, for I never saw her without a feeling of dislike rising up in my heart. Yet she was very humble to me, and I never had an unkind word from her, as some times happened at first with the others.

It would have been a gloomy house now, but for that bit of sunshine, Master Gerald. The little darling was just four years old, and go where he would, every face brightened when it met his, and no one was too busy or too sorrowful for a game with him. His blithe voice was heard singing and shouting everywhere, except in the squire's room, and there it sank to a whisper. But he was little now, for his mother feared lest the sight of illness and suffering should sadden his childish heart, and so he ran about the garden, and rode the old pony about the park, and spent many an hour, too, with me, chattering and scrambling about, while I made out accounts or looked over householden. The little window of the housekeeper's room looked out upon a stone court, and beyond it was a stream running close beside the house, and on beneath the terrace-wall, and down the hill-side between steep banks almost hidden by trees, till it ran into the Tees near Hillborough bridge, a mile from Ravensbourne. It was deep and rapid, though not wide, and the rushing water was pleasant to hear one summer afternoon, when Master Gerald sat in the deep window-seat, humming a baby-song and turning over a picture-book. Presently he threw it down, and pressing his rosy cheek against the window, cried out—

"Look, Hannah, do you see how the water shines? And there are the stones all wet and shining, too—one, two, three, large stones that I never saw before."

I came to his side, and saw that the stream was low, and the rocks uncovered.

"Yes," I said, "the sun has dried up some of the water, and so those high rocks stand up above it."

"Oh, I should like to go down," the boy cried, eagerly, "and sit upon the rocks, and put my feet in the water. I'll get through the window—let me go!" and he struggled to get free. The more he pulled, the faster I held him, while I said that there were deep holes, in which he would be drowned, and that, besides, the water was strong enough to throw him down and hurt him terribly. He only went on trying to get loose, and crying out passionately that he would go to the bright water. A sudden sound behind made me look round, but it was only Mrs. Weston putting a tray of laces and muslins on the table. She started when I looked at her, and said, hurriedly—

"Only come to bring these. I beg your pardon; I didn't mean—"

"Didn't mean what?" I said, somewhat sharply.

"Master Gerald and I were talking no secrets, though," I added, looking at him, "he may well be ashamed to let any one see him so naughty." The child hung his head, and let me lift him from the window quietly enough; and by the time I put him on the floor, Mrs. Weston had gone. That was not the first time I had found that my dear little Master Gerald had a passionate spirit of his own, and long after he had left me, I sat pondering whether I ought to tell his mother. I did not see my lady till late that evening—about nine o'clock, I suppose—and then, as I was crossing the gallery, I saw her standing at the nursery-door, beckoning to me. Holding her finger to her lips, she led me into the nursery, and up to the little crib where her boy slept. A smile lighted her pale face as she pointed to him, and whispered: "Look, isn't he beautiful?" He was indeed. The tangled curls lying upon the pillow, the fringed eyelids, soft rosy cheeks, and half-open mouth, made a lovely picture; and as I looked back at my lady, I thought how like he was to her, and how happy and tranquil she was when near him. There were deep lines upon her brow, and many anxious thoughts, as I well knew, in her mind; but yet, as she bent over her child, she seemed almost young again. I could not find in my heart to disturb the peace of that hour by any tale of naughtiness, and I stood watching silently while she pushed a stray curl from his forehead, gave him one long, lingering kiss, drew the curtain, and with a last look of intense yearning love, turned away. That look of love, I see it still! Oh, my dear mistress, my own dear lady!

CHAPTER III.

We went down stairs together, she to the squire's room, and I down another flight to my own, which was at one end of a stone passage, lighted by two large windows. At the other end were the kitchens and the servants' hall, and the back staircase was just outside the kitchen door. This evening, all was unusually quiet there, for some of the servants were away on a holiday, and the rest were at supper in the servant's hall. I was glad of the quietness, for I wanted to write a long letter to my married sister, whom I had not seen for years. Once the silence was broken by the opening of a distant door, and a merry laugh: then all was still again, till I fancied suddenly that I heard the sound of wheels near my window. I listened, then smiled at my own foolishness, and went on writing. I got on but slowly, and was in the midst of a message to my little unknown nephew, when the door-handle rattled violently round, the door flew open, and there stood my lady, deadly pale, and with blood flowing from a wound upon her forehead. I sat for a moment rooted to my chair; the next, I sprang towards her, crying out at her hurt. She pushed me aside, and then turning her ashy face full on me, gasped out:

"Not that—that's nothing—I fell down; but where is my child?"

A dreadful fear came upon me as I gazed at her wild eye, and heard her panting breath, that sorrow and anxiety had turned her brain.

"Tell me, only tell me where he is!" she still implored.

I thought that the sight of the child might calm her, and not daring to leave her alone, hurried with her along the passage. One of the servants opened the kitchen door, and stood amazed at the sight of my lady. Hurriedly whispering to her to keep by my side for a moment, I rushed up to the nursery. A shaded light burned on the table, and in the corner of the room stood the little crib; but when I bent over it, it was empty! I caught up the lamp, and threw back the bed-clothes—there were nothing beneath them. I looked round the room: the child's clothes lay on a chair, and near them were some of his playthings—a ball and whistle; but a little scarlet cloak, which had lain there an hour ago, was gone. Had he hidden, or where could he be? I dared not stay to think, but ran back to the kitchen. My lady was still crying wildly and passionately for her child; the servants stood huddled together in terror; and her own maid, white and trembling from head to foot, seemed more frightened than any one. I spoke at once to them all:

"Master Gerald is not in the nursery; he must have hidden somewhere; and we must search for him; but first—" and I went up to the young nurse, who had only just come into the kitchen, and was gazing at me with wide open, scared eyes—"tell me, Jessie, when did you leave Master Gerald?"

She was a Ravensbourne girl, whom I had known from babyhood, and whose word I could trust.

"Not an hour ago," she said. "Isn't he in bed?" She went on hurriedly: "I left him there, asleep. Martha was not at home, or I should have asked her to sit by him; but he was fast asleep, and Mrs. Weston was in my lady's dressing-room, close by."

"I didn't stay," broke in Mrs. Weston, with unusual sharpness. "I was only there for a few minutes, and could not watch the child."

The nurse looked at me. "I oughtn't to have left him," she said, with a half sob; "but I never thought of his moving; and now, oh, ma'am, if anything has happened to him!"

I stopped her with a sign, for my lady was in no state for such words. She had been leaning on the table, her face buried in her hands, moaning from time to time. I went to her; and as I touched her, a shiver ran through her frame.

"Dearest madam," I said, "we shall soon find him, I hope; we will look together."

In a moment the whole household were scattered, searching and calling in every room and passage, while I followed my lady as she went from place to place, for all my fears, all my thoughts, were for her. I felt sure we should presently discover the boy; but the joy after such suffering, how would she bear it? But the minutes wore on; room after room was explored, cupboards and corners ransacked, and then new fears began to crowd upon me, for there were yet no signs of the boy. A thought struck me; he might be in his grandfather's room. It was apart from the rest, and on a ground floor, and he had avoided it, not liking to alarm the poor old man; but now we must look, and we went. No. Squire Ravensbourne lay calmly sleeping, and no one was with him. He started up in bed, aroused by our movements, and asked what had happened; and his daughter-in-law let me take her to him, while I quietly told him all. He said nothing, only held out his arms, and drew her into them; and as he did so, sobs and tears for the first time came to her relief. The squire looked at me.

"Go and search with the rest," he said; "I will take care of her;" and, in truth, her poor weary head sunk down upon the pillow; and gently putting her into a chair by the bedside, I left them together. I stood for a moment outside the door, listening to the squire's murmured words and the sound of her exhausted weeping, and then walked on into the hall. I was just pondering where next

to search, when one of the maids touched me on the arm, and said, in a low voice:

"Can he have run out of doors?"

The stream flashed across my mind like lightning. Could he have awakened, remembered his wish to go there, and stolen out? The bare thought made me so sick, that I sat down for a minute to recover myself; then I went to the hall door. The night was pitch-dark, and to hunt without doors would have been madness; yet I went back to the kitchen door, and felt my way by the little path which led through a wire gate into the stone court beneath my window. There I called many times. No answer but the rushing water and the sounds within the house. I crept on close to the edge of the stream, but I could see nothing. I listened—and then, with that terrible doubt still in my mind, went back to the house. All that weary night through, we wandered to and fro, longing for morning. From time to time I went to the squire's room. My lady still sat where I had placed her, and the squire's hand still lay upon her shoulder. Each time he asked, "Is he found?" and each time when I answered, "Not yet," my lady's head, which had been raised when I came in, bowed again upon her hands with a bitter groan.

At length the day broke, and the men set out on horseback to search the park, and the women looked in greenhouses, and orchard, and garden. I went again to the stone court and the stream; the water still sparkled round the rocks, but I could see no trace of the child. I dared not go away from the house, lest my lady should need me, and I was turning indoors when the gate swung on its hinges, and the groom Foster came through. He had been one of those making holiday the day before, and I called now to ask him if he had heard that the boy was lost. He answered in his curt way that he had. "Have you met any one? Is nothing found?" I went on. He shook his head sullenly, and then began muttering at being left to do all the work. This was too much, and I said: "No one but you would think about horses when Master Gerald is lost." "He'll be found," he said sullenly; "children ain't lost like that." I would not speak of him again, and went back to the kitchen, and there I stayed till the sound of voices took me into the hall.

As I opened the door, three or four of the servants came up the steps, and foremost among them the nurse Jessie. She could not speak for weeping, but she held up before my eyes a little scarlet cloak that I knew only too well. I gasped out, "Where?" and the answer came from many broken voices: "In the stream by the copse." A piercing shriek behind us, a heavy fall, and on the staircase lay the poor, poor mother. We raised her, and laid her on her bed utterly senseless; her father-in-law sat propped up by her stroking her icy hands; but for two days those closed eyes never opened, the lips never moved. All the doctor's skill could do nothing, till on the third morning a deep groan showed that memory was returning. On that same day, towards sunset, the old squire lay back upon his pillow, and painfully breathed his last. His strength had seemed to return to him when she lay ill; but it was the last flicker before the flame went out forever. When he was gone, there was no human being within many miles to whom I could look for guidance in the misery that had fallen on the house. My master and mistress had lived much to themselves, and among their tenants, and knew but slightly the few neighbors who were within reach of Ravensbourne. I felt that I must send for some one, and I cast about to who it should be. Master Jasper came into my mind, but I could not bear the thought; and then I remembered my lady's cousin, Mr. Harrington, who had several times been at Ravensbourne. I could hardly leave my lady for an instant, for the maid had never recovered the shock of the first evening, and shrunk even from entering her mistress's room; but I managed to write by her bedside a little note to Mr. Harrington, begging him to come at once. I knew his address; and when I had sent off this note, there was nothing to be done but patiently to wait his coming.

To be Continued.

AARON BURR.—The Hartford Press has this reminiscence of Aaron Burr:—"We have before us a bundle of bills that were found in Aaron Burr's office in New York. Among them are some bills for wine; and it is strikingly noticeable that they are not re-credited. But the first one, 'Dr. Thomas Roach,' which begins with a balance unpaid of £2 9s. Feb. 4, 1789, shows that he paid something some time. The next item is Dec. 23, 1760, 2 galls. Port wine, 18s.; then 2 galls. ditto Jan. 15, 1791; 2 more Jan. 31; and 5 galls. Madeira, March 22. But he must have been very thirsty about that date, for we also find a bill from John Shaw for 4 galls. Sherry, and as if he got impatient at such little dribbles, we find that on the 10th of April, 1791, he bought of Lynch & Stoughton 224 galls. Sherry at 12s. the gallon. Thirty-six gallons of wine within twenty days. Alas, where is the receipt for it?"

What nights of revel do those time-yellowed bills conjure up; what dinners, what sparkling suppers, where wit and beauty flashed and reigned, and the flow of hilarity was not checked—for the nonchalant manner of the host gave no sign that Lynch & Stoughton were cooling their heels at the door with their 'little bill' for the 'bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim.'"

For the Middlesex Journal.

Violets.

Brown eyes have violets the meadow through
And small feet crushed the springing grass,
To find the spot where violets blue,
Hid where the dancing waters pass.

I hear a shout of childish glee,
I watch the eager, daring bound,—
A little tanned face turned to me
Tells that the violets are found.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

A CAT AN HEIRESS.—One of the most exquisite musicians, in her time, was Mademoiselle Dupuy, of the French opera. Her playing upon the harp was the wonder of Paris. She was convinced, however, that she owed her artistic excellence to her favorite cat! And, of this strange intimacy between a charming woman and her quadruped favorite, Moncrief, her biographer, gives the following interesting particulars:—"Of course the lovely musician's practising at home was assiduous and constant. But as soon as she sat down and began to prelude upon the instrument, she noticed that her cat assumed an attitude of intense attention. A point of the instrument's arriving at any passage of peculiar beauty, the excited grimalkin went into a feline ecstasy; and so well measured was this sensibility, according to the excellence of the playing and the pathos of the composition, that Mademoiselle Dupuy was able to judge of the quality of the music by the manifest emotions of her cat. She became a devout pussitee, in fact, believing that the nervous creature was an exact prophet, foretelling precisely how music would affect an audience. And she was grateful accordingly to the friend to whom she thought she owed mainly her artistic success. In her last illness, at the approach of death, Mlle Dupuy sent for the notary, to make her will. She had accumulated a fortune by her profession; and the first clause of her testament was the giving of her town-house and her country-house to the cat! She added to this an annuity sufficient for the comfortable support of the four-legged musician during its natural life; and to make sure that this, her last will and testament, should be respected, she gave several legacies to friends, on the express condition that they should see to the fulfillment of her wishes. It was also a condition that they should severally take turns, during the week, in going to see and keep company with the orphan puss! Moncrief adds that the relatives of Mlle Dupuy disputed the validity of the will, and a lawsuit was the consequence—Grimalkin vs. Dupuy. But the cat gained the case, and lived out her days, with gentle alternation between her elegant town-house and her charming country-house. The particulars of the final cat-astrophe are not given."

IN the year 1783, a merchant who resided at Messina, in Sicily, had, as is said, two favorite cats, and their manner one day alarmed him. Before the shock occurred, these animals were anxiously endeavoring to work their way through the floor; their master observing their fruitless labors, opened the door for them. At a second and a third floor which they found closed, they repeated their efforts; and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town. The merchant whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed the animals out of the town into the fields, where he saw them again scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after, there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of these domestic animals.

AT a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight bodied, and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance in the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had done so; but if any had been omitted, the omission could be corrected.

AN elderly lady who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dentist's office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, asked him,

"Can a body eat with these things?"

"My dear ma'am, mastication can be performed with a facility scarcely excelled by Nature herself," responded the dentist.

"Yes, I know; but can a body eat with 'em?" still queried the old lady.

Nature is a great believer in compensation. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with law suits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a number three mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

What's the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs? One steps up stairs and the other stares up steps.

"Do you believe, air, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, madam; I have heard the dead march."

Flowers have their language, why not their religion? Of course it would be Buddhism.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"Dear Sister, I know she is Happy."

"Dear sister, I know she is happy,"
So gently her spirit has flown,
So cheerful its labors resigning,
So lofty its musical tone;
While calmly awaiting the summons,
Engaged in the sweetness of prayer,
The angel of life was recording,
That she could be happier there.

"Dear sister, I know she is happy,"
No sorrows are shading her brow,
She is wearing the crown of the faithful,
With angels attending her now;
We would not delay the departure,
Of one we so earnestly love,
We know she is holding communion,
With chosen companions above.

"Dear sister, I know she is happy,"
So faithful and true to her trust,
That her spirit can only be reaping,
The promised rewards of the just.
The innocent joys of our childhood
Awaken my tenderest strain,
Impressed with the holy assurance
Of meeting dear sister again.

CREONE.

Select Literature.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

CHAPTER IV.

And now, in the sad hours which I spent sitting still and silent in my lady's darkened room, two things very different in kind and very unequal in importance came often into my mind. The first of these was the strange and terrible loss of the little heir. In the hurry and confusion of that morning, in my lady's illness and the squire's death, there had been little time for thought, and less for questioning or talking. That little red cloak found caught against the root of a tree, far from home, had seemed to tell us all only too surely what his fate had been, and we had not dared to hope when his mother had despaired. Yet the child's body had not been found, and I felt now as if we could never rest till we knew more certainly what had befallen him. The stream had indeed been dragged, and nothing found; but the old keeper shook his head when he saw my face brighten, and said sadly that the current was strong, and the little body might well be washed far away into the Tees before then, even if it were not locked in among the rocks, which nearly filled the stream in some places, leaving only a deep, narrow channel, through which the water rushed. Nothing was missing but his little night-shirt, so he must have stolen out barefoot and bareheaded. If at times I strove to fancy other ways in which he might have disappeared, to think that he might have been stolen or enticed away, two things stopped me. How would it be possible for any one to get into the house at that hour, and persuade the child to leave it without our knowledge? And then, how could that little cloak have got into the stream, unless, indeed, the darling had been drowned as well as stolen? The nursery window was high above the ground; no one could possibly get in or out that way, and who could wish to harm the little helpless boy? So it ever came round to drowned—drowned! My other thought was about Mrs. Weston. It might seem strange that at such a time I should think at all about her, but she was naturally brought to mind by the really troublesome work which her weakness of mind threw upon me. Of course the actual attendance on my lady would have been my privilege in any case, but there were many things in which I needed skillful help, many little offices she might have done which yet fell to me. For many hours she refused to enter the sick-room; and when at last a sharp message from me brought her, she kept far from the bed, did what was required awkwardly and hastily, and then hurried out of the room. I was surprised and disappointed, for I had before thought her a useful, clean servant, at any rate—and her excuse that an old illness had injured her nerves, seemed to me but a poor one, and I set down her conduct as being only the effect of jealousy at my taking the chief charge. My lady had shown but little sign of consciousness beyond a deep sigh now and then, or a restless movement in her bed when Mr. Harrington arrived. Hitherto, I had always fancied him proud and cold, but I changed my mind when he drew me aside and heard the story, and when I saw the sorrow and pity in his face. He thought as we all did, but still he said no chance must be let slip; and so the country was scoured far and wide, again in vain.

Gradually, my lady's bodily strength came back, though the anguish of her face grew deeper and more fixed each day; and on the evening after the old squire's funeral she first moved into a chair by the window and saw Mr. Harrington. His voice shook as he took her hand, and spoke a few words of affection and sorrow; but she scarcely noticed him, and sat looking at the distant view, the hills and woods, and the setting sun beyond. At last she turned suddenly to him as he stood beside her: "Have they buried him with his grandfather, Fred?" she asked calmly. We had told her of the squire's death, but I had not thought that she heeded our words. Very tenderly Mr. Harrington now broke to her the truth; but it was startling to see the change which for a moment came over her face, though it again died away. "It runs fast," she murmured to herself, "to the sea."

Oh, if I could go too, and be lost in the waters with him." After this she never spoke of her boy or hinted at her loss. She let Mr. Harrington drive her out on fine days, she let me wait on her and tend her, she even tried to eat, but her face never lost its wistful suffering look, or her voice its low despairing tone. One evening, when I left her, Mr. Harrington followed me to say that he had written to Mr. Jasper Ravensbourne to come, My heart sank, and I suppose my face showed it, for Mr. Harrington went on: "We have no right to keep him away, for he is the next heir." Then he asked if I thought it would be best to tell my lady. I begged him to wait. Mr. Ravensbourne's answer, and about a week later it came. He simply said that he was shocked at the news, and should prefer a month's delay before considering himself the owner of Ravensbourne. So the heart-sickening search went on till the end of the month, and then Mr. Harrington wrote again, and spoke to my lady. She heard in silence, but when he asked if she would go to London with him, the answer came instantly: "I can never leave Ravensbourne; I will live anywhere in Ravensbourne; but I will not go away."

I knew that her heart clung to the place where her boy had been last seen, and I believed that away from it she would die. There was a red-brick gabled house just beyond the village, a quiet, quaint old place, with low sunny rooms and a bright garden. It had long stood empty; and Mr. Harrington and I went one day to look at it, and settled that this should be her home. Only one person beside myself would go with her there—the nurse Jessie. The poor girl had hardly looked up since that morning when she brought back the little cloak. She never ceased to reproach herself for little Gerald's loss, and now her only comfort seemed to be in the thought of devoting herself to his mother. She begged her so earnestly not to be parted from her, that I could not refuse, and promised to take her with us. My lady needed no one else; nor could she afford to keep other servants, for she would not now be rich. Those were sad weeks which followed, while we bore our sorrow with us, as we went about the weary work of making that old long-deserted house like home. Help, indeed, came on all sides, for every soul in the village loved my lady, and grieved for her. The borders were trimmed, the creepers that had grown wild over the paths, were trained, and the servants at the Hall toiled hard amidst their tears in fitting up the rooms. Most of them were staying, for Mr. Ravensbourne wished to keep all who desired to stay; and though a few of the old ones left, the most part were unwilling to lose a good place. Among the rest Mrs. Weston stayed. She certainly seemed to have no place there, but she said sadly that she had no other place to go to, and might get work at the Hall.

The last afternoon came, and when all was done, I wandered into the park, to find some relief for my aching heart. At another time, I should have thought much about leaving the home of thirty-five years, but now I could feel only for my mistress, and with bitter tears prayed that she might be comforted in her misery. I had walked far, and was turning homewards down the beech avenue, when, at the further end, I caught sight of two figures, a man and woman, standing together with their backs towards me. I was surprised, for neither looked in the distance like any of the Ravensbourne servants, and no one else was likely to be there. But yet, as I drew near, there was something in the woman's figure which reminded me of Mrs. Weston. Could it be she? I had no time to discover, for before I had taken many steps, the person looked towards me, and almost directly after the two turned down a side-path, and were lost to sight. It was a wild lonely spot, far from the house, and near the boundary of the park and a deserted old cottage, once a keeper's lodge. It seemed a strange place to find the timid Mrs. Weston, yet the likeness as the woman moved had struck me more strongly than before. I was not curious usually, but now I felt an eager desire to know who the strangers were; and leaving the avenue, I hurried over the grass, and never stopped till I reached the house-door, tired and breathless. I knew that when I left home, Mrs. Weston had been at work in the maids' room. If she should not be there now, I would watch the door for her return. I went at once to the room, and there, at her work, quiet and busy, sat the lady's maid, just as I had left her. I felt vexed with myself for my hurry and mistake. It was odd, certainly; but my eyes were dim with weeping, and perhaps not so good as they were in my younger days, and they had played me false. The next morning we left Ravensbourne Hall. When the last moment came, and I told my lady that the carriage was waiting, she looked up at me with her sad eyes, and whispered hoarsely: "Must I go?" My face told her the mournful truth; and she rose calmly, and let me draw her shawl round her, and lead her down stairs, and to the carriage, where Mr. Harrington stood waiting. All the time, her trembling fingers clasped mine but when the door closed, and we turned away from the home where she had once been so happy, she let her grasp, and with a groan, pressed her hand to her forehead. I knew that she thought of her first coming to Ravensbourne. I thought of it too, and my heart seemed well-nigh breaking. She never spoke during the drive, and her eyes noted nothing of her new home

as Mr. Harrington and I led her up stairs, and I think she hardly knew that she had reached it. He had stayed with her to the last moment, and now he was forced to hurry back to London. When he was gone, my lady turned and clung to me as though I were all now left her; and it was long before I could still her convulsive sobs, and yet longer before she closed her eyes and sank into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER V.

Our new life at the Grange—so they called our house—was very still and unchanging. All the day long, my lady lay upon her sofa by the window, or, in sunny weather, sat under the old cedar-tree, while I worked and arranged, thinking and wishing for one thing only—her comfort and relief. We heard little of what went on in the world beyond our gates. I knew, indeed, that Mr. Ravensbourne came to the Hall a few weeks after we left it; but it was some time before I saw him, for I rarely left my lady even to go to the village, and he never came to our house. One day, however, to my surprise, she said to me: "I should like to see Jasper Ravensbourne." So he was sent for, and he came. He was very much altered since I had last seen him, and altered for the worse. That lowering look had deepened in his face; his lips were pale and compressed; and though his manner was less surly, yet I liked him no better than of old. I think he was startled when he saw my lady. When they last parted, she had been radiant with beauty and joy; now, as he looked at the wasted form before him, his cheek grew pale, and he leaned against a chair for support. He said very little; and except for the shrinking look with which he watched my lady, there was no pity or gentleness about him. When he rose to go, my lady said, looking wistfully at him: "You had a brother and a little nephew once, Jasper; for their sakes, you must let me care for you." But he only drew his hand from hers, and without a word, turned away, and never came again.

In the village he won no love, for he shut himself up, except when some of his foreign friends came over to hunt and shoot with him; and though he gave away money plentifully, he never heeded who had it. Up at the Hall, everything was changed. He had fitted up the rooms afresh, and had cut down trees in the park to raise money for the furnishing. It went to my heart to see the loads of timber going through the village, and to remember how the old squire never would have a tree touched. The servants had nearly all left; all the stablemen, and among them my old enemy Foster, and most of the women; but Mrs. Weston was still there—not in the house, though, but lodge-keeper at the gate, and she had her little girl now living at home with her. It used to try me to see her standing at the gate; for my lady had always said in old times that I must live there when I was past service; and the sight of her always reminded me how things had changed. I believe she had the place as a reward for remaining at the Hall; for Mr. Ravensbourne had been very vexed at so many leaving. In spite of her good fortune, she looked as low-spirited and nervous as ever; and did not seem to find much comfort in her child, fond though she was of her.

I was standing at my parlor-window one day watching Sally Weston, a nice bright-faced little girl, running merrily along to school with her work-bag in her hand, and wondering how the child kept up her spirits with such a sad mother, when suddenly she jumped from the raised footpath to cross the road, just as a cart came rattling down the hill; and whether she lost her balance in the jump, or was startled at the driver's shout, I don't know, but down she fell, and the wheel passed over her. I cried out; and my lady started up; and before I had time to think, we were both in the road beside the little girl. She was not insensible, though seemingly a good deal hurt and frightened; and as others gathered round, something was said about carrying her to the doctor's.

My lady spoke: "My house is nearer; bring her there."

So they carried her in, and laid her on the sofa, while some one fetched the doctor, and my lady sat by her, striving to soothe her fright. It was she who first remembered to send for the mother, and it seemed as if pity and anxiety had given her for time new strength. The injury proved but slight; and when the mother came in with a white face, and bending over her, asked tremblingly if she was much hurt, the little thing was able to smile up in her face; and Mrs. Weston turned to my lady with low but earnest thanks. "Isn't she kind?" I heard the child whisper; but her mother only kissed her, and hid her face in the pillow.

"There's not much the matter, I trust," my lady said gently; "but it is a pity to disturb her: let her stay here to-night, and go home to-morrow."

But of this Mrs. Weston would not hear. In vain we reminded her that the drive was a long one. She seemed now that her alarm was still, only anxious to get the child away, and insisted on returning at once; and half an hour later they were off in a borrowed cart.

I have said that there was little change in our life; but now, as the months rolled on, I began to fancy that there was a change which I chilled my blood to think about, for I thought my lady was dying. Little by little, she had grown weaker and thinner; and

though my fears sometimes left me for a time, they ever came back. She was very patient, very tranquil now; happier, too, I thought, as though she felt she would soon be with her boy. She lay for hours sometimes reading a few words, but more often musing, and ever in her hand, or on her lap, a sketch, made long ago, of a baby-face with laughing blue eyes and flaxen curls. I was not the only one who noticed the change; Jessie saw it; and Mr. Harrington, too, when he came down from time to time. No one else ever came. My lady had been an only child, and her parents had long since died, so she was almost alone in the world, and there would be few of her own kin to grieve over her death. But to me the fear was too terrible for words, for she was all the world to me. My own poor heart died, and been scattered over the world; and though I had sorrowed for each, I had always turned to her, and been comforted. I was fifty now, ever since my girlhood, I had lived among the Ravensbournes, and loved them; and of all the Ravensbournes, she was the dearest and best.

CHAPTER VI.

After this change became clear to me, I never left my lady when I could help it; and it was with much doubt that I made up my mind one summer evening, about nine months after little Sally's accident, to go to Mrs. Weston's on the morrow about some needle-work which I wanted her to undertake for me. She no longer lived at the lodge; for some reason—I did not know what—she had moved to a lonely cottage, quite on the other side of the park, and little Sally left off coming to the Ravensbourne school.

I was sitting that night in my lady's room, my work in my hand, and listening anxiously to her restless movements. It was growing late, but yet I could not bear to leave her, for this evening I had thought her feebler than usual. Long I listened, and then leaned back in my chair, thinking over the years we had spent together, until, tired and exhausted by the heat, I fell asleep. I must have slept some hours, for when I woke, my lady's watch pointed to four o'clock. I went softly to the open window; a faint gleam of light was in the sky, and a cool breeze blew upon my brow. I stood a few minutes enjoying it, and was just about to draw the curtain, and go to my own room, when a sound below startled me, and looking down into the garden I saw standing close by the gate a figure gazing intently at the house. My heart gave a bound of terror, for we were three lonely women; but as the person came softly forward, I saw that there was no cause for fear, though much for wonder, for it was a child who crept silently towards the door. Quickly crossing the room, I stole down stairs, opened the door, though cautiously, for I thought there might be others concealed, and called: "Who's there?"

There was a minute's silence, then a quivering voice answered: "Please, ma'am, it's me—Sally Weston;" and as she spoke, the child came close up to me, and I saw that it was indeed Mrs. Weston's daughter.

The poor little thing was trembling with fright, and sobbing bitterly. Fearing that she would rouse my lady, I drew her in hastily, fastened the door, and then leading her to the kitchen, asked why she came.

It was some time before she could falter out: "O ma'am, mother's so ill; she says she's dying; and she would not let me fetch any one but you. She made me come to you, though it was all dark, and I was so frightened; and she wants you to go to her, and she is all alone."

There came over me a strange feeling that I must go at once, spite of the hour, my lady, and everything. I could not think calmly, for the impulse was too strong, and I hastily wrapped a cloak round me, and fastened on an old bonnet which hung in the kitchen. Then I paused to think. My lady would not need me for some hours; Jessie was fast asleep. At first I thought of rousing her; but my expedition seemed so strange, that I was not very willing to speak of it, and I might perhaps be back before she came down; if not, I could explain when I returned; and so I set out, locking the door, and carrying off the key. Together, the child and I went silently down the road till we came to the lodge-gate, and I was just about to turn into the park, when she stopped me with her hand on my arm: "Mother said I wasn't to let any one see you; so we'll come this way, please;" and she pointed up a lane running just outside the park paling. A feeling of fear again came over me for a minute as I wondered at this mystery, and whether any harm could be meant me; but a second thought made me ashamed of my cowardice, and I steadily followed my little guide, till at length crossing a stile, we turned into the park just within sight of the low-thatched cottage, and passing through the plantation, came out on the open ground.

The dew lay thick upon the grass, and beside ourselves, there was no living creature stirring within sight. Our walk had been a long one, and we had met no one. Now the child's pace quickened, and my heart beat fast as we reached the door, for now that I was there, the recollection of all Mrs. Weston's odd ways crowded on my mind. The girl hurriedly unlocked the door, whispered me to follow, and ran up the creaking stairs into the room where I had once before been. The sick woman lay with her pallid face turned

to the door, and as I entered she exclaimed: "I thought you would come to late. I thought I should die without seeing you." Every feature was quivering with excitement; but as the child flung herself sobbing on the bed, the mother's voice softened: "Nay, Sally, don't cry. I told you it must come soon, and you've been a good girl to me, far better than I deserved; so kiss me now, dear, and go down, for I must speak to Hannah Pearce alone." The little girl still lingered, till I promised to call her if her mother grew worse, and then she slowly went. Mrs. Weston did not speak at once, but lay with one hand pressed to her forehead, the other clutching the bedclothes for some minutes, then she said feebly: "I've been ill very long. I knew the end was coming, but this is sudden. Pain and trouble, pain and trouble have brought me to it," she repeated. There was another pause, then her lips moved, and she broke out: "Never mind me; I have so much to tell you, and my head is so confused; they made me keep it, but I dare not go to my grave with that on my mind. Did any one see you come?" she continued suddenly. I told her not a soul had been about; that it was still very early. "Ah," she said, "if Mr. Ravensbourne only knew, he would have killed you before he would have let you come to me. He made me live here, to be out of your way, and he threatened dreadful things then if I ever saw you; all me!"

I was wondering in my mind what it could signify to Mr. Ravensbourne, when she went on: "When your lady was so kind to my Sally, she little thought what I had done to her." "To her?" I exclaimed. "Yes," she said solemnly; "she never knew what became of Master Gerald, but I knew only too well." A sick horror came over me, and for a minute I could neither speak nor move. At last I gasped out: "Was it you who took him away?" and she slowly answered "Yes." I struggled and labored for breath, and got out the words: "Is he alive?" and her answer came: "He is alive." It was too much; I sank down beside the bed, and for some minutes I seemed to know nothing.

To be continued.

The Marriageable Man.

The marriageable man is a personage of great importance. Go where he will among the other sex, he is sure of a cordial reception. His company is equally court by the matron and the maid. The wife lavishes her attentions on him because she has a daughter with whom she is desirous he should enter into a matrimonial compact. The young girl plays the part of Miss Amiable on her own account. Between the attentions of the two he surely ought to be a happy man; for everybody knows that he who is fortunate enough to occupy a prominent place in the good graces of mother and daughter is sure, as a matter of course, also to enjoy the friendship of the husband and father, and brothers and sisters. In fact, all are his friends. He is or ought to be much more at home in the house of the marriageable girl than even the master of the establishment himself.

The female portion of the family, from mamma downwards, display the very perfection of amiability. Wherever he looks he encounters beaming eyes and smiling countenances. He lives in a region of smiles. And such smiles! Mother and daughters vie with each other in lavishing their choicest looks upon him.

Just see the difference between the smiles by which he is honored, and those which are bestowed by mamma or the marriageable miss on the unmarried man. Would you believe there could be so great a difference in the smile of the same lady? The marriageable man meets with friendship and favor at every step. Mamma and the young ladies overwhelm him with their attentions. They hang upon his breath; his wishes are anticipated before they are even formed.

He is the centre of the family circle. The females, mother and all, are but so many planets moving round him, and deriving all their happiness from him. He reads in their countenances that they are all dying to make him happy; and in the overwhelming sense he entertains of this, and at the same time charitably forming his opinion of the sex generally, from the charming specimens by which he is surrounded, he feels a burning indignation rise in his bosom as he recalls to mind the many harsh things he has uttered touching the tempers of women. He inwardly pronounces all such assertions or insinuations downright libels, and is impelled by so strong a sense of gallantry, that he could on the instant find it in his heart to call out any and every person who dared to whisper a word to the disadvantage of the sex.

Formerly he wondered at the extreme folly of Don Quixote and other knights errant of old, in doing gratuitous battle for the fair. His wonder has vanished, or, rather, given place to supreme surprise that he ever could have felt such wonder at all. His astonishment now takes a different direction; it runs in an opposite channel. It is all the other way. The only matter of amazement with him is, that any one should quietly sit in his seat and not appeal to the pistols at once when a single reflection is hazarded respecting the temper or the virtues of the fair sex.

He is fortunate who finds a true friend in adversity; but he is more fortunate who findeth not misfortunes whereby to try his friend.

More about Pocahontas.

It will be remembered that Pocahontas, when about thirteen years of age saved the young English captain, John Smith, from the death which her father, Powhatan, had resolved he should suffer. As the tomahawk was about to descend on his head, the girl rushed forward and clasped that head in her arms. The stern heart of Powhatan relented, and he consented that the captive should live to make tomahawks for him and beads and bells for Pocahontas.

Captain John Smith was, without doubt, an imperial kind of man. His personal appearance was fine, his sense and tact excellent, his manners both cordial and elegant. There is no doubt, as there is no wonder, that the Indian maiden felt some tender palpitations on his account. Once again, when owing to some misunderstanding, Powhatan had decreed the death of all the whites, Pocahontas spent the whole pitch-dark night climbing hills and toiling through pathless thickets to save Smith and his friends by warning them of the imminent danger. Smith offered her many beautiful presents on this occasion, evidently not appreciating the sentiment that was animating her. To this offer of presents she replied with tears; and when their acceptance was urged, Smith himself relates, that "with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself, as she came."

There is no doubt that the Muse of History ought to do here: were she a dame of proper sensibilities, she would have Mr. John Smith married to Miss P. Powhatan as soon as a person could be got from Jamestown. Were it a romance, this would be the result. As it is, we find Smith going off to England in two years, and living unmarried until his death; and Pocahontas married to the Englishman John Rolfe, for reasons of state, we fear—a link of friendship between the Reds and Whites being thought desirable. She was of course Christianized and baptized, as any one may see by Chapman's picture in the Rotunda at Washington, unless Zouave criticism has demolished it. Immediately she went with her husband to England. At Brentford, where she was staying, Captain John Smith went to visit her. Their meeting was significant and affecting. "After a modest salutation, without uttering a word, she turned away and hid her face as if displeased." She remained thus motionless for two or three hours. "Who can know what struggles passed through the heart of the Indian bride at this moment—emotions doubly unutterable to this untutored stranger? It seems she had been deceived by Rolfe and his friends into thinking that Smith was dead, under the conviction that she could not be induced to marry him if she thought Smith alive. After her long, sad silence, before mentioned, she came forward to Smith and touchingly reminded him, there in the presence of her husband and a large company, of the kindness she had shown him in her own country, saying, 'You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him 'Father,' being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so I must call you.' After a pause, during which she seemed to be under the influence of strong emotion, she said, 'I will call you Father, and you shall call me Child, and so I will be forever and ever your countrywoman.' Then she added, slowly, and with emphasis, 'They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Utamattomakin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will his much.' It was not long after this interview that Pocahontas died: she never returned to Virginia. Her death occurred in 1617. The issue of her marriage was one child, Thomas Rolfe; so it is through him that the First Families of Virginia are so invariably descended from the Indian Princess. Captain Smith lived until 1631, and, as we have said, never married. He was a noble and true man, and Pocahontas was every way worthy to be his wife; and one feels very ill-natured at Rolfe and Company for the cruel deception which, we must believe, was all that kept them asunder, and gave to the story of the lovely maiden its almost tragic close.

MORNING PRAYER.—The following is meant to be a companion piece to the well-known evening prayer for children, beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep." &c. &c.

Now I rise from off my bed,
I pray the Lord for daily bread,
Keep me from sinful thought and deed,
Be with my steps in hour of need,
And make my soul, if Thou dost take,
All clean and pure for Jesus' sake.

THE FORWARD BARY.—Old maid: "What, nine months old, and not walk yet? Why, when I was a baby I went alone even at six months." Young indignant mother, (muttering to herself),—"Humph! Guess you've been alone ever since!"

The best way to keep food on a weak stomach is not to bolt it down.

Some minds will always be slow till you cut them to the quick.

The rebels have made a great many infernal machines that won't explode. Their rebellion is an infernal machine that will.

ON THE SOWING OF FLOWER SEEDS.—In order to be successful in raising flowers from seed, it will be necessary to bear in mind that the smaller the seed the less deeply should it be covered with earth. Some seeds are so small that they require only to be sprinkled over the ground and gently pressed into the soil, and should the weather prove very dry, a thin layer of damp moss or bass mat ought to be placed over them till they germinate, when care must be taken to have it removed. There are few seeds that require such extreme attention.

Small seeds, as petunia, portulaca, etc., sow about one-eighth of an inch; those of a larger size, as magnonetta, sweet alyssum, etc., about one-fourth of an inch in depth; and the largest of an inch in depth; and seeds of the fourth size, as lupine, nasturtium, etc., fully one inch in depth. They must be covered with finely pulverized soil, or leafy-mould, slightly pressed down, and should be kept moderately moist by shading or slight sprinklings of water, until they make their appearance. When about one inch in height the plant must be thinned out one or two inches apart, to prevent crowding. Tall varieties should be neatly staked to prevent injury from wind and rain.

The time for sowing is regulated by latitude. The middle or last of April, and during the month of May, or even as late as the first of June, in cold seasons, are the months generally selected about Boston.

THE WEDDING-RING FINGER.—This is the fourth finger on the left hand. Why this particular digit should have received such a token of honor and trust beyond all its congeners, both in Pagan and Christian times, has been variously interpreted. "The most common explanation is," according to Sir Thomas Browne, "presuming therein that a particular vessel, nerve, or artery, is conferred thence from the heart," which direct vascular communication Browne shows to be anatomically incorrect. Macrobius gives another reason, which may, perhaps, satisfy those anatomists who are not with the above.—"Pollex," he says, "or 'thumb (whose derivative pollex, from its Greek equivalent *antichir*, which means 'as good as a hand'), is too busy to be set apart for any such special employment; the next finger to the thumb being but half protected on that side, beside having other work to do, is also ineligible; the opprobrium attaching to the middle finger, called *medicus*, puts it entirely out of the question; and as the little finger stands exposed, and is moreover too puny to enter the lists in such a contest, the spousal honors devolve naturally on *proculus*, the wedding-finger." In *The British Apollo*, 1788, it is urged that the fourth finger was chosen from its being not only less used than either of the rest, but more capable of preserving a ring from bruises; having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some other finger, whereas the rest may be stretched out their full length and straightness.—*Chicago Record*.

ANIMAL CONTENT.—I have been watching a family of kittens, engaged in their exquisitely graceful play. Near them lay their mother, stretched at her length upon the flagging, taking her morning nap, and warming herself in the sun. She had eaten her breakfast, (provided by no care of her own, but at my expense), had seen her little family fed, and having nothing further to attend to, had gone off into a doze. What a blessed freedom from care! Think of a family of four children, with no frocks to be made for them, no hair to brush, no shoes to provide, no socks to knit and mend, no school-books to buy, and no nurse! Think of a living being with the love of offspring in her bosom, and a multitude of marvellous instincts in her nature, yet knowing nothing of God, thinking not of the future, without a hope, or an expectation, or a doubt, or a fear, passing straight on to annihilation! At the threshold of this destiny the little kittens were carelessly playing; and they are doubtless still playing, while I write. They have no lessons to learn, they do not have to go to Sunday-school, they entertain no prejudices except against dogs, which occasionally dodge into the yard; and I judge, by the familiar way in which they play with their mother's ears, and pounce upon her tail, that they are not in any degree oppressed by a sense of the respect due to a parent. Cat and kittens will eat, and frolic, and sleep through their brief life, and then they will curl up in some dark corner and die.—*Timothy Titcomb*.

The body of a middling sized man contains a pound of phosphorus, which, if in free state, and inflamed, would burn him up and everything around him.—*Exchange*. Can't he! says the *Harford Times*—we know lots of old bachelors and antiquated maidens who haven't phosphorus enough in 'em to make a match.

Ladies who array themselves in patent hoops should sing, as they dress, "Still so gently o'er me stealing."

Always bequesth to your wife as much money as you can; her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket!

Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .75
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Each subsequent insertion, .50
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One square three months, 4.00
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Half a square six months, 4.00
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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Woburn—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Winchester—J. H. W. White.
Reading—J. H. W. White.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York, S. R. NILES, successor to V. B. Palmer, Seculars' Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of ADVERTISING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

THE PROSPECT.

Amid the happy events that now follow each other in such rapid succession, it may be pardonable in us to believe that the country is saved and that the great rebellion is virtually at an end. At any rate it is a belief that would be gladly entertained by every loyal citizen, and though we look upon it as a mistake, it is still a mistake so honorable to the heart of him who makes it that it cannot be considered discreditable to his head.

But much as we would prefer to think otherwise, it is our conviction that the great work is not yet done, and in truth that the most trying and most difficult part of it still remains to be performed.

So far as can be seen at present, the disposition of the people in the country where our troops have already advanced, is not particularly favorable to the Union. We may, perhaps, expect their acquiescence, but their assistance we need hardly hope to get. Even if they like us well enough to give it, they fear the rebels too much to make the offer; and, indeed, although we may say that the people of the Confederate States were once, and not long ago, loyal, and that they were deceived into rebellion, we may as well admit first as last, that to-day they are not loyal, and that they are only to be undeceived by Union victories and the utter downfall of the usurping government. The truth is indeed mighty and, as the proverb says, will prevail, but she is mightiest when, like other potentates, she is careful about her offensive and defensive alliances. Mohammedanism was just as fine a faith when the prophet was only a camel driver, as when Omar marched at the head of a hundred thousand believers. But it spread more rapidly when preached by Omar. Constitutional doctrines are good things to repeat, but Parrot guns are better, and till the Confederate government is well killed we must expect Southerners to be our enemies, open and bitter, or concealed and just as bitter. We shall surely find that the most nourishing of all food for the Union will be a dead Confederacy, and that the great mass of the rebellious population will be rebellious till the crushing power of the Union has made sedition impossible as well as utterly unprofitable.

The war hereafter then is to be carried on in the heart of a hostile country, at longer distances from any safe base of operations, with an enemy who retreats and throws up fortifications that have to be regularly approached, while in the meantime deadly fights for him, and an unhealthy climate. To this "policy of the back track" we are to add the difficulties caused by the peculiar nature of the country, and by the terrible roads which are always bad and which possess the property of growing worse the more they are travelled. All these disadvantages will probably have the effect of making the future land movements slow and full of labor, and may prevent a decisive blow from being struck for a long time to come.

With whom the victory will be when the last trial comes to be made, we have not the shadow of a doubt. But we must beware of considering each trial as the last one; and let us not find fault with Providence or our generals, if we are forced to exercise patience as well as other and showier military qualities. If it has its disadvantages, it has also its pleasing features, that the Southern half of the American people lack neither courage nor firmness, and that they hold out well after twelve months of hardship. It all goes to the credit of the stock. Therefore, while we wait for the end with perfect faith, let us wait with cheerful patience also. It was a wonderful work that lay before the nation, and it is time that works wonders.

SURPRISE VISIT.—Rev. Mr. Bronson, received a visit from some twenty of his former parishioners in this town, on Wednesday evening last. Although the Rev. Gentleman was completely surprised, he received his visitors with cordiality, and all passed the time pleasantly and happily.

TELEGRAPH ITEM.—Last night mentions the fact that the 22d Mass. Regt. was the first to hoist the Stars and Stripes over Yorktown.

The Cavens.

Mr. Vallendigham who didn't meet in that celebrated caucus the other day, and Mr. Vallendigham's friends who did, gave thereby a better proof of their faith in the Union cause than they had previously vouchsafed during the war. They are so certain that the rebels and traitors are once more to come back into the Union, that they are kindly setting up a political party for them. But till Tombs, and Benjamin, and Wise, and Mason, and Davis, do return, wouldn't it be just as well to act with men who have not rebelled, and to sustain the administration that sustains the country? The people at large will answer the question, and if those senators and representatives are not "damned to everlasting fame," it will be because their constituents will suffer them to enjoy retirement and obscurity for the remainder of their political lives. But they might as well have left Vallendigham be present. The managers saw the necessity of his being able to prove an alibi, but they didn't see that that necessity proved something else and something bad for them and their object. It was a bad thing badly managed, and is destined to have a result as bad as its intention.

WORDEN FUND.—Mr. Frederic Flint has concluded his labors, as Collector for this fund. He has met with good success, having obtained \$130.39. This shows what a man can do when he takes hold of anything with a will and with a determination to "put it through." Of this sum the Young Men's Literary Association contributed \$16.75, which, without a doubt, speaks much in their favor. In Choate & Cummings' tannery, one hundred and twelve persons contributed ten cents each; and in J. B. Winn & Co.'s tannery, every man contributed. In this connection, the collector desires us to return thanks to Mr. Joseph Kelley, for courtesies shown him while soliciting subscriptions at his place of business, and also for his successful endeavors in furthering the object in view. Other towns may have contributed more than Woburn, but we think none has done better where there has been but one collector, and Mr. Flint certainly deserves credit for his disinterested labors in behalf of one who saved the national honor from disgrace in an hour of peril.

A Letter from the Union Guard, dated West Point, Va., May 10th, and which we have not room to publish in full, says, "The weather here is as hot as in July at home. We are encamped on a large plain containing hundreds of acres, about half a mile from the landing. The ground is covered with troops. * * I have just been out in the woods and have seen the tree or which our troops hung two negroes who were charged with cutting the throats of our wounded soldiers. * * In a fifty acre wheat field near by, the wheat is twenty inches high and looks finely."

At the Unitarian Festival on Tuesday afternoon of Anniversary Week at the Music Hall, Gov. Andrew will preside. Addresses are expected from Rev. Messrs. Bellows, Osgood, Woodbury, Staples, and other prominent members of the clergy and the laity. Music by the Brigade Band. Singing by the choir of Rev. Mr. Hopworth's church. Tea will be provided for the Clergy and their wives at Alston Hall. Tickets to the festival, twenty-five cents, may be procured at the usual places.

THE MONITOR.—We have received several numbers of a paper bearing this title. It is published at Concord, Mass., by Albert Stacy. It evidently has, among its contributors, men possessing some good ability, yet there is room for it to rise higher than it has yet risen. Perhaps greater variety would adapt it to the wants of the general reader. It is intended to be, as its name implies, a "warner of faults and an informer of duties;" in other words a critic. It will find the whole world its field, and so cannot complain of a contracted sphere.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—The following information in regard to Woburn Soldiers reaches us through the telegraph, but as that instrument has been telling anything but the truth during the present week, it must be received with great caution. Sergt. John O'Leary, of Co. H, 1st New York Regt., is reported killed, and Sergt. John Currie, of same Regt., wounded in right arm and leg. Robert K. Danforth, of Co. D, 1st Mass. Regt., is reported missing. These casualties occurred at Williamsburg.

Oliver M. Wade, and Thomas Murray of the Union Guard are sick with fever.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON DEAFNESS: Its Causes and Prevention. By Dr. Lighthill. Edited by E. Rumford Lighthill, M. D. This little work embraces all the different diseases incident to the Ear; explains their cause and the author's mode of treatment. Dr. A. P. Lighthill, whose advertisement appears in another column, has had long experience in his profession, and is well qualified to perform the many delicate operations necessary in curing diseases of the Ear. Those who are afflicted with deafness, will find Dr. Lighthill gentlemanly, and competent to give them good advice, and scientific treatment.

AUCTION SALE.—Mr. W. S. Bennett will offer his large Stock of Goods at Auction, at his Store, Central Square, Woburn, on Friday, next, May 23. The stock consists of Dry and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glass, Earthen, Stone and Wooden Ware, &c. Purchasers will find this a good opportunity for bargains, as the sale will be positive.

GOODY FOR JUNE can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore. The summer fashions are given in great taste and excellence.

Rev. Mr. Gould of Worcester, preaches in the First Cong. Church, to-morrow.

Five dollars' worth of beaver, to cover five cents' worth of brains, is thought by an exchange to be a needless waste of property.

FREDRICKSBURG VA., May 10th, 1862. }
Maj. Gen. McDowell's Head Qtrs. }

Picture to yourself a fine large family mansion of the olden times, built of brick imported from England, with ample doors and broad hall extending through, with wings, and

kitchens standing near, while close by is the ice-house and the smoke-house, and within sight is the blacksmith shop, the granaries, barns, dove cots, and the negro quarters of the Lacy mansion. Here in the war times of our fathers was a stopping place for many of those who hold a place in history, and in the early days of the Republic, Washington, and other of the Presidents, have sought a brief respite from the toils and dust of the Capitol. Here Washington's mother died and there is still an unfinished monument to her in Fredricksburg—said to have been used as a target by the rebel soldiers. To complete the picture you must look down the terraces to the place below, and the Rappahannock with its bridges and the neat little town of Fredricksburg. Again here has the Representative from Virginia received his friends, and no doubt here have they pictured the future glories of the C. S. A. He too has the Major's lady received, in her style, the noble defenders of her hearth and home and cheered them on to Washington. Change the scene. Place among the trees the white tents of our General; the shelter tents of the orderlies; the wagon train; the horses; the smithy; the ambulances; the American flag from the staff; and the American soldiers away over the hills; and the burnt remains of the bridges; the Pontoon—ours of rubber bags, the other of canal boats; the stores, forage, &c., and you see the Lacy mansion of to-day.

I have been in Fredricksburg. It is deserted by many of its former inhabitants. Places of business are closed. Some of the ladies travel away from the Yankee soldiers, while others more ladylike, and perhaps remembering their own sons in the Army, smile at the occupation of this place. The rebels retreated in great hurry leaving behind officers' baggage, hospital stores, forage and about \$40,000 of railroad iron. Our troops have been busy in building bridges and rebuilding the roads and bridges, upon the railroads between Aquia Creek and this point. In a letter found among the baggage, a gentleman writing from Richmond to his son says, that the final battle has not been fought; that Lee, Johnston, and Davis, have been riding about Richmond for several days selecting, it is supposed, the best points to hold the city. He says "our army will fall back slowly, probably, before the Federal Army until the proper time and place for the great contest." One letter written from Manassas, during January, reveals the fact, that of one regiment, only 200 remain; sickness and death having thus reduced them. The inhabitants about here exhibit great ignorance of the causes and progress of the war, as upon all other subjects. Our paper which was stopped a year since, from its outspoken Union sentiments, and the editor barely tolerated, has now again started. The place is under martial law. Brig. Gen. King Military Governor.

Professor LaMountain, with his Balloon apparatus, is at present in the field and will no doubt soon appear to the great disgust of the rebel officers, who used many a hard word last summer against this faithful monitor of their movements. The weather is fine but growing warm. However it is useless for our friends to express so much concern for its effects upon those who spent last August and Sept. working upon the forts around Washington.

The boys are all in good spirits in hopes of a speedy termination of the war, and are willing to undergo any hardship to bring about the end. Hoping soon to write to you from another position, I remain yours, J. M. B.

BILIRICA.—On Monday afternoon last, a little girl, the youngest child of Samuel King, was badly burnt by her clothes catching fire while her mother was absent. It seems that her mother left her in the room where the stove was, for a few moments while she went to see her mother, who lived but a few steps distant, and when she returned found her clothes all on fire. She smothered the fire with a rug, and at once sent for Dr. Gray of Tewksbury, who arrived in a short time. He found the whole of the child's left side badly burnt, and thought it would be impossible for her to live. Mr. King, the father of the child, resides in the east part of the town and is employed in A. H. Patten & Co.'s Cabinet manufactory.

Several cows have died of late in town, of a disease unknown to any of our cattle doctors. They have all been first class cattle. One of them owned by Geo. P. Elliot, Esq., was valued at \$150.

CHILSON'S STOVES AND FURNACES.—We desire to call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Chilson, in another part of this week's paper. These Stoves and Furnaces have been before the public for a series of years, and have stood the test of public scrutiny without detriment. The furnaces are especially good and give universal satisfaction. Persons wishing to purchase Cooking Ranges, Stoves or Furnaces, will find at Mr. Chilson's something to meet their wants.

THE BRAIN.—The ever active brain, whose sensations are so readily imparted to others when in a healthy state, can perform its full complement of labor only when it receives pure material from the nutrient arteries, which is obtained by supplying the system with a sufficient quantity and quality of nutritious food, while good society, pleasing address, and cheerful surroundings, are invaluable promoters of digestion. Facts exemplified by our friends, whose business to the city compels them to dine out, and who never fail to enjoy them at the establishment of those gentlemanly caterers, Messrs. JAMISON & RICHARDSON, No. 1, Spring Lane. Ladies and gentlemen are courteously received, and as proprietors are unremittent in their attentions. We hope our readers will give them a call.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

RELIGIOUS.—At the Cong. Church last Sabbath, the pastor officiated. The afternoon service was appropriated to the children of this congregation. A large number of them, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Johnson, occupied the singing gallery, and sung in an excellent manner during the services, the songs entitled, "The Evergreen Shore," "Gather them in," and "Marching Along," from Bradbury's Golden Chain of Sabbath School Melodies." The sermon was upon the influence for good which every child may exert, and was based upon the account in the 2d Book of Kings, 5th chap, 2d verse of the little Hebrew maid that waited upon Naaman the Syrian, through whose words the mighty man of valor was led to go to the prophet Elisha and by obeying his directions was made clean of the foul leprosy which was upon him. The sermon was illustrated and enforced by numerous examples. It is cheering to see the interest manifested in this Society for the moral and spiritual welfare of the children, and no one, at all interested in them, can fail to appreciate the efforts put forth for their good, or should refrain from countenancing by their presence such occasions as this, to give additional force to the services of the hour, upon the young and tender mind. At the Sabbath School Concert in the evening in addition to the usual speakers, Mr. M. H. Sargent, of Somerville, Treasurer of the Mass. Sabbath School Soc., offered some interesting and profitable remarks.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The Adams School-house has been so unfortunally as never to have had a fence of any kind around it, to keep the scholars within proper limits and to mark its boundaries. The necessity for one being so apparent, and the present time a fitting opportunity, a petition was drawn up, signed by the School Committee, and a large number of the citizens of that District, representing the want of a suitable fence, and asking that one similar to that around the Washington School House be put up. This petition was sent in to the Selectmen at their last meeting, and they, having charge of such matters, by vote of the town, decided to build a fence in accordance with the prayer of the petitioners, and an opportunity is afforded for our mechanics to estimate thereon as to what they will do it for. While upon the subject of fences the traveller on Washington St., cannot fail to notice the substantial stone fence erected by Mr. J. B. Jenkins, in front of the whole length of his premises. This fence is surrounded by hammered granite, and has large posts of the same material at the entrance to the drive ways which present a fine appearance. The ground in front of the house is well laid out, and the place will be when all the improvements are made which are contemplated, quite an ornament to that street.

It is pleasant to notice the time, labor and money which some people expend in beautifying and adorning their houses and their surroundings. This is commendable, for it adds to the value of the property, besides being pleasant to look upon by themselves and friends. Since the removal by fire of the old building at the junction of Main and Walnut Sts., the latter street, or rather the sidewalk on the same and the fencing of it from the river, is being pushed forward under the direction of the Selectmen, aided by the indefatigable efforts of Mr. A. Thompson, 3d, to whose liberality the other owners of land on that street, and others who are called upon to pass through it, are greatly indebted for the sure prospect of its being finished in a creditable manner. Shade trees are set out on the side of the walk, which will add to its appearance.

WAR ITEMS.—The town renders assistance at the present time to seventeen persons whose husbands or sons are in the Federal army, at an expense of about one hundred and fifty dollars per month. James Abrahams who is attached to the 21st Regiment and who has been at home some little time to recruit his health has returned to his post of duty with renewed health.

DEATH.—Mrs. Gardner the oldest inhabitant in town, died last week at the advanced age of 98, almost a centenarian. She has been a widow for several years, resided at the west part of the town, and has enjoyed her faculties to a remarkable extent.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.—The meeting of this Society this week was at the residence of John T. Manny Esq., and was well attended. It is to be hoped that the ladies will not slacken their efforts in this direction, but continue faithfully laboring to the end. The Sanitary Commission at the present time calls for more articles, and let them be given cheerfully to the extent of our ability.

CHANGES.—Edwin Samson, Esq., who with his family have been temporary residents here for several months have returned to the city. Mr. J. B. Winslow, the Superintendent of our Railroad is again with us as a resident. Miss Virginia F. Townsend, the talented authoress, has been stopping in our town several months.

EXPERIMENTING.—It is a source of regret to a large portion of the passengers upon the Woburn Branch train, which has previous to this week left the city at 6 1/2 o'clock, P. M., that the Superintendent of the road should think it best to try the experiment of having this train leave at 6 40 P. M., commencing last Monday. If I recollect aright the experiment has been tried once before, if not more, and failed to meet the wants of those who patronize this train. A large number wish to come out at 6.10 or 6.15 P. M., so as to have as much time as possible to work in their gardens, or enjoy the beauties of the country before dark. Now, Mr. Superintendent, please changeback, and do not try the experiment again.

While upon this subject, permit me to express the hope that during Anniversary Week, the last train out from the city will, as in previous years, leave at 9.30, or 10 o'clock on every evening of the week that those who wish to attend the evening meetings may be enabled to do so. This plan is adopted, I believe, on other roads.

SAD EVENT.—The Lowell News learns from a hastily written letter received in that city last Tuesday, from a member of General Butler's division, dated April 30, that Capt. Durville, of the third cavalry company in that division fell overboard when about ten miles above Fort Jackson and St. Philip, at the mouth of the Passes, and before assistance reached him he was drowned. He was with his company on board a transport in tow of a steamer, going up to New Orleans. The deceased was about 25 years of age. He leaves a widowed mother in the vicinity of Waltham. Capt. D. formerly resided in this town and is known to many of our young people with whom he was a classmate in our High School. He was a young man of fine promise and beloved by a large circle of friends who will be sorry to learn that the whole-souled and warm-hearted "Dury" met so sad a fate. He was engaged to a young lady of this place.

HEALTH FOR THE SOLDIER.—For one who dies from the effects of the bullet, ten perish from damp and exposure to night air. Small doses of Holloway's Pills, taken every other night, will correct all disorders of the Liver and Stomach, purify the blood, and insure sound health to every man. Only 25 cents per box.

bled to do so. This plan is adopted, I believe, on other roads.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.
Mr. Editor.—At our last town meeting it was voted "that the Selectmen be instructed to have all obstructions in our streets removed," or similar to that in effect. Now what view our Selectmen may take of the extent of their power, under the instructions, the writer of this has no means of knowing, but it is to be hoped they will take a liberal view. There is need of reform, not merely with us but in all our country towns. It has become so general to encumber the streets with all sorts of truck, that it would seem as if individuals supposed the highways were made for their special benefit, instead of for the public good. The more land men have the more in many cases, do they seem to fill up to streets, in front of them.

Often the streets are made the receptacle of numerous carts, wagons, sleds, wheelbarrows, &c., which would be much better protected under cover; and also long piles of wood, and rails and logs, often endangering the passers-by, especially in the night; and here and there they are selected for the deposit of huge uncomely heaps of manure. Doubtless the owners of the latter do not look on them as uncomely, but probably are proud of their size, and of the fertilizing properties which they contain, and hence sometimes put the piles in the very front of their houses. Let the owners of such riches be assured that they would gain much by depositing the said piles somewhere within their inclosures, and thus save for their lands the ordinary wastes. And were all the aforesaid incumbrances removed to their appropriate places, leaving a clear and tidy front to the farmhouse premises, how much better the passer-by would estimate the occupant.

One street in our town, in particular, suffers most grievously from the large quantities of stones, which have been gathered from the adjoining lands and are emptied along the sides, so that there is to a considerable extent no space left for a water course, and no means of crowning or improving the road. It is unnecessary to state the name of the street, for every one who passes up over it will at once recognize the description. Will not the Selectmen see whether the abutters are not obligated, legally, to remove the incumbrance. The street is in itself quite narrow and needs much all the width which it can claim.

Now, Mr. Editor, those same evils exist numerously in all the towns where your paper is read, and would it not be a wise measure to instruct the Selectmen, in the respective towns to bring about a needed reform?

Winchester, May 14, 1862.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Our Fire Department has been re-organized and is constituted as follows:—Engineers—Nathan Carter, Elbridge Harnden, Levi Abbott, Edward F. Parker, John Clifford, and they have organized by the choice of Nathan Carter, Chief, and E. F. Parker clerk.

No. 1 ENGINE CO.—S. N. Newcomb, Foreman; Gilman C. Gleason, Clerk.

No. 2.—Albert B. Gleason, Foreman; N. H. Turner, Clerk.

No. 4.—Foreman, James M. Day; 1st Assistant James McKay; 2d Assistant, Henry Dorman; Clerk, Wm. H. Temple; Steward, Eastman Austin; Leading Hosemen, Parker Nichols, W. H. Temple, Orlando N. Brooks, P. C. Totten, J. C. Stone, O. A. Swain, Wymman B. Parker, Addison Sawyer, Charles Haag, S. M. Pratt; Suction Hosemen, Henry Dorman, Clarkson Parker, Charles M. Boyce. F. J. Bancroft, P. D. Temple.

HOOK & LADDER COMPANY.—Foreman, Geo. W. Goodwin; Assistant Foreman, James D. Kimball; Clerk, D. Foss; Steward, Robert M. Boyce.

Only one of the former Board of Engineers, Mr. Nathan Carter, remains with the present Board, although the old Board was re-appointed. Many of them having served for a series of years, thought it about time that others should share the burden, consequently they declined to serve any longer. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that their services could not be retained, yet, I think, there will be no lack of energy and efficiency in the new Board. The entire department is in excellent trim and all the machines are in good condition.

Prentice of the Louisville Journal, says, "it is unquestionable that the rebels possess immense energy, but it has all settled in their legs." It is thought by some that if the rebels find many more places to fall back on, they must be places in this country which the oldest inhabitant has no knowledge of, and thence younger portion never dreamed of.

HEALTH FOR THE SOLDIER.—For one who dies from the effects of the bullet, ten perish from damp and exposure to night air. Small doses of Holloway's Pills, taken every other night, will correct all disorders of the Liver and Stomach, purify the blood, and insure sound health to every man. Only 25 cents per box.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

DECEASED SOLDIERS.—A good deal of solemn interest has prevailed in our village during the last week or so, in connection with the death and burial of two young men who had enlisted in the service of their country.

Samuel Augustus Wiley, twenty years of age, the only son of Widow Rebecca Wiley, was a member of Company II, 23d Regt. Mass. Vol. Burnside's Expedition, and died of fever at Hatteras, North Carolina, Feb. 7th 1862. The grave which contained the remains was afterwards pointed out to Mr. William Newhall of this town, uncle of Samuel, and a member of the same Regiment, but who at the time of Samuel's death, was with the Regt. at Newbern, N. C. Mr. N. exhumed the body and had it interred in a different locality, and marked the spot so as to make it possible for it to be recovered by his friends. Arrangements were then begun which have just been completed for the return of the body to his mother and friends. At the request of the Selectmen, in a letter to a General Burnside, Mr. Newhall, who is in feeble health, obtained a furlough on the second day of May, and proceeded to Hatteras, thence with the body in a sealed coffin, to New York, where on account of some delay in the harbor, he left it in charge of Adams Express, and arrived home on Friday morning May 9th. On Friday evening a meeting of the citizens was held in the Town Hall, called to order by D. B. Wheelock, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, when Hon. Lillie Eaton was chosen Chairman, and E. Mansfield, Secretary. A Committee of five, of which W. G. Skinner was Chairman, was chosen to proceed to Boston on the next morning, to take charge of the body and convey it to town. A Committee of ten, E. Mansfield, Chairman, was appointed to receive the body and make full arrangements for its burial. A Committee of three, J. Sullivan Eaton, Chairman, was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of sympathy for the lone mother of the deceased. The body was received on Saturday morning, and conveyed to the Town House where it lay in state, attended by a guard of honor, detailed from the Richardson Light Guard, of which the deceased had been a member.

The funeral services took place at the Baptist Church on Tuesday afternoon, at one o'clock. It was a wet afternoon, but there was a large gathering of people, drawn together by sorrow, by sympathy, by curiosity, by a Band of Music from Boston, and by the unusual occurrence of two funerals with Military honors, one immediately succeeding the other. In the Procession were the Richardson Light Guard, as an escort, the relations and friends, Star of Hope Division of the Sons of Temperance, of Stoneham, Rantall Division of this town, the citizens of this town, and others. The services in the Church were of a highly interesting character, consisting of singing by the choir, reading Selections from Scripture by Rev. E. A. Eaton, prayer by Rev. D. W. Phillips, and an address by Rev. Doct. Cushman. Everything in doors and out was conducted with great regularity and order, and the occasion was one of solemnity and profit.

At 4 o'clock on the same afternoon the funeral services of Mr. Chas. Thompson, a member of the Richardson Light Guard, and with them at the battle of Bull Run, were held in the Universalist Church. Music by the Band, reading Selections from Scriptures by Rev. D. W. Phillips, prayer by Rev. E. A. Eaton, and Mr. Squire of Stoneham. As at the Baptist Church a few hours before the house was filled, and very many were unable to gain admittance. The Light Guard on this occasion also acted as an escort, and the same band discussed excellent though solemn music. The procession to the grave was not so large as it would have been, but for a heavy rain at the time of forming, yet a large number wended their way to the Cemetery, to witness the ceremony at the grave, and to take a last look at the remains of their friend and associate. Mr. Thompson was 24 years old. The seeds of disease were sown while in the war, and he returned home in very feeble health, and gradually declined until he sank in death.

The following are the resolutions referred to in the account of the citizens meeting, and subsequently reported by the Committee:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the world, the God of Battles, early and suddenly to remove our youthful friend and companion, Samuel Augustus Wiley, from the scenes of earthly conflict.

Resolved, That we unitedly tender to his widowed mother, left alone by this recent bereavement, this expression of our sympathy. May the God of the widow be with her, and His arm be her support in this hour of darkness and trial.

Resolved, That while we thus lament the early death of our friend, with the freshness of youth upon his brow—we can rejoice also, that he died while engaged in the defence of a sacred cause, and went up, full of hope, from a field of strife to those fields immortal, where the sounds of War come not—where Peace reigneth, unbroken and eternal.

RATAN WORKS.—A large and beautiful flag was thrown to the breeze at half-past six o'clock, on Saturday evening, at the Ratan Factory of Cyrus Wakefield, Esq., purchased in part by the contribution of the operatives. There were 34 loud and moving speeches made on the occasion, all by the "big gun" of the village, under the direction of the new "Artillery Company." The gathering were shown also the operation of the Rotary pump, which Mr. W. has stationed in one of his buildings, by means of which water can be thrown with force over all the circle of his buildings. Changes can quickly be made so as to throw one stream or two as occasion may require. If such a machine had been at hand when the great fire occurred at the factory last August, a large amount of property would have been saved. This establishment seems to be in the full tide of operation again. The hands are at work on full time, and, as we understand, are receiving the full pay of former times. This new flag is an evidence of their prosperity as well as of their patriotism.

MILITARY.—The Richardson Light Guard

came out on Wednesday, for their May drill, on the Common, Capt. H. D. Degen, commanding. The Company appears well and will undoubtedly be on hand, if any interference by foreign powers, should require their services.

The adjourned meeting of the Horticultural Society was held on Friday evening. A constitution was adopted, and topics discussed. Adjourned for 3 weeks to arrange for the first exhibition, &c.

The installation of Rev. Mr. Bliss over the Congregational Church and Society of this town, will take place next week on Thursday.

A CARD.—The subscriber returns thanks with the deep emotions of a grateful heart, to the authorities, committees, and citizens of South Reading generally; to the Richardson Light Guard; to the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance, and to all others cooperating with them in their noble deeds of sympathy and of charity, in procuring the remains of her only child, and, with imposing ceremonies, giving them a resting place beside the grave of her deceased husband. Such acts of kindness, as you have shown to a lone widow in her distress, though they cannot remove, will greatly alleviate the sorrows of a grief-stricken heart. May the blessing of Him who regards with favor the acceptable gift of a cup of cold water, be your support and refuge in the conflict of life, and your solace in the trying hour of death.

REBECCA WILEY.
South Reading, May 15, 1862.

Special Notices.

Notice to our Readers.

We wish to say a word to our gentlemen readers who purchase their CLOTHING in Boston. Do you know where there is a place to go to for your money? Or where you can get the most for your money? Where there is so much competition, where all are holding out so many inducements, a stranger may well be puzzled as to the best place. We therefore say, for fair dealing, for gentlemanly treatment, for GOOD, WELL-MADE GARMENTS, either in READY-MADE OR MADE TO ORDER, and last, but not least, for lowness of price, we recommend

Fowle's Clothing House,
16, 18 and 24 Washington street.
Mr. Fowle has one of the largest establishments of the kind in that city, and has built up a large trade, by making for his motto, "GIVE TO US—GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES," and we advise all who purchase their clothing in Boston, to patronize the above establishment, where they will be sure of getting their money's worth.

Important to Females.

Midsex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XI: No. 34.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

A Beautiful Poem.

We are not often able to lay before the readers of the *Journal* a more mournfully beautiful poem than the following, which we take from the last number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*:—

THE SONG OF DEATH.

Ye call me a cruel reaper,
And say that I love to mow
The fairest and sweetest blossoms,
And lay their young beauty low;
But, oh! if ye knew the heart-ache
That all who live long must know,
Ye would hail me a pitying angel,
Your best friend, and not your foe,
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And when'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I wait them away into Paradise.

My aspect is pale and chilling;
Cold, cold is my marble kiss;
But it seals the awful passport,
To a world of eternal bliss.
Oh! if ye but knew, ye mothers,
The misery my stroke may spare
Your babes, I should be the watchword
Of hope, and not of despair!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And when'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I wait them away into Paradise.

O'er a bud of the Bordighiera,
A sweet little maid I passed,
Going after long years of school-life,
To her palmy home at last.
When all round were weeping and wailing,
I said to myself, and smiled,
She'll have holidays in Heaven,
'Mid the immortal palms, sweet child!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And when'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I wait them away into Paradise.

On a delicate orphan flower
With prospects cold, but heart of fire,
I breathed in an east-wind, and bore him
Away to his Heavenly sire.
While his mother was sobbing in anguish,
I thought she would weep with joy!
For 'tis God Himself, hath provided
For her poor dear fatherless boy!
Ay! to hearts like his I'm an angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
He hath hidden a stormy world of good-night,
And now sleepeth in sweet content.
What has he to do with the world of ice,
Whose climate and home are in Paradise?

*The Bordighiera is a beautiful spot, celebrated for its palm trees, in the Riviera de Genes.

Select Literature.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER VII.

I did not faint; though for a time my brain whirled, and my senses seemed going, yet through all I had one feeling—that each moment was more precious than gold, and this brought thought and speech back to me. I lifted up my head, and passionately bade her tell me all. There was a moment's silence, which I could scarcely bear, and then she began.

"You remember when I came to Ravensbourne, and said I was a widow and a dressmaker. Both were lies; for I had never been a dressmaker, and my husband was then living at Ravensbourne, and his name was Foster. At first, wait to hear all, and then say if you can pity me. Wicked as I am, if it had not been for that man, I might never have happened, for I was innocent and happy in the days when I was a young farm-servant down in the west; but I married him, and then my misery began. Yet I bore all patiently for the sake of my two children, till he left me, and took service as a gentleman's valet, and went off to France with him. I did not know it till afterwards; and there was I left in England penniless with my babies to keep. I worked early and late for them, but I could earn little; and very soon I heard them wail for bread, which I could not give them. My heart was nearly breaking, when a neighbor offered to take the child for a year, while I went to earn a living in service, and, if possible, to find my husband. She was a hard, rough woman, and asked large payments out of my wages; but what could I do? So I left my precious children with her, and easily found a place as maid to a lady just going to Paris. I told her my story, and she was very kind in helping me; and at last, after long seeking, I found my husband. He had left his first master, and was now with an English gentleman living in Paris. He was very angry with me for following him abroad, and swore that he would help neither me nor the children. Still I stayed, hoping he might soften, though I seldom managed to see him; and at last, when I had been there about five months, it seemed as if my hopes had come to pass, for he came to me, and told me kindly that he wanted me to leave my mistress, and engage myself to his master. How light my poor heart grew; and though my mistress distrusted my husband, and warned me, yet I went with him gladly.

"Well, I saw my new master, Mr. Ravensbourne, and he took me at once, and for three days all went on quietly; and then I spoke again to my husband, and begged and pray-

ed him with many tears to come back to England with me. He said little at the time; but the next day, when I was busy with my work, my master sent for me, and when I went to his study, my husband was with him. They were talking together, but stopped as I came in, and I stood silent and frightened, I don't know why. My master had seemed stern and hard when first I saw him, but I thought him more so now, as he told me in a harsh voice that he knew my wishes, and would engage that my husband should agree to them if I in return would promise to do something for him. I listened with a fresh hope in my heart, and answered that I would do anything, if only my husband would come home with me to our children. Mr. Ravensbourne looked at him, and then my husband came up to me and said that he would do what I pleased if I obeyed Mr. Ravensbourne. I saw there was something still to be told, though I little dreamed what it was, and again I earnestly promised to do my utmost. Then Mr. Ravensbourne walked to the door, bolted it, and coming up to me, said, that I must first take an oath that, whether or no I did his will, I would never reveal it to living man; and oh, I took that dreadful oath, and now I am breaking it.

"I can't tell you how he then told me the wicked deed he had planned—that I should steal a little child from his home. I refused with horror, in spite of my husband's passion and Mr. Ravensbourne's cold anger. Then they tried another plan; they reminded me of my children, and held out fair promises of a home and money to feed and clothe them; and Mr. Ravensbourne told me that the boy would be safe and well cared for, and that all he wanted was to get possession of Ravensbourne, and he bade me decide whether some one else should be chosen to carry him off, and I still live on in wretchedness, away from my children, or whether I would do this, and have them with me. Then I yielded with bitter grief and shame; and Mr. Ravensbourne told me I should be well rewarded; but looking darkly at me, added: "But if you fail me now, you shall suffer for it bitterly through your children." O the miserable days that followed! I dared not draw back, for his fierce words made me tremble for my own boy and girl, over whom I knew he could have power through my husband, and yet the thought of the deed to be done was with me day and night. Gradually I got used to it. Sorrow had hardened me, and the remembrance of how little any one had cared when my children were starving, made me harder still. At the end of three weeks, I came back to England, and there I found my darling boy dying. I do not know that he had been ill-treated; but it was the last drop in my cup; and I went down to Ravensbourne, longing to do my work, and have my child with me, for I was well-nigh desperate at leaving him. I was to set up as a dressmaker in the village till I could get a place at the house; and I was still there when my husband got engaged as groom. Two months after I came; but my heart smote me afresh when I saw that gentle lady and her child; and I could never bear to look at them afterwards. I think if my husband had not been there, I should have given up my place, but I feared him so. Well, at last he told me I must be done at once, lest the old squire die first, and then there might have been suspicion. He would not tell me where he meant to take the child; but he swore that he was not going to harm it, and added, laughing, that neither Mr. Ravensbourne nor he had any notion of risking their necks in the matter. He had asked for a holiday for that day, and meant to hire a cart at Hillborough, under pretence of driving to York and back, and then come and wait outside in the darkness for me to bring the boy to him; and now, how was the child to be got out of the house? When it came to that, my husband looked at me and said: "You are clever enough; you can plan it if you choose, and to-night you must choose; so now go, and let me know within an hour exactly when I am to wait." We had been talking in an out-house; and I went slowly in, feeling that the hour had come. My husband was right; I had wit enough to find means, though hardly wickedness to use them; and even as I walked, a way came into my head. I stopped a little, but remembered my sick boy, and that some one else would do it if I did not; and turning back, bade my husband be at the laundry-door at nine o'clock.

That afternoon, when I came to your room, I had heard Master Gerald crying to go to the water, and that first put into my head to pretend that he had drowned himself. The evening came, and I stayed in my lady's room, filling the large wicker-baskets with clothes. I heard her go to the nursery and call you, and then she went down, and the nurse came and went again. Now was my time; no one was likely to come up again just then, and I knew the servants were at supper. I listened at the door: all was quiet, and catching up my baskets, I hurried into the nursery. The child slept soundly, and hardly stirred as I lifted him from his crib, and laid him down in the basket among the clothes. Then I threw some more over him, and with desperate strength lifted the basket, and carried it off to the laundry. As I put my burden down, the latch of this door was lifted, and my husband looked in. I pointed to the basket, and he stepped up to it, and tossed off the clothes. The child was roused, and turned partly round, but in an instant my husband had

caught him up, pressed him so close against his shoulder that he could neither struggle nor scream, and carried him away. I could bear no more, and catching up the little scarlet cloak which I had brought on purpose, I fled back, and threw it blindly into the stream, and as I did so, I heard the faint rattle of the wheels as the cart drove off. Then I remembered that the light was still burning in the laundry, and running back, I turned all the clothes on to the shelf, put out the lantern, locked the door, and returned to the house. It seemed as if a wild courage had come to me, for I went calmly to supper, and talked and laughed as though nothing had happened, till I saw her, and then, then I felt the agony that has never left me since. My wickedness did not even do me the poor service I had hoped, for the very next day I heard that my boy was dead. He had died while I was selling my very soul for his sake. Ah, how often I longed to tell, but dared not, for my husband told me I could never prove it, and should only be shut up as a mad woman, since I could not tell any one where to find the child. Then Mr. Ravensbourne came to England, and gave me a house and money, and sent for Sally; and he said the same things to me when he first came, and again after Sally's accident, and twice since when he has been here, for they have always doubted me, and dared not send me away out of their sight. Ah, I used to fear to see you, lest he should know; and then the thought of that dear lady's kindness to Sally was like a dagger to me. I have only seen my husband once for three years; for Mr. Ravensbourne thought it safe that he should go, and right glad he was to be rid of me.

There was a sound down stairs, and Mrs. Weston sprang up in bed. "Tell me," I said in agony, "only where the child is?"

Her eyes were glazing, and her breath came short: "He is at Stapleford, in Hampshire. They think I don't know; but it chanced that the post-boy one day gave me a letter that was meant for my husband, and I found out by that. Stay, look in your chest—in the left-hand corner there's a little box with a key in it."

I found it, and brought it to her. She lifted the lid, and within lay a worn letter. She passed it into my hand. "Take it, and find him out; and oh, forgive me, and be kind to my poor Sally."

I hastily called the child, for the woman was going fast, and did not know her. Once more she gasped: "Don't visit it on Sally; and five minutes after, she lay a corpse in my arms. I closed the eyes which had been looking so beseechingly into mine, composed her figure, and then turned to go, for I dared not delay a moment. I could not take the poor sobbing child with me, but promised to send some one at once; and then putting the precious letter in my bosom, I hurried out of the house. On I went as fast as my feet would go, meeting no one, till just as I crossed the stile one of the keepers passed near, and gave me good-morning. I had no voice to answer, and rushed on. At first, my mind was in such tumult that I could not think, and could scarcely feel, but gradually it grew more clear; and by the time I unlatched the garden-gate, I had decided what to do. I must go and find the child. Hampshire seemed like the Indies to me; still I knew it was near London, and I must go at once there. I dared not write or lose an hour, for Mr. Ravensbourne might hear of my visit. So I unlocked the house-door, and went straight to the kitchen, where Jessie was singing over her work. I only told her I must go at once on a journey, and begged her to ask no questions, and say nothing about it till I came back, only to take the greatest care of my lady. Then I went to my own room, counted my stock of money, made up a bundle of clothes, and last of all, knocked at my lady's door. She was awake, and standing by her bedside, I told her that I had just received news that would force me to leave her for a few days, and I asked her to spare at once—I saw her surprise.

"Can't you tell me about it, Hannah?" she asked.

"Not now, dear lady; some day perhaps I may, but I have no right to speak of it now; only I must make a long journey, and I have but very little money."

She pointed to the table. "There is my purse; use it as you like; only come back soon, and kiss me before you go."

I bent over her, and for a moment I could scarcely keep back my tears, as I looked in to her sweet sad face. I had no gloomy fears for her now. She could not be going to die. Just when I was bringing her back her child, I would not take a cart to Hillborough, lest it should raise a talk in the village; so I walked by quiet lanes as fast as I could, only stopping as I turned out of the main street, to beg a neighbor to go to the cottage in the park, for that Mrs. Weston had been very ill the night before. The sun shone brightly as I got into Hillborough, and in an hour's time a cart was carrying me towards York; while I leaned back, trying to believe that Gerald was indeed alive, and thinking of all that had happened. It seemed months since I had slept so quietly in my lady's room, and now how much there was still to be done. I must make my way to London, find Mr. Harrington, and get him to help; but oh! if I should not be in time; and again and again I looked back to see if I was followed. Late at night, we got into York. The coach started at six

o'clock in the morning, so till then I must wait; and finding a decent lodging, I tried to sleep. But it was hopeless; the thought that my lady might again be happy, that our darling was living, made me dizzy; and I paced the room, now picturing their meeting, now shuddering as I remembered Jasper Ravensbourne. His brother's words came to my mind, and I thought how little he had dreamed of such cruelty as this. At length the morning dawned, and we were off, and drawing every minute nearer to London. That day passed, and the night drew towards a close, and my mind was more at rest, for we were only forty miles from London. The twilight was drawing on, and I had closed my eyes, and leaned back to rest my aching head, when a shout from behind roused me. The coach drew to one side, a travelling-carriage with four horses dashed by, and within it sat, as I saw in that instant, Mr. Ravensbourne. The lamp shone full on his face; our eyes met, and I saw he knew me, and the next moment they were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The terrible despair of that moment I can never forget. To lose all when it was almost in my grasp; to feel that my journey, which had seemed so successful, was now hopeless was more than I could bear; and sick at heart, I pressed my forehead against the window as the coach rumbled on. Ten miles more, and then it stopped, and a rough country lad handed up a folded paper, calling out that a gentleman left it with him for a person in the coach. "Hannah Pearce" read out the guard, and I claimed it. Inside were these words: "My horses travel faster than yours. It is worse than useless for you to go on, since nothing would so instantly destroy the object of your journey." Should I take the warning? I shuddered at his threat; for I felt that now, on the brink of discovery, he would stop at nothing. Yet I could not return home without an effort. I took out the letter which I had carried in my bosom, and looked at it. It was ill-spelt and ill-written, and there was little in it beyond a demand for money for the child's keep, and at the end of the signature—"Redfern"—and the address: "Mr. Redfern, go on there, even if I arrived to late. I longed to scream—to lash the horses, the men, anything. Yet there I sat, my hands clenched, my eyes staring out into the darkness, while the coach crept on, oh, so slowly! It was night now, and we were close on London, when in the road before us I heard shouts, and saw lights gleaming. A number of dark figures were standing round a broken carriage and fallen horse, and as we drove up, one sprang forward from the group and hailed the driver. I did not hear his words, but I knew the voice well, and with intense thankfulness I heard the answer: "No room; after time." Another instant, and we were past. For a while I trembled lest we should stop for him, but no; the lights grew dim, and we were making our way to London, leaving Jasper Ravensbourne behind. I heard one of my fellow-passengers guess that if he were in haste the traveller would mount one of the horses, and ride on. I knew he might even now be close upon us, but I could think no more—all seemed a dream to me. I remember dimly springing from the coach, and nothing further, till I was following a guide through gloomy crowded streets. I suppose I had given him the right address, but I don't know, for all was mist till I stood in Mr. Harrington's dining-room, and told my tale. At first, I think, he fancied me mad; but when he had looked at the letters, he sprang up. "You have done well, nobly; but now not a minute must be lost." He rang, gave his orders, and in an hour he and I were on our way again. I was utterly worn out now, past fear or hope, as I leaned back hardly able even to answer Mr. Harrington's rapid questions. The gray morning light had dawned on us when his hand touched mine, and he said quietly: "We are at Stapleford; and I before to a peaceful country village that lay pointed to us. We drew up at the roadside inn; he inquired for any person bearing the name of Redfern, and they showed us a farmhouse on the hill-side. Then Mr. Harrington said he would go on alone, and left me sitting in the carriage.

My weariness was over now, and I sat up, every nerve quivering with impatience. Hours seemed to have passed over me, when I turned my head, for the sixth time, to look along the road we had travelled; and there, there on the brow of the hill was Mr. Ravensbourne's carriage. It was far off, but I knew the yellow wheels; and oh, if it should be here before we got off! The people of the house were his friends; they would never give up the boy if he resisted. I could not wait there; and bidding the postboy drive up the narrow lane towards the farmhouse, I sat staidly my eyes to the distant carriage. The lane was sheltered by trees, and they could scarcely see our chase, I knew, as yet; but they were coming on fast. What should I do? I dared not go up to the farm, lest they should suspect; but at last I heard welcome steps; there were voices, and Mr. Harrington turned the corner with another, who seemed a farmer, and between them walked the boy we had mourned for three years—taller, browner, and in different dress, but still my own little master. I dared make no sign, for the man was eyeing me with doubtful glances, while Mr. Harrington

quietly helped the boy in, and pressed something into the farmer's hand. Then he gave the order to drive on, and as we turned I saw the yellow wheels for an instant through the trees. We were just off, when the man called after us with a question. Mr. Harrington answered, and the carriage stopped: then it was off again, and we were driving down the lane. I clutched Mr. Harrington's hand, and hoarsely whispered: "He is coming up the lane; we can never get past, unless we turn another way." He understood it in a moment. A little further on was another lane, branching off to the right, and leading towards London. If we could only reach it in time! Mr. Harrington stood up, bade the postboy whip on his horses, and turn to the right, and galloping on; then we looked back. The yellow carriage passed the entrance to the lane before we were out of sight, but no one looked out of it, or saw us. We were safe! and falling back in the chaise, I faintly awoke.

It was long before I came to myself, feeling the cool air blowing on my brow, and Mr. Harrington's voice speaking kindly. I opened my eyes in bewilderment, and there sat my darling Gerald, looking at me with wondering frightened eyes. We were near London, but we had come by by-lanes part of the way, to avoid Mr. Ravensbourne. All was safe, as Mr. Harrington assured me; and I believed him. Gradually, the child seemed to know me, and clung to me when I kissed and fondled him, looking up at me with his mother's eyes. We settled that I should go home first to prepare my lady; and I started a night's rest at Mr. Harrington's, I started, and on the sixth evening after my departure, I again passed the little green gate, and oh, how happy I was! My lady gave a cry of pleasure at the sight of me, and holding out her hands, drew me to her. She asked a few questions, but I only said that all was right, and I would tell her to-morrow; and so we parted for the night, for I could not trust myself just then to speak the joyful news.

All the next morning, I kept as much as possible away from her, lest the strange joy in my manner should reveal anything too soon. I heard from Jessie that Mr. Ravensbourne had been away, and had not yet returned; but I said nothing to her, for I did not well know how much of the story to tell; so I went about my usual work, and attended on my lady till late in the day, and then I went into the parlor with my work, and sat down by her side. It was nearly sunset, and before evening closed, they would be with us; yet I knew not how to begin without a shock, which might kill her, for now, as I looked in her face, I felt how little she could bear. The first words were from her. "Now, Hannah, tell me about your journey." I said that I had been called to see one whom I had never hoped to meet again. It had been a great joy, a great surprise; and I went on to say how startling even a glad surprise sometimes was—how much better it would be if we were prepared for anything. She answered me quietly, and I saw that my words did not come home to her, and I was troubled. Then I tried afresh, saying that a little surprise was waiting for her, as Mr. Harrington would be with her that evening. I had met him in town, and he wanted to see her on business. She answered that she should be glad, for he was always kind. "Indeed he is," I said; "and he has grieved sorely for you. He was speaking to me yesterday, trying to check the trembling of my voice, and he said how strange it was that nothing had ever been found. He said it sometimes gave him hope."

My lady's hand was on my arm instantly, and she whispered hoarsely: "Hannah, how can you talk of hope! Do you forget my anguish because I bear it silently? How can you be so cruel?" And leaning forward, she covered her face with her hands. My eye fell on the clock; it pointed to seven; in ten minutes they would be here; yet she was the first to speak. "Forgive me, Hannah; but you don't know what terrible suffering it is, I have tried to be resigned, but I cannot speak of hope."

"Dear madam," I said, "I would not speak of it without cause—but such strange things happen; the lost come home, and the dead are found alive."

There was a sound of coming wheels, and my heart beat like a hammer. My lady looked at me with strange light in her blue eyes. "Hannah," and her voice was almost fierce, "you know something—you have heard of my child?"

The wheels came nearer, then stopped, and bending over her, I said: "I do know. He is not drowned—he is alive and well." I looked up; two figures stood in the doorway. "Is he here, dear lady; speak to him."

With a wild cry, she started to her feet, and that same minute Mr. Harrington put the boy into her arms. There was a dead silence, and when she lifted her face, it was almost ghastly. "Where am I? I asked slowly. "Is he alive? Am I alive?" She asked again, "Is he here? Speak to him."

She repeated, as we told her; and then she stooped over him with passionate kisses and hungry looks at the bright boy-face. Suddenly she tottered. "How was it? Tell me! Oh, I am dying," and as I threw my arm round her, she fell almost senseless against me.

I laid her on the sofa, bathed her temples, and then as life came slowly back to her, I whispered to Mr. Harrington that it would be best to leave her alone with her boy. So

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two crept away, and left him sitting close by her side. His cousin had told him much, and his blue eyes were full of pity and softness as he watched her. We went and sat on the stairs, listening anxiously, but all was quiet, and after a while I went to the door, and looked in. My lady lay, with a radiant smile on her white face, listening to the child's talk, and never turning her eyes from him, and I left them again. When I came to look the second time, the boy had fallen asleep with his head against her arm, and she was watching him, her eyes bright with excitement. I dared not disturb her, and yet I feared, I feared. Once more I peeped in, and this time her head had fallen back on the pillow, and she slept calmly, with a half-smile upon her placid face. So we left them together all that night; and the next morning, pale though she was, there was a smile upon her lip and a sparkle in her eye which I had not seen for many a day. That morning, a letter was brought me; I opened it, and read: "You have triumphed at last, but I have had a long revenge for old insults and injuries. I shall not return to Ravensbourne. You will hear of me no more.—J. R." When I showed this to my lady, she only said that she was happy, and forgave him, now that she had her boy again. In a few weeks we all went back to Ravensbourne. For the sake of the family honor, my lady wished that little should be told, and nothing was ever known certainly in the village but that the boy whom we had thought drowned, had been found alive and far away from home. For fourteen happy years we lived at Ravensbourne, and then my dear lady died in her own home, and with her son beside her. After that, I came to live at the lodge, for Mr. Gerald said I must never work again, and he always comes once a week to see me when he is at Ravensbourne. Sally Weston came with me. She had always lived at the Hall in the lady's care till her death, and she was very fond of us both. Before her we never spoke of old times.

I suppose it must have been eight years after we went back to Ravensbourne, that a letter came in a strange handwriting from America. It was written by a backwoodsman, to say that one who had worked as his comrade was lately dead, and that an old pencil had been found on him bearing the name of Jasper Ravensbourne, Ravensbourne Park. No one had known anything of him, so they wrote to Ravensbourne; and this was the last we ever heard of him.

Murmuring.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It hadn't always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never set down a moment to read, that James didn't want a doughnut, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in the penitentiary," I said one day, "than have my life teased out so," as James knicked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash—one chair less to set away by the walls in the dining-room; when James's little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp November morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at other times. By-and-by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out the metallic croup. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when husband came home, he went for a doctor. At first, he seemed to help him; but it merged into inflammatory croup, and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now, and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her, without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no whittlings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary worn mothers to me. "Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there's no muddy little boots to dirty it now." But my face is weary as theirs—wearied with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight—wearied with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck—for the curls that brushed against my cheek—mine, as we watched the blazing coal-fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall waiting merrily together for papa to come home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price! And when I see mothers with grown-up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I think what might have been, had I murmured less at the providence of God. Reader—young mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt to say with the writer—"I will be more patient with my little ones; I will murmur less."—*Arthur's Home Magazine*.

"How is the market, neighbor?" "Very quiet." "Anything doing in cheese?" "Not a mite."

Mignonette as a Tree.

Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants produced from seeds. Pull up all but one; and as mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without any delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot you must attach to a slender stick of white osier. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of flower buds, that must be cut off entirely, leaving not a single bud. The stalk, in consequence of this treatment, will put out a multitude of young shoots, that must be allowed to develop freely until they are about three inches and a half long. Then select out of these four, six, or eight, according to the strength of the plant, with equal spaces between them. Now, with a slender rod of white osier, or better, with a piece of whalebone, make hoop and attach your shoots to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom, support them by a second hoop like the first. Let them bloom; but take off the seed pods before they come to form, or the plant may perish. It will not be long before new shoots will appear just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots, choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little, the principal stalk, and also the branches, will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be an herbaceous plant, except at its upper extremities, which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, living for an indefinite period; for, with proper treatment, a tree mignonette will live twelve to fifteen years. I have seen them in Holland double this age.—*Parlor Gardener*.

A Carrot Poutlice.

"Over here in Connecticut," writes a genial friend, "we have two great, not too great, blessings: a couple of doctors, one who preaches and one who practices. The Rev. Dr. —, our worthy pastor, has one weakness: he is often sent for, in the way of his profession, to visit and console the sick, and having once experienced the benefit of a carrot poutlice, he recommends it for everything. Our village medical doctor is sadly annoyed by this interference; for the people think so much of the minister they will follow his advice, and all the more about their bodies than their souls. Dr. Pills come in and finds that the rheumatic patient has a carrot poutlice; and the typhus fever has a carrot poutlice; and the pleurisy has the same; and the sore throat has the same; and he is out of all patience with the minister who thus bothers him in his business.

"Last winter we had a parish meeting to devise ways and means to repair the church-bell, which was unhappily cracked by a sudden blow one frosty morning. The worthy minister learnedly discoursed on the subject, and said it could not be mended: it must be taken down and recast, or it would never ring again. Then up rose Dr. Pills, and moved that before giving up the bell as lost they should try what virtue there is in a carrot poutlice. Everybody in town, he said, that was a little cracked, was using it, and he would like to see it tried.

"The bit was palatable, and produced an audible smile throughout the serious assembly. The minister had sense enough to take the joke, and from that time onward he has let sick people get well without the aid of his carrot poutlice."

Dr. Mead was at one time the greatest of all the London doctors, and was assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward, Professor of Physic at the Gresham College. The doctors met, a fight ensued with swords.—Mead desisted his adversary, and ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never, till I am your patient!"

Under the circumstances, that is as good as anything we ever heard.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines this type) one insertion, \$5.00
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 3.00
Each subsequent insertion, 30 cents
One square one year, 50.00
One square six months, 25.00
One square three months, 15.00
Half a square one year, 25.00
Half a square six months, 12.50
Half a square three months, 7.50
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted, 15 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

For all advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANFIELD.
Woburn—E. T. MOODY.
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.

Reading—THOMAS RICHMONDS.
S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston, are authorized to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns and villages around Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

The weather of the last few days warns us that the heats of summer are soon to be upon us, if, indeed they have not already arrived. They admonish us also that there will soon be need of every aid that our patriotism and our humanity can make us willing to render for the amelioration of the sufferings of those who are under arms in an oppressive climate and a sickly region of the country.

Accounts come in from all quarters of the sickness that begins to increase in the Union camps. The Confederate soldiers are probably suffering as much as our own; still this is but a poor consolation, and will tend very little to soothe or to heal the poor soldier who has fallen a victim to the deleterious water of Tennessee, the ague of Arkansas, or the deadly fever of New Orleans, and the sands and marshes along the coasts of the too sunny South.

Hunter begins to throw laborious camp duties upon the negroes, for the reason that any heavy work performed by the whites causes an alarming increase of disease among them. A letter from St. Louis which we have seen, speaks of the heat being tempered to the secessionists of that city by the daily sight of "boat loads of Halleck's sick soldiers brought up from below." That General himself complains that many of his men are unfit for duty.

There is a wide field for the philanthropy of the North; the best possible chance for those whose age, or sex, or circumstances shut them out from service and the field, to render efficient aid to the country; to show their own love for the cause, and to be ministers of mercy to men in dire need of help and comfort. The suffering must be great at the best; any thing less than the best will be terrible for the sufferers, and will be disgraceful to us.

We doubt not that this matter will be presented to the public by many able pens, and we doubt not that the people only need to know what is wanted and how the want is to be supplied before taking every possible means to meet the exigency. Probably every General for the next few months will be at liberty to devote his efforts to the preservation of his men's health; for we anticipate that the duties of the field will not be very onerous until the hot months have passed. If however it should be the policy of government to carry on active operations, despite the heat, and the consequent sickness among the troops, there will be all the more reason for the benevolent efforts of the people. And if the forces shall be kept quiet during the summer the need will still be great. Doubtless the various Sanitary Boards and Sanitary Commissions will reduce the whole affair to some systematic form, and nothing that may be bestowed will be misapplied or wasted.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.—James F. Baldwin, Esq., of 128 Fremont street, Boston, and formerly of Woburn, died suddenly after taking his morning walk, on Tuesday last. The Transcript says of him, "Mr. Baldwin belonged to a family which has been famous for its engineering talent, and during his active business life, was connected, in a professional capacity, with many of the most important public works in this vicinity. He was one of the Water Commissioners for the introduction of the Cochituate into the city, and to his calm judgment and calculation our citizens owe much of the success of that undertaking. It may be said of him that he most faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled every duty, and that in his death the whole public have met with a loss. He was upwards of 80 years of age."

IMPROVEMENTS.—As our town fathers are busy making street improvements in this vicinity, we hope they will not take it amiss if we call their attention to the crossing facing Mr. A. E. Thompson's store. If they will look at it at a moment, they will see that it needs raising and other repairs. In muddy walking the stones are hardly discernible.

CLOTHING.—Mr. G. R. Gage has in store, a large assortment of cloths for summer wear. Gentlemen who admire a comely exterior, will find Mr. Gage's goods just the thing to select from, and will receive at his hand a good fit.

General Hunter.

Mr. Lincoln has not written the most eloquent proclamations that have appeared during the war. Perhaps, indeed, he can hardly be called an eminent man of words. There are many men of many kinds to whom he has to succumb.

The democrat and the emancipationist have both beaten him there. Butler has written documents longer and better sounding, and Phelps's production was in every way remarkable. Several Governors of States too, have, evidently taken pains, and have done "excellent well."

But the President has been most successful, and no one of his messages or proclamations has been better received, or better deserved endorsement, than the recent paper directed against General Hunter.

Let us think what we will of the doctrine laid down in it in reference to the governmental policy. As to that there is room for an honest difference of opinion; and there are to be found men of perfect honor and honesty of sound judgments, and of comprehensive minds holding opinions on this question diametrically opposite to each other.

But will any man say that a general in the field, a soldier hired to do a certain work and to do nothing else, has any right to utter a proclamation which is in direct opposition to the openly expressed policy of the National government?

It is a piece of bad taste that deserved a severer rebuke even than the one administered by the President, and a piece of assumption that we hope will yet receive such a fitting punishment that army officers will hereafter feel willing to perform their duties without also taking on themselves the work of the President, the Senate and the House of Representatives.

DEATH OF DEACON UHAR MANNING.—This venerable and aged man died on Thursday last. About three years ago he was seized with a paralytic shock, since which time he has, more or less, been confined to his house, being totally unfit for business or active duty of any kind. He was a prominent and worthy member of the First Cong. Church, and has done much in times past, toward the prosperity of the society. Deacon Manning was an upright and whole-souled citizen, and ever willingly lent his aid to every object that was for the good of the community.

His funeral will be attended from the Congregational Church to-day at 3 o'clock. Rev. Jonathan Edwards, his former pastor, will conduct the exercises.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Monday morning last, Timothy Desmond, was found dead on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, near Gilmore's Bridge in Somerville. It is supposed that he was lying near the track and was struck in the head by the locomotive of the early outward freight train, but the engineer of that train knew nothing about it.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mrs. Prescott Tay of North Woburn, died suddenly on Saturday evening last. She was on a visit to the library, when she complained of feeling ill, and was at once taken to the house of Dr. Seales, where she died almost immediately upon reaching it. The cause of her death was apoplexy.

TEMPERANCE.—On Monday evening last, a meeting was held in the Baptist Vestry for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society. After transacting some minor business, and appointing a Committee to prepare a plan of organization, the meeting adjourned to meet next Monday evening at the same place, when the report of that Committee will be presented and the Society organized. All interested are invited to be present.

Mr. George E. Whiting, late organist of the First Cong. Church in this town, sailed from New York for Europe, on Wednesday of last week. He intends to spend some time in London as a student of Best, the celebrated English organist, after which he will proceed to Germany, visiting all the principal musical conservatories of that country.

PREACHING TO-MORROW.—Rev. Mr. Clarke of Brooklyn, N. Y., will preach in the First Cong. Church to-morrow; and Rev. Dr. Flinders of Concord, N. H., in the Baptist Church.

BITTEN BY A DOG.—Capt. Livingstone, was severely bitten in the arm by a dog, on Thursday last week. The dog belonged to Maj. F. J. Pierce.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, contains some very interesting articles, all by talented authors. This number commences the thirtieth year of this magazine, and the publishers promise for the future more than they have accomplished in the past. Harper has always been a welcome visitor to thousands of homes, and has imparted much valuable information to its readers as well as amusement and satisfaction.

TO BUSINESS MEN.—Nowhere in Boston can you get a better dinner, than at Jameson & Richardson's, in Spring Lane. Their tables are spread with everything the market affords, and an epicure can always have his dainty appetite tastefully satisfied at their establishment.

HORSE RAILROAD GUIDE.—B. B. Russell, of 516 Washington st., Boston, has published a neat little pocket "Horse Railroad Guide for Boston and Vicinity." It is a handy companion for the traveller, giving him all the information concerning Horse Railroads he needs. Price 3 cents.

Geo. P. Elliot of Billerica, has been appointed Inspector of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury.

WORDEN FUND.—The sum collected by Mr. Flint in this town, for this fund, leads the van.

The Contrabands.

These neglected individuals are suffering for want of clothing, and the ladies are called upon in the following letter to contribute such articles as they can. There is great need for instant endeavors, as the number is daily increasing. The Woburn Soldiers' Aid Society, have turned their attention to this subject, and will now labor for the good of these deserving and needy creatures, upon whom the sunlight of holy freedom is now shining for the first time in their lives. In lifting them from degradation to the level of men, with the privilege to think and act for themselves, it is our duty to press upon them the difference existing between their former and present conditions by bestowing upon both mind and body all the judicious treatment in our power, thus implanting in their bosoms from the first hour of their real life, the germ of free institutions and christian benevolence.

ST. SIMONS BAY, GEO., May 14th, 1862.

DEAR SIR:—When we were here before, we planted a colony of contrabands on F. Butler King's estate, which is situated on St. Simon's Island, three miles from the main land. We left in his splendid buildings forty-eight contrabands, and when we came back we found that they had increased to over two hundred, of all ages and sexes. They have of course been under the protection of our gunboats; but last week seen, tried to get a force on the island and run the negroes off, but they were prevented by our boats. We found many tools, and cattle and horses in abundance on the island, and they now have got planted about sixty acres of corn, beans, and sweet potatoes. It was too late to plant cotton. Now all these two hundred or more (for they are increasing every day), of all ages, have nothing to eat, except what we furnish them. They have no clothing except a very scanty supply of the poorest kind, and they must soon suffer for the want of more, indeed, they suffer now. I want to ask you, sir, notwithstanding all that the ladies at home are doing for charitable objects, whether they cannot do something for these poor things—in the way of sending some articles of clothing—thin clothing of almost any kind, either new or old, for male or female, for young or old.

Direct boxes or packages thus: Clothing for Contrabands, Georgetown, St. Simon's Island, Geo., by way of Port Royal, S. C. (By Adams' Express).

Yours, most respectfully,
JEFFERSON FORD.

TO OUR BROTHERS OF THE PRESS.—During the present week we have received an advertisement, with weekly notices, from a firm in Boston, to be inserted three weeks, for—well, a paltry pittance; you most likely know how much, and the particular one to which we refer. This is not the worst of the matter. It is a bad precedent, and a downright speculation at the expense of the publishers and one of the very best advertising agencies in the country—one that has done more for the country press than all others combined. Is it policy for us to take the business out of this Agency's hands and work below living rates? We think not. That firm may send us \$6 worth of advertising in a year, this Agency sends us \$100 or \$150 worth. When we publish advertisements at the rate offered for the one in question, it will be when principle is worth nothing, and when we have to choose between that offer and going to the poor-house. One moment's consideration of the subject on your part, will make apparent our object in calling your attention to it.

We wonder if some parents in this vicinity are aware of the amount of money which their sons—and some daughters too—spend daily for sweetmeats, &c., &c.? If they do, then their treasury is beyond depletion; if they don't, then they ought to "keep their eyes and ears open," because they might by so doing, see and hear something to their advantage and also their children's. We do not, by any means, make this suggestion through a desire to interfere with other people's business, but when children spend money enough to keep a small family in provisions, we begin to think that there must be a great leak somewhere, that parents know nothing of. Money left laying round carelessly is a great temptation, and as every boy of ten—haven't we set it too high?—has his "girl," he considers it his duty to "treat" her well; this idea he takes from his seniors, and consequently is not so much to blame when you consider the spirit of the age and reflect that men are imitative animals. In this school he would learn fast enough, were he allowed to get thoroughly out of his swaddling clothes before beginning his course of study, for it is something that boys take to very naturally.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, in commenting upon this statesmanlike document, says:

The beneficial, parental character of our government is thus made still more evident, and rebellion deprived of all excuse. But we must be permitted to say that there has, in our judgment, been quite enough of mildness and tenderness in dealing with this rebellion, alike with respect to such of the rebels as have fallen into our hands and dealing with them and their property, the services of their slaves included. It is about time to show the insurgents that our government has both the will and the power to punish crimes of such turpitude as theirs; that confiscation is not to be left on their side; that rebellion itself is an enormous wrong, for which no penalties are too severe; and that barbarians and savages, such as many of the rebels have proved themselves to be, are not forever to be cowed, but must and shall be coerced into good behavior.

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT ANY SOLDIER can be so foolish as to leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT & PILLS? Whoever does so will deeply regret it. These medicines are the only certain cure for Bowel Complaints, Fevers, Sores and Scoury. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

The following letter is from Mr. E. P. Stone formerly of Woburn. It was received by his brother, Mr. W. A. Stone, who kindly loaned it to us for publication:—

CAMP OF VETERANS, on the road to Richmond, May 14, 1862.

We are now encamped on a very large clover field, of the estate where Gen. Washington stopped three days a courting, during his military career,—a place called the White House, at the head of navigation on the Pamunky River, twenty-three miles from Richmond. I could form no estimate of the number of troops in sight, if I were to try. We have made but a short march to day and may yet go farther before night, or we may stop a day or two. Within a few days I have had some thorough experience in forward marches and bivouacs, and can lie down on the wet ground at night with my clothes and blankets wet through, no tent or fire, and only a sea cracker and piece of raw meat for food, and muddy water for drink, guns roaring and shells bursting close around me, and after being soaked all night by the rain from above and the mud beneath, wake as much refreshed as ever I was by a night's rest in your luxurious chamber.

I cannot tell you of that dreadful night when the Sixth made its terrible charge near Lee's Mill. I shudder to remember the awful sights and more awful roar of the battle. For at least twenty-four hours after that I was constantly busy with my own boys—well and happy an hour before—now wounded, dying and dead. The last we buried among the bones of Revolutionary soldiers. Though our regiment was much exposed during all the battle of Williamsburg, we did not lose a man, and after the battle I spent my time with the hundreds of the enemy's dead and wounded on the field where Hancock's Brigade made such havoc. One of the regiments that suffered most was the 5th N. C., and in it was a company from Wilson. And among the wounded were several of my old neighbors who recognized me. Two lieutenants, who were our pupils at Wilson, were on the field, one mortally wounded, the other, a son of a Mr. Clarke, formerly from New Hampshire, was dead. I have several times had the pleasure of meeting old Woburn neighbors since the grand advance commenced. E. P. S.

PREPARED FOR DISASTER.—The correspondent of the World, with the Army of Gen. Halleck before Corinth, says:

"That we may be prepared for any untoward occurrence, such as a stampede, a reverse, or an attempt on the part of the rebels to pierce our lines, our men have been engaged busily yesterday and to-day in erecting a strong line of breastworks formed of timber and branches covered with dirt, which are again masked so as to conceal them from the view of the enemy. The most commanding positions have been seized, the first line about eight miles from Corinth. With a cleared space in front and guns placed in commanding positions, the enemy cannot approach our line without being subjected to a murderous fire."

THE MERRIMAC.—Some deserters from the Merrimac, who have arrived at Philadelphia, state that three hours were consumed in landing the men from the Merrimac after it was determined to destroy her. While the process of landing was going on, every preparation was being made to insure the utter and entire destruction of the vessel. Tar, oil, fat and grease of every kind, and everything of a combustible nature that could be obtained, was spread over the decks and in the most available places, in order that no possibility could exist of the vessel escaping complete destruction. Com. Tatnall, and First Lieut. Jones, with two of the crew, were the last to leave, having remained to set fire to the combustibles. About forty of the crew, Northern men, deserted on getting ashore. The vessel is reported to have burned an hour and a half before exploding.

STATE OF GEN. MCCLELLAN'S ARMY.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says:

"A gentleman of much observation and experience, who has just returned from the peninsula, and has had an opportunity to observe minutely the condition of General McClellan's army and his preparations, reports that no anxiety need be entertained about his success. The army is in splendid condition, the preparations for the forward movement are complete in every detail, and the occupation of Richmond by Gen. McClellan, in a few days—whatever obstacles the rebels may offer—may be regarded as beyond a shadow of doubt."

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—When the bill to provide for the protection of the American eagle came up in the House of Representatives of Minnesota, on its third reading, Mr. Severance, the author of the bill, arose in its defense, and, according to the St. Paul Pioneer, addressed the House as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, I have only to say that any man who will in any way injure or take the life of our national bird, is mean enough to carry rotten sardines in the same pocket with fine cut tobacco, and pass the same around on the ace of spades at the communion table; or would empty the canteen of a rebel prisoner, and sit upon it and whistle a confederate air through the key hole of Washington's tomb."

THE SEASON AT NEWPORT will this year be uncommonly fashionable and attractive. Many families have already arrived, and Baltimore will be more largely represented than ever before. The Atlantic House has again been leased by Government for three months for the Naval School. The people of Newport hope that the School will be permanently located there. Many cottages have already been rented, some at higher rates than before, and several opulent families, who have never passed a season there before, have signified their intention to take up a summer residence.

LINE OF BATTLE.—Gen. Halleck's army is said to extend twelve miles in front of the enemy. McClellan's army is in possession of the whole Pamunky river valley, while the rebels have the Chickahominy. The scouts and pickets of the two armies range along for twenty or thirty miles upon the ridges between the rivers, at many times within speaking distance of each other. Generals McClellan and Halleck have the opportunity of advancing their names in the list of military heroes.

Parson Brownlow is reaping a golden harvest. Not less than \$2500 came from his effort at the Academy of Music, New York. The meeting at Brooklyn yielded about \$1200, and he will average about \$1000 a lecture. He is to have \$10,000 for the copyright of his coming book, and, on the whole, will come out of the campaign with a full purse.

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of Chicago, started last week for Pittsburg Landing with his effort at the Academy of Music, New York. The steamer he took so much whisky to correct the river water that he became crazy drunk. When sober he immediately returned to Chicago, resigned his church, and his resignation was accepted.

The Commercial Bank of Canada has obtained a verdict for \$1,100,000 against the Great Western Railway Company, for money furnished for the completion of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway, it being held that the Great Western Company was the real creditor in the transaction.

Ericsen has established a new Monitorial school, in which nations are the pupils. It remains to be seen whether England, France or America will be his best scholar.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURE.—Parker Pillsbury, Esq., of Concord, N. H., delivered an address in the Lower Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening last, upon the cause of the War and how to end it. He was introduced to the meeting by Mr. Wellington, and commenced by remarking, that the subject of Anti-Slavery had been very little discussed in this town. He came among them as a stranger, not knowing scarcely any one present, with a strange subject, and his position was therefore a little embarrassing. There was a sense, however, in which we should not be strangers. It was a matter which concerned all, and should have common interest in its discussion. We are in the midst of a civil war. How shall we make it serve to humanity and how best end it? It was too serious a question to discuss, and no man living was competent to do justice to it.

The Abolitionists have for the last thirty years, been seeking to remove that which has been the overthrow of every Government that has sustained it. Instances were cited by the speaker in support of this assertion. This was owing to the simple reason, that there is an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery; a conflict which cannot be suppressed, but which must end in the destruction of one or the other. Either there must be all free or else all slave States. It was a principle enunciated by the great Lawgiver of the Universe Jefferson, fifty years ago, Clay twenty-five years ago, and recently President Lincoln, and Secretary Seward, have proclaimed the same sentiments. These men are all agreed upon this one point, that there must be an irrepressible conflict between these two elements in society. It is irrepressible, because founded in nature, in a law which man did not make and in consequence cannot be put aside. God has put these two elements asunder, freedom and slavery, and therefore they cannot exist. The old Jewish sacrifices could not save that people from the captivity of Babylon and the destruction of Jerusalem. Not all the sacred streams which flowed from Calvary could atone for the sin which this nation is committing in enslaving one of the least of these children. God has decreed that sin shall work out its own retribution. The French Revolution was cited by the speaker, as a striking instance of the result of violating God's laws. Think you this war came unnoted by the great Sovereign of the Universe? Myriads of his children have gone to the grave, the victims of Slavery. Thirty years ago he sent among this people, prophets, priests, and others to forewarn them of the disastrous effects of a persistence in the support of this system of slavery. The nation does not yet seem to feel or realize the cause of this war. We are not so far ahead as France was in the days of the Revolution. She in her darkness and ignorance, when God was dethroned, and reason placed in his stead, was far in the advance in the great duties of this nation who has its professed basis upon the religion of the Bible exemplified in its millions of professing christians, who profess to be actuated by its pure precepts and desire to carry out its ennobling doctrines in human life. France abolished Slavery, notwithstanding she ignored the Divine Author of all good, which this nation with all its religious institutions are not prepared or willing to have done.

The moment a people loses sight of the great laws which pervade the universe, then they will not go forward in the work of civilization. The Abolitionists were the only ones that were not practical Atheists. They had illustrated their examples the great truths of the Bible, and for this they had been condemned and persecuted. There was not a fact in Astronomy or Chemistry that has not been at some time termed a damnable heresy, and their promulgators been called to suffer persecution and imprisonment. What has been the great controversy between the Abolitionists and the political parties or the church? It was on account of two gospels, one a gospel of freedom, the other a gospel of slavery. The church has sided with the Government; the Abolitionists as a body recognize a higher

law than the Constitution. What have the Abolitionists demanded for the last twenty-five years? Simply, that the church should keep that law which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least." Who are considered the least among God's children? Chattel slaves. We ask the church to carry out her own doctrines and make pure the hem of her garments. For thirty years the struggle has been going on. What is the result. The destruction of the Church North and South while the pulpit is now called upon for chaplains to pray for success in hewing to pieces these very men with whom we have drunk the sacramental cup. The church has recognized the Constitution as the higher law, and having been faithless to its high behests sees its results.

How to end the war,—repent of the sin which caused it. Wendall Phillips in his lecture on the "Lost Arts" should include one other, "Repentance." The course of the Government was seen in their treatment of Fremont, and Hunter, in their emancipation proclamations. Is that the way to end the war. No, remove that which every one admits to be the cause. On the first of July next, the Government will owe a debt of six hundred millions of dollars. The retreat of the rebels at Manassas and Yorktown was more of a strategy than the possession of those places by our forces. The hot season approaching would kill thousands of our young braves and shall we hesitate to strike a blow at the vital part of this rebellion. Not until we do it, can we hope for final success. Mr. Pillsbury spoke about an hour and a half, and was listened to with good attention by the adult portion of the audience. I regret to advise a disposition on the part of the older boys to attend this and other meetings seemingly for the purpose of disturbing the proceedings. For their own sakes and that of the town, it is to be hoped, that they will stay away from the meetings or else behave themselves when present. If they do not like the meetings let them stay away, and not have strangers who may chance to lecture among us, go away with such a bad opinion of the Winchester boys. It will be necessary to stop such doings in future, and if these young gentlemen cannot show better manners, they may have an opportunity elsewhere to give an account of their action and receive its penalty.

REMOVALS.—Our fellow townsman, Mr. Philip Kelley, has sold the premises for some years owned and occupied by him, to Wm. H. Chandler, of the firm of Hazin and Chandler, Printers, Boston. Mr. C. has four brothers doing business in the city who will occupy the house with him. While we regret to lose our friend Kelley, we yet are glad that he has provided such good substitutes and that we are to have in his place these gentlemen well known and respected in the city where they have resided. The house referred to is a beautiful residence, finely located, and such a place as would be desirable for most any one.

Two other persons are said to be in want of houses and will probably find such as will suit their wants soon. It is cheering to chronicle these demands for residences in our town, and it is to be hoped that others will come with us who may wish to enjoy the beautiful scenery and healthful atmosphere which abound here.

Joseph F. Clark, Esq., a member of the Suffolk Bar, formerly a resident of Andover, but more recently of the city, has hired for a year the premises formerly owned by N. P. Wiggin on Prince st., and moved into the same.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.—Under this head "Wayfarer" of Winchester, in last week's Journal, made some appropriate remarks, touching an important matter. An additional suggestion may not be out of place, for where towns have not already instructed their Selectmen in the premises, the inhabitants need not feel that they cannot have obstructions removed or nuisances abated until the next town meeting. Chapter 18, Section 31 of the revised Statutes provides that, "at the annual meeting every town shall choose from the inhabitants thereof, one or more surveyors of highways." Then it is made the duty of the Selectmen before the first day of May, to assign to each surveyor, when more than one surveyor is chosen, the limits and divisions of the highways and townways to be kept in repair by him. Chapter 44, Section 8, defines in part, their powers. "Surveyors of highways may cut down or lop off trees and bushes, and dig up and remove whatever obstructs or encumbers a highway or townway, or hinders, or incommodes, or endangers persons travelling thereon," &c. Whenever any particular case of obstruction is brought to the notice of the surveyor it becomes his business forthwith to give attention to it; and if he should not, a gentle admonition from the Selectmen might quicken his sense of duty, they being, ex-officio, a sort of superintending, or advising Committee in all town affairs. Should neither be effectual, an additional stimulus might be imparted by reference to the penalties provided in the 75th and 76th Sections of the 18th Chapter of the Revised Statutes.

WHO IS AT FAULT?—On Friday and Saturday last week, all the loose stones on the streets near the Post Office, and North and South of it, were gathered, and those not loose were dug up and put in piles at short distances from each other, and there they were permitted to remain over Sunday, Monday, &c., much to the annoyance of the lovers of neatness, and to the danger of those who have the misfortune to travel dark nights. It is very commendable in the surveyor to have those stones gathered, but it can hardly be supposed that they remained so long in such a place as a thoroughfare, with his consent. It can be accounted for if the work was entrusted to others, and not under his particular direction.

LAST SATURDAY we experienced the "Line Gale," and may I never witness such a scene again. The wind ripped up the tents as though they had been feathers. The rain poured down in perfect sheets, and the lightning was one continued flash. Suddenly at about 14 o'clock in the morning, we observed an unusually bright flash, accompanied by a report similar to that of a Riffed Cannon close to our ears. In about three minutes, a guard entered our tent, which we expected every moment would be torn up, and informed us that the lightning had struck the Guard Tent, which was shivered to pieces, and had instantly killed three of our men, one of whom was on guard duty at the time. We hastened to the scene of the catastrophe, and found his words too true; three of our best men lay on the ground in the embrace of death. The poor fellows never knew what hurt them. The names of the killed are as follows—M. McQuillon, of Cambridgeport, P. Dermott of Lowell, both of whom were married but a short time before their enlistment, and D. J. Wheeler, of Roxbury.

In the account of the funeral services of Charles Thompson at the Universalist church last week there was an omission of part of a sentence. It should have read, "Music by the Band, Reading Selections from Scripture by Rev. D. W. Phillips Prayer by Rev. E. A. Eaton, and addresses by Rev. E. A. Eaton, and Rev. Mr. Squire of Stoneham." M.

Extracts from the diary of Albert H. Sweetser, of the 31st Mass. Regiment, who has just returned from Ship Island. A letter from him, written at Port Royal, was published in the Journal some weeks ago.

THURSDAY, March 13, '62.

Sailed from Seabrook's Plantation, Port Royal, for Ship Island. We were sorry to leave so pretty a spot for the less inviting regions of Ship Island. While we remained at Seabrook's Plantation, we lived in the cabins of the negroes belonging to the estate, of whom there is a large number. Their mode of obtaining meal is similar to that practiced by the ancients, viz.: by means of a hand mill. At about 8 o'clock, A. M., the negro women may be seen marching towards the old mill, each with a large basket of corn on her head. The mill resembles, externally, a dilapidated hen coop, and is not much larger. On entering the mill, we find a stationary stone, firmly fixed in a framework about three feet from the ground, and a revolving stone of the same size immediately above it, so that, by drawing out a peg, the upper stone is made to meet the lower. A crank is affixed from the upper stone, into a beam above. The negroes enter, two at a time, pour their corn into a receptacle near the centre of the upper stone, and then, taking hold of the crank, turn away lustily. The corn, when ground, though not so fine as our own, produces meal as white as snow, which they make into Hoe Cakes, and sell them to the soldiers.

Arrived at Ship Island, this morning, and a more desolate spot cannot well be imagined. The Island is about five miles long, and from one to three miles wide, and is, with the exception of a small clump of stunted trees, at the upper end, a tract of white sand, with not a twig, or shrub of any kind to vary the monotony of the scene. Upon this Island are encamped 16,000 men, a great many of whom are sick from the intense heat, which I never knew equalled. The Hospitals are full, and five or six soldiers die daily.

MONDAY, March 24th.

Three rebels deserted from Biloxi, and came over to Ship Island in a sailboat. The gunboat New London ran out to meet them and took them on board; two women, one had an infant in her arms, and one man. They represent affairs as deplorable at Biloxi. Flour selling at \$25.00 per barrel, and difficult to obtain at that.

TUESDAY, March 25th.

Gen. Williams, hearing that a famous rebel Battery from New Orleans had been sent down to the South Western coast of Biloxi, to guard the coast, and watch our movements, took six companies from our regiment, my own among the number, also two companies from the Wisconsin 4th, and went over to the gunboats, New London and Kanawa, to repulse them, in which we succeeded beyond our expectations, as we had hardly formed into line, preparatory to attack, having sent one half our force through a growth of timber to the rear, before there were strong symptoms of Seceah evacuating the premises, which, on our advancing, they did, having spiked a portion of their guns. On their retreat they were met by our force in the rear, which spread a perfect panic through the ranks of the enemy, as we had them perfectly enclosed. We took 42 prisoners. Some were injured by sabre cuts, as were also four or five of our men, but not seriously. But two shots were fired by the Battery, both of which passed harmlessly over our heads. After taking a short survey of the place, we returned to Ship Island with the prisoners, and guns of the Battery. The prisoners will soon be released on taking the oath of allegiance. I have in my possession the sword belonging to the 3d Sergt. of the Battery, who is among the prisoners.

WEDNESDAY, March 26th.

A large rebel gunboat has run out from Lake Ponchartrain, to within about ten miles of Ship Island, and fired a gun, which is understood to be an invitation to fight. The New London immediately started in pursuit, and after half an hour of smart sailing came up with the rebel, when both opened a heavy fire, which lasted four hours, and resulted in the total repulse of the rebel boat, which sank in a few moments after the fight ceased, being

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Office, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

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Disease, upon the principles of Inoscent, medical

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Many diseases, such as Scrofula, Humors of the

Blood, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia,

Liver Complaint, Heart Complaint, Rheumatism,

Female Complaints, and a great variety of

Medicine which may be sent to any part of the

country with full directions.

Persons having Cancer, or those afflicted with

complicated diseases, should immediately avail

themselves of Dr. Greene's personal attention.

Consultation at the office, or by mail, free of

charge.

Dr. Greene will be at the office from 8 A. M., to

1 P. M.

The office will be open, and competent persons in

attendance, from 7 A. M., to 10 P. M.

All communications should be directed to R.

GREENE, M. D., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

NOTE. Persons wishing to investigate this

method of practice, and to see the results of the

treatment, free, by addressing R. GREENE, M. D., 36

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C. PATCH & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in

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LONDON, for polishing and preserving Leather,

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best composition for Boots and Shoes. Sold by

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Each bottle of the genuine bears the name of the

Agents,

BRAY & HAYES, 24 Cornhill, Boston.

VICTORY COFFEE.

THE subscribers desire to call the attention

of the trade in New England to an article

which they have prepared with the above trade

mark, VICTORY COFFEE. This coffee is war-

ranted to contain nothing injurious to the system.

Put up in pound papers, 50 pounds to a box.

No family will be without it after once using it, the

price being within the reach of all. Dealers are

advised that their orders sent to Wholesale Grocers in

Boston, or at the Factory, 75 Chatterton Street, St.

Louis, will meet with prompt attention.

HAYWARD & CO.

RHEUMATISM & NEURALGIA.

You need suffer no longer unless you choose.

WHITE'S ELIXIR is a sure remedy. It has

cured persons who have suffered 30 years.

cured a Physician who suffered eight years and was

in the hospital. Many persons suffering

rheumatic pains of the joints, and of the

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the best for Bruises, Sprains, and Stiffness of the

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Clothing, manufactured expressly for the

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DR. J. W. PHIPPS, celebrated throughout New

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Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Knee Caps, Elastic

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The Franklin Sewing Machine Company are desir-

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MACHINE now before the public, at very liberal

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SHERRY WINE BITTERS.

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pepsia, indigestion, general prostration, of the

system, debilitated spirits, headache and languor,

should have recourse to Dr. S. O. RICHARDSON'S

Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters. It is

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For sale by Druggists everywhere.

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Delicious Sauces, Fine Mustards, and

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Sultana's Herring, John Bull Anchovy, &c., Sau-

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and Mushroom Ketchups, Chutney, &c., are adapt-

ed to hot or cold.

MEATS, FISH, SOUPS, GRAVIES, ETC.

They should be furnished for every table, and

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in other countries. They are sold nearly as low

inferior goods, and purchasers wishing their

preparations, should see that the name of Crosse

& Blackwell, London, is on each bottle or parcel

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Of the Ames Manufacturing Co., and others,

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GOLD ENAMELLED ORNAMENTS, BUT-

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CLOTHS, to which the attention is called to

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STANDARDS AND TRIMMINGS.

Such as VELVETS, SATINS, SILKS, RIBBONS,

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intended for the exclusive use of the Medical

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lowest prices, a great variety of the following arti-

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TRUSSES.

Every desirable article of most popular pattern.

Particular attention, however, being directed to the

merits of a

NEW SPRING LEVER TRUSS.

These goods we have several grades of Silk and

wearing during, proving by the experience of many

years, to be the best and most reliable. It is war-

ranted, if used, as it does, a circular inward

pressure, which, by its action, will cause the

wearer, after short experience, is

almost unconscious of its presence. A pamphlet

describing the merits of this Truss, and the address

of any person enclosing a blue stamp.

ELASTIC HOSE,

For Varicose Veins, Swollen and Weak Joints. Of

these goods we have several grades of Silk and

Cotton, at corresponding prices. The sizes are full

and complete, and are made of the best

Knee Caps, and Ankles. Directions for measure-

ment for Hose forwarded when requested.

Also, Elastic and ordinary extra Abdominal

Shoulder Braces, &c. Springs of every descrip-

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instruments will be sent to them desiring it.

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Two Silver Medals Awarded.

SILVER SOAP, for cleaning Silver, Brit-

ann, and Plated Ware. Jewelry, Mirrors,

Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c.; warrant-

ed to contain nothing that can possibly in-

jure the finest metals or stones—or even the

most delicate skin, though not designed for

toilet use. See testimonials and direc-

tions accompanying each cake.

It is superior to any other Soap for cleaning

fine House paint; the alkaline strength being

insufficient to affect injuriously the paint,

which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as

new.

PUMICE SOAP instantly removes Ink,

Pitch, Vermilion, Acid, and other Stains from

the hand, leaving them soft and white. It is

equal to the best French pumice, and sold for

less than half the price.

DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the

teeth, of the best materials, and agreed to

to the taste. Physicians and other scientific

men have demonstrated the fact that the Teeth

and Gums of all are infested with animal par-

asites. Careful and repeated experiments

have proved that Soap is the only agent that

will destroy them without injury to the organs.

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Continues to give SPECIAL ATTENTION to

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PURE COD LIVER

OIL AND LIME.

FOR CONSUMPTION, it is the only re-

liable remedy known. It has, in thousands

of instances, restored patients that seemed

lost hope of recovery, and in tens of thou-

sands, has arrested the disease in its primary

stages, and restored the patient to robust

health.

BRONCHITIS. Its effect in this trouble-

some disease is very marked. It is necessary

to persist in its use for a considerable length

of time.

FEMALE DEBILITY. To sustain and

augment the vital forces; to make new, rich

and pure blood to build up the nervous

system; to restore energy to the mind and

body—nothing can be better adapted than

this preparation.

In Asthma, General Debility, Emaciation,

Coughs, it is a reliable remedy. Nine-tenths

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XI: : No. 35.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Poetry.

Marching Song.

BY ALICE CARY.

Unloose the tents from the tent poles,
Hands that are knotty and strong!
And yoke the teams to the wains,
And drag the guns along!
And form into line, good fellows of mine,
To fight our country's wrong.

Let rebels beat into ploughshares
Their swords, as we're marching on,
Or we'll count them as altar horns, the which
Our victims shall bleed upon!
Step quick into line, good fellows of mine,
For the time of rest is gone!

By God's good grace, our eagle
Shall keep his place in the sky.
The world would swing a century back
If he in the dust should lie;
His great proud heart all cloven apart,
And the film of death in his eye.

The precious blood of the fathers
Mingles our flag so bright;
Then 'tis all aloft with every star
And every stripe in sight!
And every gunner tread with his hand at the head
Of his gun, to the field of fight.

Careless of ribbons or roses
To stick in our bosoms are we;
Young Ishmaels sprung from the bushes
And nursed in the wild, we agree
That never a band of spangles can stand,
For the manhood of men, soul-free.

Unloose then the tents from the tent poles,
Take cross beams and side-props, and all!
The wind is tramping before us,
And piping like Abner to Saul;
So step into line, good fellows of mine,
In honor to stand or fall.

Select Literature.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY. FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. FRANK SMITH.

DOCTOR N., one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at day-break, one morning, to see a person who presumpuously sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante-chamber, the visitor desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon hastily throwing off his night-robe, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress and manner proclaimed him a man belonging to the test class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep inward bodily and mental pain; and his right hand rested in a silken sling. Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Doctor N.?" he asked, in a weak, almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in Pesth; I come from the country, and know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances."

The surgeon, seeing that his visitor could scarcely stand on his feet, begged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand, to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt only a slight pang, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to be a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every obtainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieves me—there remains the same piercing, cutting, deadly pain. Finally, I could bear no more; I got into a carriage and hastened here to you, that you might free me from my torment by an operation—the knife or iron—for I can support it no longer."

The surgeon here endeavored to encourage him, saying his suffering might be overcome by mild means than the use of the knife. "No doctor; neither a plaster nor yet any palliative can relieve it; what I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here."

"Doctor N.—asked to be permitted to look at his hand; in which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon, using the greatest precaution, began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you, in advance, doctor, not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will be entirely take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything, in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing.

Nevertheless, when the hand appeared, he shrank back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy-looking and perfect as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it!

A shrill cry from the sufferer, as he lifted the dropped hand with his left, proved that he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"What does it pain you?"

"Here, doctor," said the stranger, point-

ing to a place on the upper surface of his hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shudder, as he touched the spot with his finger.

"You feel it paining you here?"

"Frightfully!"

"And you suffer from the pressure, when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to answer. Tears started to his eyes, so dreadful was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here!"

"And yet I experience there so inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place, and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely in the veins; there is no inflammation, no apparent hurt. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it is somewhat redder."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book, and drew a line around a spot the size of a half-kreuzer.

"Here."

The surgeon carefully looked at this spot, and began to think that his patient was insane.

"Remain here," he said; "I may be able to assist you in a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do not think, sir, that you have a madman before you. That is a misfortune of which you will not have to cure me. The place I have indicated causes me such agony, that I repeat it, I have alone come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do!" said the surgeon.

"And why not?"

"Because your hand is perfectly sound; so far as I can see, there is no more the matter with it than there is with my own hand!"

"You are, therefore, ready to decide that I am mad—you cannot believe me jesting?"

returned the stranger, taking a note for a thousand guildens out of his pocket-book, and laying it on the table. "There, see that this is no child's play, and that the service which I ask at your hands is of the highest necessity and importance to me. I entreat you, cut this spot from out my hand!"

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns—it would put my reputation to shame—in a word, my duty forbids it! The whole world would maintain that you were a lunatic, but of me they would say either that I had been so unprincipled as to profit by your mania, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left hand will, it is true, be somewhat unskillful, but let that pass. I will soon finish; you will surely have the goodness to dress the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words, that the strange being was in earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves, and took his pen-knife in his left hand. Another moment, and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger should sever an artery, "if the operation be really inevitable, then, in the name of heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument in his hand, he laid the patient's right straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you just how deep the knife shall go."

And truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fall him; he himself directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of pain was cut out, when, throwing back his chest, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger, smiling; "the torture has ceased. As for the slightest pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is compared to insupportable heat."

While the bandage was being applied, the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm, pleasant expression met the surgeon's eye, instead of the former look of intense pain; the brow grew clear, the color lively, returning love of life replaced the late cruel agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon readjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who, pressing it warmly, said to him in the most fervent tones:

"Receive for your masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed, in comparison with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be indebted to you all my life long!"

But the surgeon's estimate of the value of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guildens, which still lay on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door, when seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N. visited his patient for a few days at the hotel where he was remaining until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time, the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced, not only extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation.

The stranger returned to his estate shortly after, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger, who was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm; and so great was his suffering, that, at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to control his groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger. "The pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before. I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again; I lingered, hoping that death would come and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my suffering."

The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unloosed the bandage. The wound had closed; everything about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the pulse beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvelous!" exclaimed Doctor N. "It passes widely beyond everything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument, and insert it deeper than before: that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before so wan. But the smile returned not now as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you, doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless, he not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger, dejectedly. "Besides, what is to happen to me must happen!—I'll meet again!"

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of this unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of a case so strange.

Toward the end of the month Doctor N. began to look forward, not without sadness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed; when the surgeon received a letter, dated at his late patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the closely written pages within, he saw that the stranger had written the letter with his own hand, and inferred from this that the pain, which assuredly would have prevented him from writing, had not returned. The contents of the letter were as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I will not leave you longer in doubt concerning the fearfully strange malady which I am about to carry with me into the grave. I will give you the origin of this terrible evil. For a third time within a week has this frightful pain returned. I will not longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only enabled to use a pen by placing a piece of burning sponge on the back of my hand over the affected part; while this burns, I feel only the smarting caused by its intense heat, and that is as nothing compared to the former pain."

"Six months ago I was a happy man. I lived without a care, upon my income, and was in peace and friendship with all the world, enjoying all of pleasure that a man of thirty-five finds to enjoy. A year ago I married—married for love. My choice fell upon a beautiful, accomplished, warm-hearted girl, the protégée of a countess in the neighborhood. This portionless maiden loved me—not from gratitude alone, though love she had become mistress of my home and sharer of all I possessed—she had a truly childlike love for me. For half a year each succeeding day brought me more happiness than the last. When I went to the city for a day, my wife could scarcely rest; when I returned, she came out to meet me a mile from home, and once, when I had been belated, she never closed her eyes the whole night long. When I occasionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit to the countess, who loved her tenderly, she always returned the same day—it seemed impossible for her to remain more than half a day away from home and me. Her love for me even went so far that she gave up dancing rather than rest her hand in the clasp of another. In a word, my wife was an innocent child, who had no other thought than me."

"I know not what demon one day whispered in my ear: 'What if all this be only assumed?' Thus man, in the midst of the greatest happiness, too often experiences an insane desire to look for pain."

"My wife had a little work-table, the drawer of which she kept invariably locked. I had often noticed that she had never left it open; never, by any chance, had forgotten to take out the key. This thought began to trouble me: what had she to conceal from me? I was certainly beside myself. I believed in her innocent countenance, her clear eyes, her kisses and embraces no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?"

"One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her, overwhelming her with persuasions to go and spend the whole day with her. Our estates lay not far distant from one another, and I gave my wife a promise to follow her soon."

"Scarcely had the carriage left my courtyard, when I collected together all the keys I could find, and with them sought to open the closed drawer. At length I found one."

"A looker-on would have taken me, as I drew out the drawer, for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets."

"My hands trembled as I came in contact with the different things in the drawer, but I carefully avoided creating any disorder that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as if crushed in by iron bands; I felt on the point of suffocating! Under a roll or lace lay a packet of papers; quick as lightning my heart whispered they were letters; at the first glance any would one have known them to be—love-letters."

"The packet was bound together by rose-colored ribbon, embroidered with silver. As I touched the ribbon, I thought: 'Is this right? Is it not unworthy of an honorable man, thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belong to her maidenhood alone! Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence? But what if these letters date since I have had a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has been my wife?'"

"I untied the ribbon. No one was there; no mirror near, to point out on my cheek the mounting flush of shame. I opened one letter after another, and read them all through to the end."

"Oh, that terrible hour!"

"Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practised on man. My best friend had written them—but in what tone? With what persuasive and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counselled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband!—And all these letters were dated since our marriage—while I had been so happy! I find no words to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the working of deadly poison. I drank this poison to the last drop. I read every one of those letters through by myself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace, and locked the drawer."

"I was certain that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from the carriage and ran toward me; how she kissed me! How happy she was to be with me again!"

"I allowed her to perceive nothing of the revolution which had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids; awake, I counted the hours. As the first quarter past midnight struck, I stood in her chamber! Like a little angel in the midst of snowy cloud, lay her lovely, fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows."

"What a monstrous lie of nature, to lend to sin features so innocent! I was as determined, as inflexible, as a monomaniac in his fixed idea. The raging poison of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her large, dark-blue eyes, saw me with amazement, then closed them slowly. She was dead. She died without having had time to utter a word in her own defence, peaceful as in a dream. As I murdered her, she felt no anger toward me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of her mouth, fell on the back of my hand; where, you know but too well."

"She had no relations to inquire into the cause of her death; and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to her funeral until it was too late for any of them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estates had any suspicion of the truth."

"Besides, I was master; who had any right to question me?"

"When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. She had deserved her fate. I thought of her no more."

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"A looker-on would have taken me, as I drew out the drawer, for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets."

"My hands trembled as I came in contact with the different things in the drawer, but I carefully avoided creating any disorder that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as if crushed in by iron bands; I felt on the point of suffocating! Under a roll or lace lay a packet of papers; quick as lightning my heart whispered they were letters; at the first glance any would one have known them to be—love-letters."

"The packet was bound together by rose-colored ribbon, embroidered with silver. As I touched the ribbon, I thought: 'Is this right? Is it not unworthy of an honorable man, thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belong to her maidenhood alone! Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence? But what if these letters date since I have had a right to watch over all her thoughts, to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has been my wife?'"

"I untied the ribbon. No one was there; no mirror near, to point out on my cheek the mounting flush of shame. I opened one letter after another, and read them all through to the end."

"Oh, that terrible hour!"

"Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practised on man. My best friend had written them—but in what tone? With what persuasive and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counselled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband!—And all these letters were dated since our marriage—while I had been so happy! I find no words to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the working of deadly poison. I drank this poison to the last drop. I read every one of those letters through by myself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace, and locked the drawer."

"I was certain that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from the carriage and ran toward me; how she kissed me! How happy she was to be with me again!"

"I allowed her to perceive nothing of the revolution which had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids; awake, I counted the hours. As the first quarter past midnight struck, I stood in her chamber! Like a little angel in the midst of snowy cloud, lay her lovely, fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows."

"What a monstrous lie of nature, to lend to sin features so innocent! I was as determined, as inflexible, as a monomaniac in his fixed idea. The raging poison of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Softly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her large, dark-blue eyes, saw me with amazement, then closed them slowly. She was dead. She died without having had time to utter a word in her own defence, peaceful as in a dream. As I murdered her, she felt no anger toward me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of her mouth, fell on the back of my hand; where, you know but too well."

"She had no relations to inquire into the cause of her death; and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to her funeral until it was too late for any of them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estates had any suspicion of the truth."

"Besides, I was master; who had any right to question me?"

"When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. She had deserved her fate. I thought of her no more."

On reaching my home, I found the countess, my wife's only female friend, just arriving. Like others, she had come after the hour appointed for the funeral. She was painfully agitated. Whether from sorrow or sympathy, I knew not, but the words of consolation with which she essayed to address me, were so confused that I could scarcely understand them. At last she clasped my hand, and said, in a faltering tone, that she saw herself obliged to confide to me a secret, she must entrust me not to reveal. She had given my wife a package of letters to keep for her—the contents were such that she dared not keep them by her—she had now to beg me to return them to her. An icy shudder went through me as she spoke these words. With marked coldness I asked her what those letters contained. The countess shrank back, and answered, hastily:

"Oh, sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took those letters into her care, she did not ask what they contained, but gave me her word to guard them well, and I am sure she has kept her pledge. She had a noble soul; it would have been impossible for her to break her solemn promise."

"Very well, said I; how am I to know these letters?"

"They are tied together with a rose-colored ribbon embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

"With this I took my wife's keys in my hand, and began to search for the packet. I knew but too well where to find it."

"Is this it?" said I, at last, bringing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only see, here is the same knot I made; your wife never untied it. I dared not lift up my eyes—I feared the countess would read them that I had had it unlocked—ah, that I had gone further, and committed a monstrous crime! I took brief leave of her, excusing myself as well as I could. I needed to be alone. The countess returned home. Her husband was in all his actions mean and brutal; his tastes were low and wholly unworthy of his rank. Had I been such a man, I would deserve to have such a wife. But my wife was an innocent, spotless angel, who loved me when I murdered her! * * * I remember nothing of what passed for hours; but this I know: that when I returned to consciousness, I was sitting on my wife's coffin, in the vault. I was not yet so insane as to believe that I could awake her, but I wanted to speak to her. It seemed to me she would hear my words:

"By the true, upright love, with which you once loved me; by the love which you took with you for me down to the grave, I implore you, have mercy on me, and avenge yourself on me in this life! Leave not my punishment to another world but let me suffer here on earth—torture me, kill me! Wait not until I am dead, but avenge yourself now!"

"Thus madly did I speak to the mortal remains of my wife: whereupon I slept, or rather swooned. I began to dream. Perhaps it was no dream. I seemed to see the lid of the coffin slowly open, and the form of my dead wife, resting therein, as slowly arise. I was on my knees before the coffin, my hand resting on the side. Her lips were pale, but a red drop of blood stood on them. Slowly she bent over me, opened her eyes as she had on that last time, and pressed a kiss upon my hand. The red drop which had hung on her lips rested on my hand; she closed her eyes, laid herself back again on her cold pillow, and the coffin closed over her."

"Not long after, I was awakened by a frightful pain, like the sting of a scorpion. I hastened home. It was still daylight; no one had noticed my absence or my return. The blood had disappeared from off my hand, but in the spot where the drop had rested, it was burning as if a corrosive poison had penetrated therein. This pain increased from hour to hour without ever ceasing. Even in sleep I felt it. I said nothing of it to any one; no one would have believed me. You know now, sir, what I must have suffered, and from what anguish your knife relieved me! Scarcely had the second wound healed, however, when the pain came anew. For the third time it now racks me, and I have not the strength to endure it longer. In an hour I will say farewell to earth! Only the thought that, since she has been avenged here on earth, she will forgive me on the other side, gives me a ray of consolation."

"I thank you for your faithful sympathy and for your aid. God bless you!"

A few days later might have been read in the journals: "One of our richest patriots has shot himself. Grief for the loss of his wife is supposed to be the cause."

An individual out west tried advertising for a wife. It worked like a charm as usual. He says he has received in answer to his advertisement 791 letters, 13 Ambrotypes, 2 gold finger rings, 17 locks of hair, 1 copy of 'Ik Marvel's' 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' 1 thimble, and two dozen shirt buttons. We ought now to be convinced beyond all doubt, of the great benefits that result from a judicious system of advertising. A word to the wise is sufficient."

DISTINGUISHED HONOR.—Mason and Slidell, done in wax, have appeared in Madame Tussaud's celebrated London collection.

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The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .75
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .50
Each subsequent insertion, .37
One square one year, 10.00
One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 6.00
Half a square six months, 4.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—E. T. MOODY.
Woburn—E. T. MOODY.
Reading—JOSIAH RICHMOND.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), South's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS, May 27—8.30 P. M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

I find that some of the newspapers publish letters from their correspondents with this army, giving important information concerning our movements, positions of troops, &c., in positive violation of your orders. It is impossible for me to ascertain with certainty who these anonymous writers are. I beg to suggest that another order be published holding the editors responsible for its infraction.

G. B. McCLELLAN, Major General.

The above dispatch from Gen. McClellan has been published by all the public press within a day or two and from a small portion of it has elicited comments which seem to us entirely groundless. The deduction drawn from it by some is that all the espionage, and all the meddling, and muzzling, that has been so distasteful to the conductors, correspondents and readers of the public journals, was invented by General McClellan and put into operation by his will and for his pleasure. These things we do not believe; and whether they are true or not there is certainly need of more proof than this. The premises above given will support no such conclusion. It is our own belief that the expression "your orders" in this telegram to Mr. Stanton points with no less truth than clearness to the author of the obnoxious order. Mr. Stanton is responsible for it, and must take the blame, or the praise, of its invention and its operation. Blame or praise we say, for, after all, it is not quite clear to our mind that the original idea was anything but praiseworthy. Great injuries might have been done to the public service by statements incautiously made in the columns of the daily press, and the rumors published by journals anxious to lose no item of interest, probably did as much harm in the North, as their real news ever could do in the South. To stop both these sources of mischief the censorship was devised and put in operation, and it was at first a popular measure. Everybody endorsed the order, and we all congratulated ourselves that the telegraph could neither lie to our disadvantage nor tell truth to the great profit of the rebels. We remembered how all military commanders had made the same complaints that have just come from McClellan and Halleck and was a trouble of theirs that we all sympathized with, and to remove which we were willing to make any sacrifice reasonable or unreasonable. But when it was found that this avenue was not really the one by which the rebels got their information, and that they were as well supplied with knowledge of our movements and intentions as they had been before. When it was seen that it was harder to form a good opinion from the bold and insufficient data furnished by the Inspector and Telegraph; than from the fragments of special correspondents and reliable gentlemen, the people, and ourselves among the rest, became a little faithless as to the great advantages of the scheme. Still we should have agreed to grumble a little and yet have borne thus much willingly enough. It was not this that made the system so odious. The real reason for its unpopularity was the capricious harshness and the evident injustice with which the rules were applied in some particular cases. So that the whole thing, appeared rather to be gotten up as a field in which the erratic Honorable Secretary might display his fussy activity. It was not the invention of the system, but the bad, and somewhat ridiculous application of it that seems to be blamable.

In the present instance—the despatch of Gen. McClellan is to our mind as much a complaint against the Secretary of War as against the war correspondents. Is it not possible that Mr. Stanton would not need any spurring if it was McDowell's or Fremont's plans that were so interfered with. If our generals' interests are carefully guarded less even a breeze of publicity should blow upon them, why should not another commander in a more important field, and with a harder task, be as tenderly dealt with? To us it seems as if McClellan was merely asking for his rights; and not for the first time either. It is one more point in that controversy between the two men that will yet be examined and settled by the people at large.

Rev. O. T. Lamphere of Exeter, N. H., will preach in the First Cong. church to-morrow.

Governor Andrew.

Many persons, now that the excitement has passed away, censure Governor Andrew for his supposed haste in calling for troops on the receipt of the news of Banks' retreat.

Governor Andrew, in issuing his proclamation for the speedy gathering of troops on Boston Common, did nothing more than his duty, and had he not done so under the circumstances, he would have shown great delicacy and would have received the censure of the same men who now make a sorry picture in attempting to laugh at his actions.

Governor Andrew, under the tenor of the Secretary of War's telegram, was in duty bound to call out all the militia in the State at once; it was not his province to remain with his hands in his pocket and see what course things took, but it was his duty to do just as he did. The Governor probably, in the multiplicity of his extensive duties has had occasion to snub some troublesome people, and in some cases, perhaps, to show them the cold shoulder, and from such of course he receives anything but praise let him do what he will. Some people may talk as they please about the Governor, yet he is just the man for the place he occupies, at the present moment. Perhaps some things that he has said, "he had better not say," still where can you find a man without a fault? But his faults are of the head and not of the heart. So far in this war the military spirit and alacrity of this State have been the themes for constant praise at Washington, and the honors which the good old Commonwealth has won, are laurels which she can hand down to succeeding generations with pride and gratification.

Below we give the telegrams which Gov. Andrew based his actions. Any candid man who will note the language closely, cannot fail to see that he acted wisely and with commendable promptitude.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1862.

To Governor Andrew:

Send all the troops forward that you can immediately. Banks is completely routed. The enemy are in large force advancing upon Harper's Ferry.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1862.

To the Governor of Massachusetts:

Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy in great force are advancing on Washington. You will please organize and forward immediately all the volunteer and militia force in your State.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—Mr. C. J. Scribner, of the Woburn Union Guard, has returned home sick. Mr. P. Sullivan, of same Company, is on his way home sick.

Capt. James W. McDonald, of the 11th Regiment, has been especially mentioned for brave conduct at the battle of Williamsburg, by Col. Blaisdell. It will be remembered by many, that he was promoted for meritorious conduct at the battle of Bull Run. At the time of the first mentioned battle, he was suffering severely from a scalded foot, yet this did not deter him from leading his company into action and doing good and gallant service. We venture to say that there is not a man in the noble Eleventh who possesses more gallantry, and who is more willing to do his duty on all occasions and at all hazards, than Capt. McDonald.

Private James Goodwin was also in the battle of Williamsburg, and exhibited great coolness under fire. It appears that his belt gave way, in the midst of a severe fire, letting his clothing fall, whereupon he laid down his musket, coolly arranged his dress and then resumed his duty. To do this, under such circumstances, requires a greater strength of mind than is possessed by half the world.

It is highly gratifying to be able to record the bravery of Woburn soldiers on the battle-field. "Long may they wave."

THE CONTRABANDS.—We have received from Mrs. S. Edgell Davis, a list of the articles contributed by the people of this town, during the present week, for the Contrabands at St. Simons. The number of articles gathered is large, when the short time consumed in their collection is considered, and reflects much credit both upon the donors and collectors. The latter have been most assiduous in their exertions, and have second Mrs. Davis' endeavors nobly. The box will be forwarded immediately. There is necessity for continued donations, as the demand will most likely, increase faster than the supply. The following is the list referred to above: 45 coats, 46 dresses, 29 pairs of pants, 28 shirts, 32 vests, 16 hats, 5 basques, 4 aprons, 4 pillow-cases, 3 pairs of stockings, 2 pairs of shoes, 2 sheets, 3 bonnets, 2 cravats, 1 linen pocket handkerchief, and a large quantity of ribbon.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR JUNE.—The number of this Monthly for the coming month is replete with matter of a high and entertaining order. Several articles on politics are written in a masterly manner. "Among the Pines" is continued, and is the only true picture of Southern life as it is and the negro as he is, that has ever been given to the public. Each succeeding chapter gains in interest and importance. In fact the Continental fills a gap in our magazine literature, which otherwise would be void. Those who fail to read it, miss a rich treat.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE.—In another column can be found the card of Mr. S. Horton, who has become the agent for this town of good Life and Fire Insurance Companies. Persons who are about changing their property policies, will find the Company for which Mr. Horton is agent, substantial and worthy of patronage. He will be happy to bestow all the information in his power, to those desiring it.

AUCTION SALES.—Observe the advertisements in another column, of the Auction Sales by William Winn, to take place this day and next week.

Rev. O. T. Lamphere of Exeter, N. H., will preach in the First Cong. church to-morrow.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—Last Sabbath as I strolled through our Cemetery, I was much struck with its careless appearance. I do not believe that, up to this time, a shovel had been used upon one of the walks. The marks left by the frost in leaving the ground, were there in all their natural abundance, which together with several other things, gave it, to me, a "don't care" appearance. The town, if I recollect aright, at its last meeting, voted to have a man labor in our Cemetery during the spring and summer months; and I think it is high time that he had begun his work. Let us have the public part of our burying ground looking neat and tidy, even if private parties neglect their duty. REVERENCE.

Woburn, May 27, 1862.

NEW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The adjourned meeting held in the Baptist Vestry last Monday evening, resulted in the formation of a Temperance Society, with the following board of officers:—President—William A. Stone; Vice President—John D. Tidd; Secretary—John G. Knights; Treasurer—Alvah Buckman.

FROM CORINTH.—The latest news from Corinth, last evening, is to the effect that Beauregard has evacuated that place and taken a position at Okolona, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, 261 miles north of Mobile, and 75 miles north of Corinth.

Edward Jones, of the 2d Mass. Regt., and belonging in Burlington, is reported missing. He was with Banks in his memorable retreat.

THE HOME MONTHLY.—This little magazine is truly named—it is a Home Monthly in every sense of the term, and no home is truly home, unless it is governed by the principles inculcated in its pages.

Rev. Mr. Canaud of Washington, D. C., will preach in the Baptist Church to-morrow.

THE BARNSTABLE DRUMMER BOY.—Tudor, in his life of James Otis, speaking of the promptness with which the people everywhere turned out to the defence of their country at the news of the battle of Lexington—a readiness and enthusiasm which met a parallel a year ago when Massachusetts heard of the Baltimore massacre—relates the following incident:

"Among other examples that might be related, the following is from a living witness: The day that the report of this affair reached Barnstable, a company of militia immediately assembled and marched off to Cambridge. In the front rank there was a young man, the son of a respectable farmer, and his only child. In marching from the village, as they passed his house he came out to meet them. There was a momentary halt. The drum and life paused for an instant. The father suppressing a strong and evident emotion, said: 'God be with you all, my friends! And, John, if you, my son, are called into battle, take care that you behave like a man, or else never let me see your face again!' A tear started into every eye, and the march was resumed."

The writer of this paragraph remembers hearing, when a boy, an old gentleman, then in a high legal position in Massachusetts, read this passage from the life of Otis, and when he closed and laid down the volume, he added in a subdued and feeling yet somewhat triumphant tone, as he recalled the scene and its occasion, "I was the drummer-boy to that company!"

This little reminiscence occurred to us two or three days ago, on reading the account of the spirited action with the rebel gunboats near Fort Pillow on the Mississippi. Capt. C. H. Davis, acting flag-officer of the Western flotilla, is a son of him who was a drummer-boy to the Barnstable company, that marched before sunset on the day the news reached them of the battle of Lexington.—New York Tribune.

MAKING AN ARMY.—The rebel army is bigger than we thought it was. It is estimated to be just 752,342 strong—that being the number of white males between the ages of 18 and 35 years, in the rebel States.

This huge army has been suddenly called into existence, by the passage of the conscription act, according to the provisions of which all free white males between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, were declared to be in the army. True, this is a good deal like passing a law declaring Roaring Creek, six inches deep, a navigable stream.

Still, the rebels accept the act for what it says, and find much comfort in the reflection that, on the 18th inst., the day the conscription law went into effect, their army was suddenly swollen from about 275,000 men, to 752,342. With this tremendous host, they are predicting the summary "expulsion of the naughty foe" from their soil, and the invasion of the loyal States.

MR. SUMNER AND THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce in a letter dated the 12th instant, thus speaks of Senator Sumner's powers in the despatch of business.

I learn that the usual weekly meeting of the Committee on Foreign Affairs will not take place to-morrow and for the very extraordinary reason that their is no business for the Committee to transact. Such a state of things has not existed for many years, and is traceable solely to the business habits of its chairman, the Hon. Charles Sumner. A fact of this kind, connected with our National Legislature, does not occur in ordinary life, and is really worth mentioning for its novelty. By the way! A history of the personnel of this committee from the foundation of the Government, would be a curious and interesting affair, and I learn that such a work is now in course of preparation by Ben. Perley Poore, Esq., the well-known and talented clerk of the said Committee.

"Lookings-on at the War.—By N. P. Willis."

We copy the following from the Home Journal for this week.

RETURN OF THE WOUNDED, AND LADY-NURSING. Common and uncommon events jostle each other, in this world, with singular lack of recognition. Most men "hang fire" at observing, or are not often astonished quite soon enough—hence, perhaps, the vocation of pen and ink, to record what might otherwise be lost.

I thus moralized, yesterday, while standing at Willard's thronged Rialto, during the passing of a long train of ambulance-wagons. Dinner was just over, and the throngs of satisfied idlers were lounging about, under the awnings, while the usual occupations were going on—the picking of teeth and buying of newspapers, the joking and smoking, the talking of politics and espying of pretty promenaders. But no one seemed to notice the ghastly faces that were looking out upon us from the latticed sides of the slow-passing wagons. With their coats in layers, one above another, the wounded soldiers from Yorktown—just arrived in transport-boats, by way of Fort Monroe and the Potomac—were being taken to the Hospitals. Each sufferer had his mattress and his clotted wound; and he was jolted over the rough pavements, with no better or nearer comfort than that the driver, seated whistling on his box, went a little slower than his wont. Fearful looks of suffering were on some of the faces which I saw—a hundred or more, and each one, doubtless, the thrilling crisis of a tragedy then performing—and I could not but wonder, I said before, that scarce an eye of the well-dressed and idle crowd was lifted to observe them. So, thought I, the world lets its heroes do their work!

But this morning has shown me another shading to the picture. With a lady-friend who was interested in the flotillas of sick and wounded, which, she had heard, were still arriving at the docks, I drove down to the remote landing-place, under privilege of a pass from the Surgeon-General. The steamer we first boarded, the "Eim City," was formerly one of the large day-boats on the Sound. The armed sentry admitted us, by the usual crossing-plank, to a deck as unclean as if it had been used to a deck of vegetables to market; and, along by the boilers and all over the forward deck, lay the mattresses of the sufferers, as thickly as they could conveniently be placed. Each one had his knapsack for his pillow, and his narrow cot was raised at the end by a handspike or a lump of coal; and with his rough beard and tangled hair, he lay in his torn and blood-stained uniform, gasping for breath in the fever, or struggling with the pain of a wound. The greater number of the invalid freight were typhoid patients, and many had been removed in the ambulances; but the "hopeless cases," or those to whose relief death was expected to come, at every moment, were left in the boat lying at the wharf—to "bide their time." Two, who had died on the passage from Yorktown, had been just removed for burial by the "Government undertaker," he having no knowledge of their names.

But there was another portion of this "floating hospital" which was to be still more interesting to us. My companion having found an acquaintance in one of the surgeons, he was kindly guiding us through the labyrinth of stained bandages and laid-off equipments, bloody basins and dirty boots—a confused medley, covering the floor of the spacious apartment which was formerly the gilded "saloon" of this day-boat to New Haven—when two of the groupings in the scene more particularly arrested my attention.

First, a cot, which had been placed in the centre of the cabin, probably for better access by the surgeon, and upon which lay a slender youth, of perhaps eighteen or twenty years of age, with an expression of mingled suffering and despair in his ghastly and pallid features. He had been shot through the body and was doomed—recovery altogether impossible. But, over him, bent a lady who had just been dressing his fearful wounds, her own servant-maid in attendance with cloths and restoratives; and, in this lady, we recognized, to our great surprise, one of the most admired leaders of the gay society of New York, the married daughter of a most eminent and gifted man. With her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, and the hands and wrists (so used to being "exquisitely gloved and jewelled") stained with blood, she had been doing the work of a Sister of Mercy for the dying man, and it had been to him, evidently, a most soothing ministry. As she talked with us, for a moment or two, I saw that his large, unmarred bright eyes followed and rested upon her. If ever a face expressed gratitude, it was in those delicate and sunken lineaments—as if it were a look given back, with a blessing, through the door closing on this world; for he died (I have since learned) a few hours after.

Another picture was near by. In a lower berth, of the same cabin, lay a rough soldier who had been shot through the eye. The bullet had passed out at his left temple, shattering his skull, and leaving him with but a lingering agony of life. By his side knelt a nurse, of uncommonly fine person—a tall and distinguished looking young lady—in whom, again, we recognized one of the bright ornaments of New-York society. She was washing the dreadful wounds of the poor man, while talking to him kindly and encouragingly; and a more horrible spectacle than the object of her tender care, could scarcely be imagined. Blinded in both eyes, and gasping for breath, he had but the strength to thank her as she rose to her feet and passed on—but, that she had given him relief and consolation worthy of a messenger from heaven, no one could doubt. And I could not but be interested, also, in the next sufferer to whom this same lady stopped to speak a kindly word—a little drummer-boy, of twelve or fourteen years of age, lying all alone in one of the higher berths, and looking sadly homesick and pale. He had been wounded at Yorktown, and was on his way home to his mother, at the North. But there was a half-smile about the little fellow's pallid lips, as he was spoken to by that beautiful woman, and she had thus lightened another heavy heart, it was very certain.

WINCHESTER.

CHANGES.—In addition to the changes in the ownership of real estate and the occupants of the same, reported last week, I would mention that the house occupied by J. Hovey Esq., has been sold to Mr. Frederick W. Baker, doing business at Macaulay and Williams, Boston. This change will not add to, or take from the number of residents, inasmuch as Mr. Baker has for some time resided in town, and Mr. Hovey will probably remain with us. The Abrahams Estate as it is termed, occupied by the widow of the late Benj. Abrahams with her family, has been sold to Dr. Hiram A. Emery, Dentist, having his place of business at No. 17 Bromfield Street, Boston. This sale was effected at something less than \$4000, and was a good bargain.

Both of these Estates are on the Main St., and pleasantly located. These new-comers will give us a good supply of dentists living if not practising here, although it is presumed that all of them will be ready to accommodate those who may wish for their services. We shall have Drs. Bartlett, Ham, Chandler and Emery, as Dentists, residents in this community. Mr. Kelley has removed for the present to Charlestown.

WAR ITEMS.—The last call upon the patriotism of the citizens of our Commonwealth was responded to by some of our citizens, among whom was Edmund Dwight Esq., of this town who immediately enrolled himself in the 4th Battalion of Infantry, and declared himself ready to serve his country in her hour of peril.

STONEHAM BRANCH RAILROAD.—Workmen are engaged in building the side track and turn out for the use of the Stoneham Branch.

SOLDIERS AID SOCIETY.—This Society met this week at the residence of Thos. P. Ayer Esq., a barrel of needed articles has recently been forwarded to the Sanitary Commission.

DOGS.—The number of licensed dogs has only reached the number of twenty. When are the Selectmen going to enforce the law against the unlicensed ones?

SOUTH READING.

On Thursday afternoon, May 22d, Rev. Charles R. Bliss was installed as Pastor of the Congregational Church in this town. The exercises were: 1st, Voluntary on the Organ. 2d, Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. S. H. Stone, of Wilmington. 3d, Prayer by Rev. Mr. Cobb, of Andover. 4th, Singing an original hymn. 5th, Sermon by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., of Boston, from John 3: 30. "He must increase, but I must decrease." 6th, Singing an original hymn. 7th, Installing prayer by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree. 8th, Charge to Pastor by Rev. Mr. Harding, of Longmeadow. 9th, Right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Kittredge, of Charlestown. 10th, Anthem, "I will set Watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem." 11th, Address to the people by Rev. Mr. Barrows, of Reading. 12th, Anthem, "I will lift up mine eyes, to the hills from whence cometh my help." 13th, Prayer by Rev. Mr. Clark, of Waltham, 14th, Benediction by the Pastor.

The services commenced at 2½ o'clock, P. M., and continued some three hours or more, without much apparent weariness. All the exercises were deeply interesting and calculated to make a lasting impression. Mr. Bliss enters this new field of labor with great cordiality of feeling, and flattering prospects of success.

On Thursday evening, May 22d, Mr. T. Delap Smith, formerly of Reading, now of Roxbury, delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, giving his experience of six months among the rebels. He was formerly a member of the Richardson Light Guard of this town, and was a volunteer on the Medical Staff of General Burnside, and taken prisoner at Bull Run, while giving his attention to the wounded, and sent to Richmond. He was intimate with Sergeant Aborn of this town, until the latter was removed to New Orleans. Mr. S. is a very modest, unassuming young man, and so diffident that much urging was required from members of the Guard to gain his consent to prepare a lecture, and deliver it before a public audience. It was well written, though simple and easily understood, containing a variety of experience, anecdote, opinions, and illustrations to make it interesting.

The morning mail of Monday brought the information that more troops were immediately wanted at the seat of Government. When the thing was looked at as real, the Richardson Light Guard sprang to arms as fast as they learned the news, which intelligence was spread by the ringing of the bells as of yore. Many of the company since their return last summer from the 3 months enlistment, had joined other Regiments, and are now in service, but recruits were not wanting to fill the ranks to upwards of 60 men. The news was sudden, and the notice short, but patriotism prevailed over every other consideration, and the men, leaving their work shops, their fields, stores, and their offices, took the cars for Boston about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Though they did not on this occasion have an opportunity to do farther service for their country, the will should be taken for the deed, for never were hearts more willing. On Wednesday they returned to their homes again, though not by free and easy Railroad conveyance—that did not seem harsh enough for soldiers, but they must needs march home, to be covered with dust if not with glory, having been provided with a collation by a few citizens of Malden, which was got up at the Town Hall, at 10 minutes notice.

MEASURES FOR PROTECTING THE VOLUNTEERS by hundreds, the hospitals are crowded with them. Soldiers, be warned in time. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are positively infallible in the cure of this disease; occasional doses of them will preserve the health even under the greatest exposures. Only 25 cents per Box. 224

STONEHAM.

STAR OF HOPE DIVISION, No. 28, S. O. T., Stoneham, May 19th, 1862.

Inasmuch as it hath seemed good in the Providence of God, to afflict us through the death of our Brother, S. AUGUSTUS WILLY, who died at Hatteras, N. C., in his country's service:

Therefore Resolved, That we accept the loss as an all-wise dispensation of the Infinite and Holy One, and that while we mourn his early fall, we will bless the name of Him, who first gave, and hath now taken away.

Resolved, That we mingle our tears and sympathies with those of his bereaved and widowed mother, who gave her only son to her Country, and the holy cause of Temperance.

Resolved, That we rejoice with her even in this hour of trial, that her son and our brother was true to his country, and his pledge to the end of life.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for three weeks, and present a copy of these resolutions to his afflicted mother.

A Copy of Record.

STAR OF HOPE DIVISION, No. 28, S. O. T., Stoneham, May 20th, 1862.

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father, to remove from our social circle, Bro. ELIAH H. CLEMENT, we are called upon to mourn the loss of a true and worthy member of our Order:

Therefore Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the Divine decree, which has deprived us of the companionship and society of an esteemed and valued Brother.

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn and sympathize with his afflicted widow, and fatherless child in this dispensation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That while we cherish his memory, we will ever remember his virtues, and his devotion to the three cardinal principles of our Order, Love, Purity and Fidelity.

Resolved, That as a mark of our esteem and respect for the departed, we wear the usual badge of mourning, during the present quarter.

Resolved, That we present a copy of these resolutions to the widow of the deceased and also a copy to the Middlesex Journal.

A Copy.

CAPT. J. H. DIKE of the Stoneham Light Infantry, who was wounded at Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, has been appointed Clerk in the United States Quartermaster General's office.

"The Old Gild House."

We take no note of time, but from its loss, "Stand ye in the way and see, and ask for the old paths."

"For they have devoured Jacob, and laid waste his dwelling place."

That venerable mansion, that stood on Pearl Street, with its curb roof, its huge chimney, and its quaint lean-to,—a building, which has presented the same general appearance from time immemorial; an ancient family seat of a branch of the Goulds, having suffered the storms and blasts of a century and a half, outstood its beauty and its usefulness, and became dilapidated by age, and being altogether unfit for a christian habitation, has at length bowed before the great destroyer, Time, and has utterly fallen.

On Tuesday, the 20th instant, it was taken down by its owners. Tradition says, that this building was erected about the year 1720; was originally a Malt-house, or "Brewery," in modern phrase; was afterwards purchased by William Gould, who was a native of Ipswich, a son of Major Gould, (or Gold, as it is written in the Ipswich records, and which is probably the true and original orthography), and who, removing to Reading, now South Reading, when a young man, turned the old Malt-house into a dwelling house, married for 2d wife, July 23, 1753, Hepzibah Smith, daughter of James Smith, of Reading, and continued to occupy the mansion until his death in 1778, at the age of 55 yrs. His widow remained in possession until her death in 1803, at the age of 79 years. The children of William and Hepzibah Gould, were:

William, who settled in Lancaster. Hepzibah, who married a Foster and removed to Boston.

John, who married Mary Sweetser, James, who lived on the place now owned by Dr. Francis P. Hurd.

Nathaniel. Samuel, who died in 1797, aged 25 yrs. John, above-named, succeeded to the Homestead, was Selectman, Town Clerk, and Representative—and owned and occupied the old mansion until his death in 1835, at the age of 77 years.

The children of John, that lived to adult age, were:

John, the Poet. Charles, a soldier of the war of 1812. Mary, unmarried.

Nancy. Elizabeth, widow of John Aborn, all of whom reside in South Reading, and Sophia, who died unmarried a few years since.

The site of the old house is now in possession of the family of Elizabeth. In this old domicile, during the generations of the past, there have been the excitement of births, the felicity of marriage, and the agonies of death; here, who can tell how much of joy and sorrow, of love and hate, of hopes and fears, of prayers and devotion, have been felt and breathed! From it have gone forth important and extensive influences and agencies: teachers of youth, long tried and worthy have been born there; and many, now active and useful in the paths of science, of trade, of finance, of war, and of religion, took to this old seat, for their ancestral family memorials.

And although the people generally are rejoicing in the demolition of the unsightly old edifice, there are some, in whose breasts its removal awakens recollections and emotions sad and affecting. The venerable men of its late owner, who, for so many years, until his death in 1835, there had his home; his tall, erect and majestic form, (symbolic of his own private personal character), his pendulous queue, his precise and grave voice, his quotations from Dr. Young, his favorite author, all are brought fresh to the mind and most forcibly impress us with the truth, that

"The days of our youth, "The friends of our youth, "The scenes of our youth, "They have passed away."

South Reading, May, 1862. E.

A Card.

SOUTH READING, May 26th, 1862.

At a meeting of the Committee chosen to make arrangements for the Installation of Rev. Chas. R. Bliss, as Pastor over the 1st Congregational Church and Society, in South Reading, it was

Voted, That the hearty thanks of the Committee of Arrangements at the Installation of Rev. Chas. R. Bliss on the 22d instant, for themselves and in behalf of the Society by them represented, be proffered to Lewis Fairbanks, Esq., for the very acceptable donation of Ice Creams that were furnished by him at the Installation dinner in such excellence and profusion, and that so materially sweetened, enriched and increased the comforts at the festal board; for coming in this donation, from one, who is a member of another religious connection, we the more highly appreciate its friendly liberality, and hope and pray that in himself may be fulfilled the divine promise that "the liberal soul shall be made fat," and that at last he may be admitted to sit down at the marriage feast of the heavenly Lamb.

Voted, That a copy of the above vote be transmitted to Lewis Fairbanks, Esq., and that it be published in the Middlesex Journal.

Attest, HENRY L. EATON, Sec. of Committee.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The work on the Old South Church is about completed, and the society will resume worship there next Sabbath.

The Home or Spear Guards, turned out forty strong and proceeded to Boston on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of offering their services to the Government for three months, but they all returned in safety next morning, after having been informed, by the powers that be, (much as ever), that they might enjoy the freedom of the city and the country generally.

What can it mean, that the President's proclamation, calling for more troops, has not been published? Why is it that soldiers from Pennsylvania can be accepted for three months, while those from this State must enlist for nine months, or it is no go. Secretary Stanton would better fill some other position.

WOBURN BOOK STORE!
A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS
STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER,
BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY
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VARIETY OF GOODS,
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Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pen-til Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Faber's, Carpenters, and Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders, Drawing Boards, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Holders, Pen Erasers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes. Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

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A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable

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F. R. ROBINSON'S

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SILVER SOAP—for cleaning Silver, Britannia and Plated Wares, Jewelry, Mirrors, Marble, Artificial Teeth, Plate, &c.; warranted to contain nothing that can possibly injure the finest metals or stones—or even the most delicate skin, though not designed for toilet use. *See* testimonials and directions for using this saving cake.

It is superior any other Soap for cleaning fine House paint; the alkaline strength being insufficient to affect injuriously the paint, which almost at a touch becomes as fresh as

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DENTAL SOAP, made expressly for the teeth, of the purest materials, and agreeable

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Oct. 8, 1853. H

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DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,

NURSING SORE MOUTH,

AND the best specific now in use for any

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

completely destroying every taint of the mouth

absorbing and removing all impurities, insuring

A SWEET BREATH.

to all who make use of it. No YOUNG LADY or

YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a

BAD BREATH

should delay applying this remedy, for it is a cer-

tain cure, and is approved and recommended by

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brought.

A BAD BREATH

is an offence for which there is no excuse while

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

Mouth Wash,

can be procured.

Many persons carry with them a bad breath,

greatly to the annoyance and often to the disgust

of those with whom they come in contact, and are

not infrequently seriously impaired, through want

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FOR THE CURE OF

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produced by exposed nerves.

It is particularly adapted to all cases of children

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LOSS OF SLEEP,

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The best Glue in the world.

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Save your broken Furniture.

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Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

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as good as new.

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shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

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it is always ready.

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Vol. XI: No. 36.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

No Soot in Heaven.

Telling of "seats" till late one eve;
Of the various doctrines the saints believe—
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly flowing stream,
And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
Who I heard a strange voice call his name—
"O God father stop! when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

For the aged Father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As I saw to the stream his way he took,
His hands clasping a gilt-edged book—
"I am bound for Heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of 'Common Prayer.'
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."
Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track;
But his gown was heavy and held him back;
And the poor old Father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.
I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide—
And no one asked in that blissful spot
Whether he belonged to the Church, or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of somber hue was made.
"My coat and hat must be all of grey—
I cannot go any other way."
The he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And straightly and solemnly he waded in.
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so pale and white;
But a strong wind carried away his hat—
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more,
As he entered Heaven in his suit of grey,
Went quietly sailing away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of
Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing
That the people in Heaven all round might
sing.
But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised that one by one
The Psalms and the Hymns in the tide went
down.

And after him with his manuscripts,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do,
The water has soaked them through and
through."
And here on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished passed through alone
Without his manuscripts up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped, the river's brink
I saw one saint from the other shrink.
Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you friend,
How you attained to life's great end?
"Tut, tut, you are too slow on your brow."
But I was dipped, as you see me now,
And I really think it hardly do—
As I'm close communion, to cross with you.
You're bound, I know, to realms of bliss,
But you must go that way and I'll go this.
Then straightway plunging with all his might
Away to the left, his friend to the right,
And they went from this world of sin,
But at last together entered in.
Now when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down,
Of women there seemed an innumerable
long.

But the men I could count as they passed
along;
And concerning the road they could never
be.

The old man, the new way, which it could be,
Nor was a moment paused to think.
That he would lead to the river's brink,
And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came over up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That's the false, and this is the true."
But the brethren only seemed to speak—
Maddened, the sisters walked, and meek—
And I ever one of them chance to say,
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Vain arose from the brethren then—
"Let no one speak but the holy men—
Have you not heard the words of Paul?
Oh! let the women keep silence all!"
I waded then in my curious dream
Till they stood by the borders of the stream
Then just as I thought the two ways met,
But all the brethren were taking yet,
And I waded on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side.
Side by side, for the way was one,
The lone journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No signs of silk, or suits of grey,
No creed to guide them, or Manuscripts,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Select Literature.

MY FIRST AND LAST PARTNER.

Mrs. Major C— was known to most of the good society of Bath within the last twenty years as one of the latest representatives of the world of beauty and fashion which existed in George III.'s time. In her youth, she had seen Garrick, sat to Reynolds, and been presented to Horace Walpole. In later years she had helped to make up rubbers at Mrs. Piozzi's card-parties, heard court-gossip from Cornelia Knight, and sat silent, as all mortals were compelled to do, under the mighty and magniloquent tongue of Madame d'Arbely. Having seen and heard so much, Mrs. Major C— was a great authority in all that regarded the bygone generation. Like most of the ladies she had kept out of the last; she was cheerful, social, and in a manner active, up to fourscore, ready for amusements, inclined to youthful

dressing, and very determined to have her say. Mrs. Major C— had been lively all her days, a bit of coquette of the harmless kind; she had been known to carry on a flirtation in her seventeenth year, and is traditionally said to have rouged for the last party at which she ever appeared. The old lady had lived in good, or at least in gay, company from her youth; she had seen Bath at the head of its profession as a watering-place, she had seen it decline before the rising glory of Brighton; but at Bath her headquarters continued to be for more than half a century; and one of the traditions of the place was, that Mrs. Major C— had never been seen at a ball, or known to enter a room where dancing was going on, if she could help it.

This was a singular whim or antipathy for a lady otherwise so lively; yet the fact had been handed down from her contemporaries, and was confirmed by later experience. Mrs. Major C— had never danced, so far as anybody knew, nor ever cared to look at dancing. There were a dozen strange tales to account for it; the most of which had come out of Gloucestershire, her native county, and varied between accidents to her own toes and the breaking of somebody's heart. The old lady had never thought proper to set her friends right on the subject; their endeavors to ferret out an explanation had been politely foiled at many a quiet tea-table and friendly call. But few people care to die with their secret untold; and after sixty-three years of discreet silence, Mrs. Major C— chose, in her eightieth winter, to reveal hers one evening to a small group of intimates, young and old, who had gathered round her genial fireside, got into familiar talk, and by some accidental words, which, though one of the company, I did not observe at the time, and cannot recall now, unlocked that dark closet of the old lady's memory.

"I was never at a ball but once," said she, leaning back in her easy-chair, "and I never wanted to go to another, which you may think strange, for I was just seventeen when that one came off; but it happens to be true, and as the folks are all dead and gone that were concerned in it, I will tell you the story. I was brought up in the Forest of Dean, where my father was a country squire, but, unlike the country gentry of that day, both he and my mother were strict Methodists. We lived in a fine old Hall, pleasantly situated on the side of a wooded hill sloping down to the Severn. The seats and mansions of the county gentry lay all around. They were social in the Forest then, whatever they may be now; there were hunts and picnics, Christmas parties and birthday balls. We had always been reckoned among the county families, and not one of the least consideration, I can tell you, for the Hall and land had been ours before the Reformation. The best of them would have been willing to have us for associates; but my father and mother considered all sports and merry-makings as so many byways to the kingdom of darkness. No earthly power could persuade the one to join the hunt, or the other to appear at anything but a serious party. When a company of strolling players happened to visit the neighborhood—there were no other theatricals to be found in the Forest at that time—they never rested till the whole troop and their profane devices were got out of it for some infraction of parish rules or ordinances. Picnics were bad, parties were bad, plays were bad, but by far the worst—in short, the high road to Satan, in their reckoning—was a ball.

I was their only daughter out of seven children, and much indulged in a pious way; yet for me to mention, much less expect to attend, such a gathering of sin as a dancing-party, would have drawn down upon me their fiercest indignation, and most abundant lecturing. We had no company at the Hall but Wesleyan preachers on their rounds; two or three serious farmers of the better sort, whom my parents called brethren; and a couple of reduced gentlemen. These last were old maids, and also devoted Methodists, and my mother set them before my youth as examples of all that was praiseworthy. I have no doubt they were excellent women, and so most certainly was my mother, though she mistook, as many otherwise good and honest people have done, narrow-minded asceticism for piety, and the necessary recreations and enjoyments of life for sin.

No merry-makings were allowed, or even talked of in our house, but, nevertheless, I had a knowledge that such things existed. The majority of our relations, numerous as they were in Gloucestershire, had grown cool, or been quarrelled with on account of Methodism; but we had an aunt with two grown daughters; living in the Cathedral Close, in the ancient city of Gloucester, with whom a correspondence was still maintained. My aunt was a widow with rather limited means. My two cousins, Grace and Alice, were handsome girls, taller than myself, some years older, anxious about their looks, their society, and their settlements. When my aunt and cousins visited at our house, they were always serious, wore high, dark-colored dresses, plain bonnets, and no curls. They could all talk a good deal of Methodism too, though I don't know how they learned it; but when the girls and I were alone together, they gave me such accounts of plays, parties, and balls they attended in Gloucester, that I thought them the happiest people in Europe. Whatever young folks hear of their neighbors having, which they

themselves have not, they are apt to crave after—the taste of the forbidden fruit, I suppose; and this was deep in my mind, in spite of the serious bringing up, and the good example I had in the old maids. My mother knew nothing about it; the gay revelations imparted to me by Grace and Alice were given under promise of strict secrecy from mamma, which, being bound in honour to keep, was a necessary condition of hearing any more of the kind; and no forbidden novel could give greater delight to the heart of a boarding-school girl than did those private reports of the Gloucester *beau monde* to mine. I don't think my mother was quite convinced of the genuineness of their piety; my aunt's husband had been a canon; there was a brother of hers still in the church; but still the whole family came seriously to the Hall, and executed every kind of small commission for her in Gloucester, they were edified by the Wesleyan preachers, invited them on long visits, and sent them well-filled hampers from the orchard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy. In return, she went to see them sometimes—not often, for my mother was a great stayer at home, and her time was much occupied with the poor and the travelling preachers. The doubts I have referred to made her unwilling to let me visit them, except in her own company, when we always found the high dresses on, hymn-books on the table, and the whole house in a state of great sobriety. There was nothing else to be looked for in the presence of mamma, and no going without her for me, until a certain lucky chance, as I thought it, furnished the long-coveted opportunity.

I had caught a severe cold at the beginning of winter; the cough clung to me week after week; my poor mother grew anxious about me; and our family doctor advised my removal from the cold bleak air of the Forest to that warmer part of Gloucestershire called the Vale, where the town of Gloucester stands. My aunt happened to be visiting us at the same time; and, to my boundless joy and gratitude, she at once suggested her own house as the most beautiful sojourn. There was no place in all the Vale so warm and sheltered as the Cathedral Close—such a genteel, such a quiet neighborhood, where nothing was to be heard but the playing of the organ and the singing of psalms. Sophy would get quite rid of her cough there, and they would teach her that more sampler-stitch. It would do beautifully to work the slippers for that dear, good, moving man, Mr. Grimshaw—a powerful preacher, with a Yorkshire twang, to whom my mother had taken a special fancy. My cough increased amazingly after the making of that proposal, and it succeeded in overcoming my mother's scruples against the Cathedral Close. I was allowed to return with my aunt, enjoined to get quit of the cold, learn the sampler-stitch, and not allow myself to be led into frivolities. Of course, I promised everything, and so did my aunt; and to do so both justice, we had some intention of keeping at least the latter of our promises. Things went on very soberly for some time after my arrival in Gloucester; my aunt and cousins thought seriousness a good thing, and wanted to please my mother. I saw the sights of the quiet old town, the castle, the mineral wells, the Assembly Rooms—that is to say, the outside of them; and matters went on in the strictest line of duty till about the middle of December, when the whole family got an invitation to Lady Tracy's ball.

I shall never forget their faces round the breakfast table when the maid brought in the note. "Left by Lady Tracy's footman, mum," said she. My aunt broke the seal, read it first to herself, then handed it to Alice, who read and passed it on to Grace; she was always the proudest of being in good society, and before anybody could stop her, read it aloud.

"You'll never have sense, Grace," said her mother.

"Where is the use in making a secret of it? You know we must go, and we will go—Wasn't it kind of her to invite Sophy?" said triumphant Grace.

Yes, I had been invited; with my own ears I heard that Lady Tracy would be happy to see the young relative who, she understood, was now a visitor at their house.

"It was kind of her," said my aunt, having got over the first shock of it; "and I'll allow it would be a nice opportunity for Sally to see genteel life; but what would her mother say?"

"She needn't know anything about it," said Alice. That suggestion broke down the last barrier of conscience between me and the denouement of the drama. To see a real ball at the house of a Gloucester fashionable—to look on the dresses, to hear the music, to behold the dancing, to go down to supper, and up to the minuet, as my cousins had so often described these things, was too strong a temptation to be resisted by the virtue of seventeen.

"I am sure mamma need not know," said I; "and I should so like to go just this once, if you will let me, aunt." I felt the tears coming into my own eyes; I knew my cousins liked me, and my aunt was good-natured to a fault.

"I don't think it any harm myself, and I wouldn't stand against your going, Sophy," she said; "but, my dear, you have no ball-dress; there is scarcely time to get one, and I am sure your mother would not allow the money for it."

"O dear, we forgot that," said Grace and Alice, with uncommonly blank faces. I knew they had nothing to spare, and would find it rather difficult to get their own finery up; but resources were always my first thought. I pulled out the little purse containing all my pocket-money, and emptied it on the table-cloth.

"Only two guineas and a half," said the keen-sighted Grace; "my dear, that would never do. Your mother might have allowed you more than that, coming to Gloucester; but she can't I suppose, giving so much to those Methodist preachers. But stay a minute—Mamma might not Sophy get a dress quite cheap and good enough for the one evening from Mrs. Jenkins the wardrobe-woman?—Miss Smithson's maid told our Sally that she got that beautiful gauze we saw at the quadrille-party there."

"I dare say she might, and we could make it fit her; but I am afraid Sophy can't dare," said my aunt.

It was true I could not; the exercise in question being regarded as a special piece of the Old Serpent's policy, had been of course forbidden to me; but Grace had not exhausted her expedients.

"Never mind; I'll teach her a minuet, that easy one they call Mecklenburg—Queen Charlotte's, you know—she'll learn it in no time. Alice, you'll write to accept the invitation. Sophy and I will go off to Mrs. Jenkins's; I want a bit of lace to make us tuckers and trim your cap, mamma; but I should like to see her frock got first."

My active cousin and I repaired to Mrs. Jenkins's shop; it was a very respectable one of the kind; the good woman boasted that she bought and sold nothing but real gentry's clothes. Grace had many tales of the beautiful things quite new and got for half nothing by her acquaintances of limited means; and under her management, I obtained an amber-colored taffeta, trimmed with purple satin. It was rather a conspicuous dress, but fashionably made, not the least soiled, and almost a perfect fit. Mrs. Jenkins said she would not have let it go so cheap, but there were very few it would answer; the young lady who wore it then, must have been uncommonly slender, as I was then, but she added: "I don't know who it was; the dress came to me by an honest poor woman who gathers the like for me through the country; and I think she got it somewhere up in Somersetshire at the house of a clergyman; so you see it's quite respectable."

We returned in triumph to the Cathedral Close. My dress was pronounced a decided bargain, and quite the thing for Lady Tracy's ball. It certainly was a surprising fit; and my aunt and cousins agreed that its original owner, if the dress came her at all, must have resembled me in complexion as well as in figure, for the strongly contrasted colors suited me exactly. We had a deal more to think of in the ten days of preparation than allowed for first-class assemblies; there were the tuckers, the lace lappets, the washes for our faces, the red heels of our shoes to be looked to. I think we had all twinges of conscience, too, for the deceit about to be practised on my mother; they should have worn with me, but I had Queen Charlotte's minuet to learn—*Minuet de Mecklenburg*, as the French dancing-master called it. I never knew how Grace got him bribed or coaxed (for I am sure he was not paid) to come over one or two evenings from his seminary in the next street, and give me a private lesson, by way of finishing off her efforts. I learned the minuet even to his satisfaction. I got reconciled, by help of frequent practice at the glass, to my own appearance in the amber and purple; I got my conscience quieted as to the wearing of rouge, indispensable for good company at that period; I got my hair dressed the night before, as every body did for balls; and sat up with my cousins till the morning, that the gummed curls got time to dry, and keep properly in their places, which never required less than four-and-twenty hours. How easily people dress and go to balls in these days; and how odd one would look with those tiers of gummed curls, mounted on stiff wires, and pads of horse hair; yet there was something grand and worth looking at in that old style; it made one a foot taller. Ladies did look dainty then, with their towering head-dresses, open skirts, brocade petticoats, and high red heels. Don't laugh, girls, your own fashionable evening-dresses will look quite as queer to your grandchildren. But to go on with my story. We sat up all night—I mean my cousins and self, for my aunt, being in the drawing-room, did not require such a high gumming, and could go to bed. Half the time we talked, there we read Miss Burney's novel, *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, it was the great work of the day, and had got the length of Gloucester, where, let me tell you, there was a good deal of gentility, and Lady Tracy was reckoned to stand at the head of it. My cousins told me so much about her in the days of preparation and the night of curl-dying, that I knew all her history as well as any of the townspeople, and the subsequent events at her ball stamped it on my memory. She was not only connected with the best of the country families, but famous for a kind of hereditary talent, said to be possessed by all the ladies of her line, for managing mankind in general, and those of her own house in particular.

The lady was a Tracy by birth as well as by marriage. By the by, it is a very old name in Gloucestershire. Her late husband, Sir Edward, had been also her cousin. The Tracys had a habit of marrying their cousins; people were not sure whether it was pride or prudence that got them into it, but Sir Edward had died many years before, leaving one daughter and one son. The son was by five years the younger; he was heir to the title and estate; but the latter was not large. The Tracys had always lived handsomely, and never would condescend to do anything that might improve their property, because it looked like trade or business, which they counted entirely beneath them; and the property was heavily encumbered with Lady Tracy's jointure, a provision for her maiden sister, Miss Tracy, who had always lived in the house, and a marriage-portion for the daughter, Miss Agnes.

It was therefore thought requisite that young Sir Edward—they kept that name in the family from one generation to another—should look out for a fortune with his bride. His mother undertook that business, as she did everything else; for according to the belief of all Gloucester, there was nothing in the way of management her ladyship could not do and had not done. From the poorest cottager to the richest farmer on the estate, from the greengrocer and the milkman in town, up to Sir Edward and all his relations, Lady Tracy had ruled, directed, and governed them and their affairs. Her maiden sister, Miss Tracy, was generally allowed to be a consideration help. Miss Agnes had been "brought out" for some years, and was also an acknowledged assistant. Among the three, young Sir Edward was believed to be the best managed man in the west country; they had sent him to college, they had told him what to do at all times and places, they had seen that he did it, and they had determined on marrying him to Lady Sarah Harvey, one of the Bristol family, and a great fortune; by the by, they said it came from an uncle in the West Indies (the Harveys were not all at proud of it. It was whispered Lady Sarah had been born somewhere in that quarter; and whether she had a right to the title or not, everybody gave her credit for woolly hair, an unusually dark complexion, and a decidedly African nose. This lady Sir Edward was appointed to marry by his managing mother, aunt, and sister. She was believed to be nothing loath. Sir Edward was tall, fair complexioned, and handsome, as all the Tracys had been; his family was old and good, and maybe Lady Sarah could not do better. In short, the marriage was a settled thing; the town gossips were sure it would come off very soon, for the bridegroom, elect, had passed his majority two years, and nothing but his having been abroad making the grand tour was thought to have postponed the happy day. The Tracys—that is to say, the three ladies—had read his letters from Rome, Florence, and Venice to their admiring friends, and given splendid details of his reception in the best salons of Paris—the wits had been smitten by him, the routs given in his honor by nobles and ambassadors. People did not believe the whole of it; the tales were sometimes over-grown; but everybody was certain that Sir Edward had been seeing the world, and learning foreign fashions, ever since his twentieth year, when he left Cambridge rather abruptly.

There was concerning that a story which the Tracys did not tell; it had never been more than whispered about in Gloucester, the dread of the managing ladies lay heavy on the minds of its most devoted gossips. It was now all but forgotten; but the substance was, that the daughter of a portrait-painter, much employed by university men, had made an impression, nobody could say how deep, on the heart of the son and heir. They had got acquainted somehow in sittings; they had been seen taking quiet walks together; the confidential friends of both parties had been heard to talk of an engagement, with exchange of rings and vows, to be fulfilled when young Tracy was Sir Edward and his own master. But the three at home got scent of the secret, it was thought from his college tutor, who knew the family had a living to bestow, and sadly wanted one, being long in orders and out of place. They had all three business in Cambridge directly, made Edward show them over the university, went and sat to the painter for their portraits, contrived to get acquainted with him in a patronizing way, took a deep interest in his drawing; she was the eldest of ten children, I believe.

They had very private talk with her and her parents about risks that young people ran in a university town, the deceitfulness of men, and the necessity of getting her settled; in short, they talked the poor people into a way of thinking. It was rather quickly done, I'll allow; but high-handed gentility could do a deal more at that time than they can at present; and before the Tracys came back to Gloucester, the painter's daughter was married to Edward's college tutor, and packed off with him to the family living. How far the young man took it to heart could not be ascertained; but he left college some weeks after, though it was the middle of the term, and went on his travels to make the grand tour.

"Ours."

[The following stanzas were written by Brigadier-General Lander, on hearing that the Confederate troops had said that "fewer of the Massachusetts officers would have been killed, if they had not been too proud to surrender."]

Aye! deem us proud, for we are more
Than proud of all our mighty dead—
Proud of the bleak and rock-bound shore
A crowned oppressor cannot tread.

Proud of each rock, and wood and glen,
Of every river, lake and plain;
Proud of the calm and earnest men
Who claim the right and will to reign.

Proud of the men who gave us birth,
Who battled with the stormy wave,
To sweep the red man from the earth,
And build their homes upon his grave.

Proud of the holy summer morn
They traced in blood upon the sod
The rights of freedom yet unborn—
Proud of their language and their God.

Proud that beneath our proudest dome,
And round the cottage-cradled hearth,
There is a welcome and a home
For every stricken race on earth.

Proud that you slowly sinking sun
Saw drowning lips grow white in prayer!
O'er such brief acts of duty done,
As honor gathers from despair!

Prize! 'tis our watchword! clear the boats,
Holmes, Putnam, Bartlett, Pierson—Here!
And, while this crazy wherry floats,
Let's save our souls!" cries Revere.

Old State—some souls are rudely sped—
This record for thy Twentieth Corps—
Imprisoned—wounded—dying—dead—
It only asks, "Has Sparta more?"

About Beards.

The beard, being the peculiar feature of the graver sex, has never been subject to quite so many caprices of fashion as the hair; but the attributes, so to speak, of that many gift of nature have always been highly esteemed and associated with the most serious events of life. From the most ancient times, in the East, the beard has been treated with superstitious regard. The Egyptians, who were not a thick-bearded race, shaved all but the very tip of the chin; and this bit of beard was evidently highly venerated, for it is seen most carefully preserved in a special case, both in the statues and in the mummy case effigies; but when in mourning, the whole beard was left to grow. The fashion of all people but the Egyptians seems to have been to wear the natural beard, and the monuments of Nineveh show that they bestowed the most elaborate care on their beards. The beard was the badge of the philosopher, though probably there were wise men without beards, for Heraclitus distinguishes Socrates as the magister barbatus; and after-times, when shaving was the fashion set by Alexander the Great, the beard was assumed in such ostentatious proportions by the philosophers that the saying arose, "a long beard does not make a philosopher;" and when a would-be philosopher was found out, it was said, "his wisdom stopped at his beard"—just as we say, "All the wisdom in the wig!" Shaving was ordained by Alexander the Great for the Macedonians, because the beard was found to be too good a hold for an enemy in battle, and the fashion was followed very generally, but not by the Athenians. It must have been about this time (B. C. 300) that shaving became the custom amongst the Greeks and Romans, when according to Varro and Pliny, the first barber was brought to Rome from Sicily, and Scipio set the fashion of shaving every day. Then, in fact, it was not considered decent to go unshaven for a day, as it lately was with us; and when Marcus Livius, after being banished, was restored, he was ordered by the Censors to shave before being allowed to take his seat in the house. The Emperor Hadrian restored the beard, as Plutarch says, to hide some scars upon his face, but more probably the Emperor, with his taste for works of art and natural beauty, wished to recover this ornament of the sex, and to put an end to the practice which made men look more like women than nature intended.

The Fathers or Patriarchs of the primitive churches wore their beards; Clement of Alexandria says, "The beard adds to the beauty of man, as a fine head of hair does to that of woman;" and Tertullian, who lived in the third century, cites a particular canon which forbade the priests to shave. The Council of Barcelona, held in 540, says: "Let no ecclesiastic allow his hair to grow or shave his beard." The Popes wore the beard until the separation of the Greek and Latin churches in the eighth century, when Leo III. and all the Latin clergy cut off their beards as a mark of distinction from the Greek priests, who retain theirs to this day. Pope John XII. was deposed in 938 for having, among other crimes, worn his beard.

In England, the custom of the ancient Gauls, of wearing the moustache only was followed, as Caesar expressly describes, by the Britons; though the Druids and the bards retained their beards, and the Welsh commonly wore the moustache alone, in the ancient style, so late as the twelfth century. The Anglo-Saxons preferred the beard; they cultivated a forked beard, and the Danes often a three-forked one. In these times, indeed, the prejudice against a man who either had no beard or shaved was very strong.

He was often reproached as a coward for no other reason. The seal of Edward the Confessor, in the British Museum, shows him with the beard. The Normans grew thick

and bushy beards; but William the Conqueror, as if to distinguish himself from the Saxons, came a shaven man. William Rufus wore his beard, as did all persons of rank at the time. The beard continued, till the First Edward, when the moustache only was assumed, and was the fashion till Henry VIII. started the beard again; and during the heroic period of Elizabeth the well-trimmed moustache, as we see it in the portraits of Raleigh and Bacon, became universal.

Clean shaving came into favor again with the degenerate days of Charles II., partly, we imagine, from the effeminate tastes of the age, but chiefly from its being impossible to wear any hair on the face when such monstrous wigs all but smothered the features. The reign of the barber was absolute till the time of "the first gentleman in Europe," who may be said to have invented the long approved style of whisker known as "the mutton chop," and we believe also the brushed-up and rough style of hair (though his Royal Highness was a superb wig) called the "Brutus."—William IV. was too plain-sailing a personage to think of the fashions; but with the reign of Queen Victoria the general desire to be more natural, which means to be more elegant, has taught the ladies the most becoming modes of dressing the hair of which we can find any record. And as to the beards, it is curious to see that in this, if in no other respect, the age manifests the taste of an Elizabethan era.

The beard is now so generally worn as natural with us, as it has been for a longer time by continental nations and the Americans, that the "movement" appears to have settled down in a regular custom. Those who thus make themselves comfortable and avoid the morning irritation of the razor may now rest pretty safe from the asides of "hirsute monstrosity," or "horrid creature," with which at one time their entrance into polite society was met. The fashion has become so far accepted that beards of every shape and color are to be seen, from the golden and silky growth of the young Hercules, to the stiff iron-gray of the middle-aged man, and the flowing white of the comfortable old gentleman.—Temple Bar.

"Timothy Titcomb" On Deacons.

Dr. Holland is down upon the sour kind of deacons; he likes a whole-souled man, and thinks the lugubrious sort of religionists are a serious injury to the true development of human nature. He says:—

"I have seen a deacon in the pride of his deep humility. He combed his hair straight, and looked studiously after the main chance; and while he looked, he employed himself in setting a good example. His dress was rigidly plain, and his wife is not indulged in the vanities of millinery and mantua-making. He never joked. He did not know what a joke was, any further than to know that it was a sin. He carried a Sunday face through the week. He did not mingle in the happy social parties of his neighborhood. He was a deacon. He starved his social nature because he was a deacon. He refrained from all participation in a free and generous life because he was a deacon. He made his children hate Sunday because he was a deacon. He so brought them up that they learned to consider themselves unfortunate in being the children of a deacon. They were pitted by other children because they were the children of a deacon. His wife was pitted by other women because she was the wife of a deacon. Nobody loved him. If he came into a circle where men were laughing or telling stories, they always stopped until he went out. Nobody ever grasped his hand cordially, or slapped him on the shoulder, or spoke of him as a good fellow. He seemed as dry and hard and tough as a piece of jerked beef. There was no softness of character—no juiciness—no loveliness in him. Now it is of no use for me to undertake to realize to myself that God admires such a character as this."

PRETTY WOMEN.—A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country—an angel in blue goods and glory. She makes sunshine, joy, sky, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is in delicious roses, perfume, and beauty; she was a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and choice taste, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, and melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of paradise songs, or chiming of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attractions, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the needy, and strengthen the faint-hearted. And wherever you find the virtuous woman you also find fireside bonnets, clean clothes, order, light, good living, gentle hearts, music, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dainty, and her inspiration is the breath of Heaven.

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher, one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

To be concluded.
When is a plant like a hog? When it belongs to root. When is it like a soldier? When it begins to shoot. And when is it like an editor? When it begins to blow.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Dream of Home.

I was weary; the world was cold,
And the future was dark to me;
Forgotten was the Saviour's command,
"From thoughts of the morrow be free."
Long, too long, had I brooded o'er
The griefs that came like a flood,
And alone in the path of life,
In weakness and weeping, I stood.

Yes, alone, for the dear ones, all,
To my childhood's home were given,
Were scattered wide o'er the fair green earth
Or slept in the peace of Heaven.
I mourned them all with bitter tears;
Mourned the absent with the dead;
And clung to the haunted memory
Of hours that so quickly had fled.

With gentle hand the angel Sleep
Shut the tears from my weary eyes,
And through the clouds and gathering gloom
Came the blue of sweet summer skies,
The dear old home, the old brown trees,
That stood in the orchard green,
And hills, so white with daisy blooms,
The silver brook running between.

And the forms I loved in childhood's hour
Came silently one by one,
And sat in the old familiar place
Around the deserted hearth-stone.
But faintest of all the pictures sweet
And dearest than aught could be,
Was the caress of my mother's hand,
And her beautiful smile to me.

The morning came; my sweet dream fled;
Yet my heart had grown strong again,
And hushed were now the bitter tears
That fell like the summer rain.
They had deceived,—those blinding tears
For many a precious form
Stood by my side in the path of life
With kind heart, true and warm.

Like a fair, green spot in the desert dim,
Where the weary travelers come,
So to my heart, in its weariness,
Came that beautiful dream of Home.

ZELIA GENTLEDALE GREY.

Select Literature.

MY FIRST (AND LAST) PARTNER.

(CONCLUDED.)

He had been nearly three years absent, and as many months at home, when the ball was given in honor of his birthday. It fell on the 21st of December, the shortest day in all the year, but one which I have remembered long enough, and not without good cause. The festival was held at the family town-house. West country gentry kept town-houses in Gloucester then; it was an older and better established place than Bath, and thought more genteel than Bristol, because there was not so much trading there. Tracy House was reckoned one of the finest. Some tradesmen have got better houses now; but it had stood for more than two hundred years in Old Vale Street, substantially built of brick, and consisting of four low stories, the company-rooms on the first floor, all but the ball-room which was on the ground, and partitioned off the kitchen; so the dancers got a knowledge of what they might expect for supper; but it was a known fact that Lady Tracy spared no expense on wax candles, cut flowers, and the best chasers.

After sitting up the night before, and dozing most of the day on our chairs, we got our curls as dry and stiff as heart could wish. My aunt said she never saw heads in better order after the washes, the dressing, the rouging. This last went against my conscience, but it had to be done, and when it was done, I felt certain my mother would not have known me. Our toilets were pronounced complete by half-a-dozen old friends who gathered in to drink tea and admire us. Our chairs were called, and for the first time in my life I went in a sedan to meet good company. I need not tell you what a bustle there was in Old Vale Street; a ball in those days was not only the neighborhood, but the entire town. The chairmen pushing, swearing, and occasionally fighting with their poles; the clusters of heads thrust out at every window and door; the crowd of inferior people in the street making as much noise as they could, and pressing on to see everybody that stepped from a chair; the flare of links and torches, and the general uproar, would have been too much for my rustic senses, but for the greatness of the occasion, and the supporting presence of my aunt and cousins. With them I passed over the carpet extending from the gutter in front of the house to the hall-door, guarded by men with torches and staves, to light the company and keep off the mob, through the row of servants within, who announced us to the ladies of the family at the entrance of the hall-room. They were Lady Tracy, Miss Tracy, and Miss Agnes Tracy—tall, bonny, plain women, every one of them, with looks at once hard and sharp; and thanks to the rouge and gummed curls, nobody could have guessed which was the oldest. I had never seen them in my life before, yet the whole three gave me a stare of amazement which I am sure they did not mean, for the Tracys were well-bred people; but they recovered their composure the next moment, returned our courtesies—I fear mine was awkwardly made—and gave us the usual compliments and thanks for being so good as to honor their house with our presence; on which my aunt assured them that the honor was done to us; and with all the ceremonies of good breeding we were shown to our seats

on one of the lines of chairs and sofas ranged against the wall, where the ladies sat, and the gentlemen stood by till most of the company arrived, and the dancing began.

My aunt presented me to all the Tracys, including Sir Edward, who came to make his compliments as soon as we were seated. He was, as I had been told, a tall, fair-complexioned young man, but very thin like the rest of his family. His hair was parted in the first set, with diamonds, and his ruffles were of the best point. His manner was polite; and he might have been called handsome, for his features were better than those of the ladies; but there was something sad and sour in his face, which I thought very strange for a young man and a baronet; he spoke little to anybody, had a habit of looking watchfully about him; and I afterwards heard my aunt and cousins saying among themselves how very much Sir Edward was altered by his travels, for all the grand things he had seen and shared in. For the present, they congratulated him on looking so well, and wished him many happy returns of the day. I did my best to follow their example; but the stare the three ladies gave me had not quite gone off my mind when he came up, and Sir Edward's first look fairly threw me off my balance. It was a scowl of uncommon blackness, as if he had suddenly caught sight of somebody who had done him a serious wrong, but it passed as quickly as lightning. I don't think my aunt and cousins noticed it at all, they were so occupied with their own manner and the incoming company.

I was duly presented; Sir Edward spoke to me as he did the rest, but in a lower tone; then went to do his devoirs to other ladies, but from all ends of the room I could see him stealthily watching me. The thought of that made me unhappy, in spite of the gay dresses and the fine people who filled the room. All the elite of Gloucester were there; my kindly aunt and cousins took both pride and pleasure in pointing them out to me; it was not thought rude in my young days, but rather a sign of distinction. They showed me Lady Sarah in diamonds and brocade; how black she was, and how well her hair suited the queued curls! They also showed me a tall, handsome young officer, then called Lieutenant C—, and supposed to be an admirer of Miss Agnes Tracy. There were a great many more notable, whom I have forgotten. They introduced me to some, but none of them looked at me as the Tracys had done; and I felt quite reassured when Cousin Alice whispered:—"Do you know, Sophy, that Sir Edward has lost his heart to you; he looks at you from all quarters. Methodist as your mother is, I think she would get over the ball for such a conquest."

Of course I was flattered by the fact of Sir Edward looking at me from all quarters, as any country girl of seventeen would have been. I had not lost my heart to him. I am certain it never could have gone that way; but he was the great man of that society, which seemed to my inexperienced the grandest in the world—the owner of an estate, and a baronet. It was no fancy of Cousin Alice; he did look at me from time to time, but not as if he wished to be observed. I couldn't help looking at him in return from behind my fan, the only proper way for a young lady; but when my attention was diverted by the entrance of a great Gloucester lady and her seven daughters—they were all immensely large women, but I have forgotten their names—Sir Edward was suddenly missed out of the room. I saw his mother looking for him; I heard my aunt say: "What has taken him off?" but in a minute or two he was there again, making compliments, receiving congratulations, and casting watchful, stealthy glances at me. Under any other circumstances, I would not have liked him. I did not like to think of the fierce frown he had cast on me at first sight, but my experienced cousin had assured me of a conquest; and it was with a flutter of girlish vanity that I saw the young baronet, after leading Lady Sarah and some of the more distinguished guests through as many minutes, approach and request the honor of my hand for the next. There was nothing ill-natured or envious in my cousins; Alice adjusted my tucker, Grace whispered not to forget that I preferred the *Minuet de Mecklenbourg*. My aunt gave permission for me to dance, which Sir Edward asked in due form; and to my own great amazement and greater pride, I was conducted by the bowing baronet to the clear space in the midst of the room where the dancing went on.

Minutes would be thought a dull business by young folks of these days, but they did not derange the queued curls, or put one's sac out of the proper folds; they did not take up much room either. The clear space I had mentioned was a chalked strip in the centre of the ball room, extending almost from the entrance-door to one at the further end, which opened on the orangery—an old-fashioned kind of greenhouse, with steps leading down to the garden, for the ground on which Tracy House stood was a perfect slope. The orangery was well kept, and specially decorated for the ball, the shrubs and plants being arranged so as to form a kind of arbor, with two tables in it—one with Sir Edward's birthday presents, set forth in full display, and the other furnished with light refreshments for the ladies who went there to get cool after dancing, and survey the gifts, which, being mostly from the Tracys' rich relatives, were thought well

worth seeing. I mention these things that you may understand what followed. In the meantime, I of course preferred the *Minuet de Mecklenbourg*. The orchestra, consisting of two hautboys, and as many violins, were set to the appropriate air. I believe my step would have satisfied the dancing-master in his most scrupulous moment. Cousin Grace smiled approvingly on me from her distant seat, and I heard Lieutenant C— say to his partner, Miss Agnes:—"From the country, you say; how gracefully she dances!"

We had finished the minuet, and I expected Sir Edward to conduct me to my seat, but instead of doing so, he led me towards the orangery.

"You have not seen my birthday-presents yet, nor our two lemon-trees, which are counted among the wonders of Gloucester. All the rest of the ladies have seen them; come and see them too," and without waiting for an answer, he opened the door, and led me in. I was young, utterly unacquainted with society at the time, and greatly delighted with the notice and honor shown me by the young baronet. Besides, I had seen other ladies go into the orangery with their partners, and though doubtful of what my aunt would say, and rather surprised to see nobody there but ourselves, I found the birthday presents exceedingly engaging. There were silver cups, point ruffles, embroidered night-caps, and snuff-boxes of uncommon shapes and workmanship. Sir Edward showed them all; told me the names and residences of the titled relations from whom they had come, shewed me the two lemon-trees also—they were nearly as tall as myself—and made several flattering comparisons between me and the surrounding flowers. From seeing him in the ball-room, I never could have imagined he could talk so agreeably. The sadness and sourness were gone from his face; they were gone from his memory too, and I never observed where we were going, till he opened the door, and led me out upon a kind of balcony, from which a flight of stone steps led down to the garden.

They had an iron railing, but the balcony had none; it was a dangerous condition to keep the place in, but the Tracys never spent any money on their house that they could help; and I felt half-frightened when the full moonlight—this was the clearest winter weather I ever saw—showed me the unguarded precipice and the wide lonely garden below. At the same moment, I saw Sir Edward rapidly turn an outside key in the door behind us, and then turn to me. Before I knew what to say, he seized me by the arm, and said he. "Is it not cold and quiet in the moonlight? This garden would be a lovely place for a grave."

"Let us go in," said I, turning from him in mortal terror, for his face had changed to something like the look of a vicious dog about to spring, and I could hear the grinding of his teeth.

"No we won't go in," he growled, in the same surly tone; "we won't go in till you tell me what brings you here to mock me, after what you did in breaking your promise, and sending me to the madhouse. Yes it was you that did it all; I was kept under their keepers and strait-waistcoats for nearly three years by your doings; but I'll have my revenge. I made this for the keeper one night, but it will do for you."

He had fumbled something out of his dress-pocket, which I could not see; I think the terror and confusion stupefied me for the moment, and as he spoke, I felt a noose of cord thrown quickly round my neck, and then a violent push, which sent me over the edge of the balcony, while he held the end of the cord in one hand, clutched the iron railing with the other, and planted his feet firmly on the steps. My escape was predestinated, I suppose, for, in the act of falling, my toes caught in a projecting ledge of wall. I never knew the value of life till that moment. With the energy of despair, I flung out my arms, and fortunately caught one of the rails some distance below where he stood, and held on to the ledge of wall with my feet. He saw my advantage. How horrible his face looked in the moonlight, the eyes glaring, and the teeth gnashing, like one possessed.

"Ah, you won't get off; I'll hang you, you perjured wretch; you won't send me to the madhouse again." That growl was given in an undertone, and I saw him winding the cord round his hand to tighten it. It was so tight already, that I could utter no sound, and the dreadful feeling of suffocation was on me, but one last expedient for life suddenly occurred to me. With the only hand I had free, I seized the noose, tore the skin off neck and fingers, but succeeded in loosening it sufficiently to utter one scream. I'll never forget the sound of that cry; it must have startled the half of Gloucester. The next thing I remember is a crash of beaking glass, the figure of a man rushing out from the greenhouse, and the sensation of falling. After that, all was black, till I found myself lying in a bed in Lady Tracy's house, with my aunt, my cousins, and a number of female servants busy about me, strange sounds of confusion coming up from the ground-floor, and above them all, shouts of curses and imprecations in the voice of Sir Edward.

I had been saved from him and his noose by the gallantry and promptitude of young Lieutenant C—, who had seen us go into the orangery, heard the cry, and rushed to the rescue. By cutting the cord at once with his penknife, he had let me fall no great height on a smooth sward which happened to lie below, and then, with the help of some other gentlemen, secured the maniac, for such

Sir Edward was by this time, and such I am sorry to say he continued till the end of his days, and they were lengthened out more than forty years after. The explanation of his conduct towards myself seems to be this: the young man's brain had never been strong; indeed, I believe there was madness in the Tracy family, and under that early disappointment at Cambridge it had given way. The grand tour and brilliant receptions were merely his clever relatives' account of the time he passed in a private asylum. The dress I had bought from Mrs. Jenkins was traced to the clergyman's house in Somersetshire, which happened to be the family living bestowed on his college tutor for taking the painter's daughter so completely out of his way; in fact, it had been worn by her at one of the Cambridge balls, and disposed of as an article to pay for her married days. My resemblance to her in figure and complexion made the dress suit me so well, it probably made the resemblance more perfect; hence the surprised stare of the three ladies, and the illusion which had finally upset Sir Edward's reason, and endangered my life.

I need not tell you that we got home to the Cathedral Close as soon as we could. The ball had been brought to a premature conclusion; the whole company had heard my screams, and the affair could not be kept from becoming public. We were therefore obliged to let my mother know all about it; indeed, every one of us, and particularly myself, considered it a special judgment on our deceit and disobedience. Worthy woman, she first gave thanks for my providential deliverance, then came to Gloucester with all speed, and gave us a sound lecture, which doubtless would have been longer and more impressive, if Lieutenant C— had not politely called at the time to inquire after my health; and my mother being a gentlewoman as well as a Methodist, took the opportunity to make suit-able acknowledgment, and ask him to visit at our house. The lieutenant did visit us in the course of the same winter. He had never been engaged to Miss Agnes Tracy, who, by the by, lived and died an old maid, like her aunt. My father and mother both thought him sensible, and hoped to make him serious. He certainly did a good deal to please them in the way of politeness to the old ladies, and listening to the preachers, and succeeded so well, that they gave me leave to marry him on the very day twelvemonth in which he had saved my life. Now, there is the true cause of my dislike to look at dancing ever since I was seventeen; the unruly balcony and the moonlight night, Sir Edward and his noose, came back with every sight of it. It may have been folly, but I never could get over it throughout my long life. It was not a story that one could tell to everybody, so I kept it to myself; but the Tracys are all dead and gone now. A well-to-do tradesman owns their house in Gloucester, but he is a person of strict religious views, and the last fashionable assembly ever given there was my only ball."

CENSUS RETURNS OF 1860 WORTHLESS.—We have received, says the *Scientific American*, from Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, of Massachusetts, a pamphlet of agricultural statistics of the State. In some remarks at the close, it is conclusively shown that the statistics collected by the United States Census Marshals for the census of 1860 are wholly unreliable. The errors are monstrously absurd. For instance:

In the returns for the town of Haverhill, not a single ton of hay is returned among the products of forty farms. In the returns of products for the town of Westfield, 4000 pounds of rice are given; for Mendon, 273; for Stow, 90; for Rowley, 10 pounds. Believing these entries to be incorrect, the several persons so reported as rich producers, have been interrogated, and the result confirms previous belief. One who has returned as having raised 2,500 pounds of rice, declares the statement to be a mistake, as he never raised any rice. Another, reported to have raised 90 pounds, affirms it to be a mistake, as he never raised any. A third, reported to have raised the modest amount of ten pounds, replies that it is an entire mistake. And so of the others. It should, however, be stated, rather as a fault of the Marshals, that there appears to be no appropriate schedules for the returns of horses, cows, &c., owned by persons other than farmers, and consequently but few, or none, such are returned. Thus we find no horses returned by the marshals of Boston, while the assessors for the same year return 5,111.

Probably the traitors in the cabinet had perfect blanks prepared for the express purpose of making the census statistics worthless.

HAIR.—The state of the hair on the head tends to elucidate the character of the constitution. If strong and thick it implies considerable tone or energy of the vital powers. If, on the other hand, it is thin, soft and silky—prone to grow in length rather than strength—the animal system is almost invariably weak, and the disposition of the individual is not unfrequently mild, gentle and easy, and destitute of enterprise, rarely displaying qualities which indicate much force of intellect. We may further remark, that the curliness of the hair, not merely in infancy, but in after life, is evidence of unusual constitutional vigor, though not necessarily conjoined with a muscular frame.

En Avant!
O God! Let us not live these days in vain,
This variegated life of doubt and hope;
And though, as day leads night, so joy leads pain,
Let it be symbol of a broader scope.

God! make us serve the monitor within;
Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down,
Of form or custom, appetite or sin,
The care for folly's smile or envy's frown.

Oh! that true nobleness that rises up,
And teaches man his kinship to thee;
Which wakes the slaving from the poison cup,
Of passion, bidding him be grandly free:

May it be ours, in these evil-days,
That fall upon our nation like a pall;
May we have power each one himself to raise,
And place God's signet on the brow of all!

Not race nor color is the badge of slaves;
'Tis manhood, after all, that makes men free;
Weakness is slavery; 'tis but mind that saves
God's glorious image as he willed it be.

Out of the shadows thick, will coming day
Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land;
And the events that fill us with dismay,
Are but the implements in God's right hand.

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain,
A newer freedom phoenix-like, will spring;
Our Father never asks for us in vain:
From noble seed comes noble harvesting.

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours;
That we be worthy of the day of bliss,
When truth's, and love's and freedom's allied powers
Shall bind all nations with fraternal kiss.

Would we might see, as did the saint of old,
The heavens opening, and the stars throng
Listening to have our tale of peace be told,
That they may hymn man's resurrection song!

—Continental Monthly.

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Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land;
And the events that fill us with dismay,
Are but the implements in God's right hand.

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain,
A newer freedom phoenix-like, will spring;
Our Father never asks for us in vain:
From noble seed comes noble harvesting.

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours;
That we be worthy of the day of bliss,
When truth's, and love's and freedom's allied powers
Shall bind all nations with fraternal kiss.

Would we might see, as did the saint of old,
The heavens opening, and the stars throng
Listening to have our tale of peace be told,
That they may hymn man's resurrection song!

—Continental Monthly.

Bayonet Charges.

It is said that, severe and well contested as the fight at Pittsburg Landing undoubtedly was, but one bayonet wound has been discovered by our surgeons there, and that was inflicted by a barbarous rebel upon a helpless sick soldier, lying in a hospital tent. Some surprise has been expressed at this fact; there is a general impression that after a bayonet charge, if the contesting forces are composed of brave men, there should be a great number of such wounds. Even Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, seems to have fallen into this error, in his account of the battle of Bull Run; he spoke slightly of the conduct of our soldiers there, and gave as one reason for his poor opinion, that he could hear of no men in our hospitals wounded by bayonets. From this, of course, the inference was drawn that our soldiers did not hold their ground as well as they ought to have done. From an account of some conversations with rebel officers, in a letter printed in Saturday's *Evening Post*, it will be seen that the enemy was not of Mr. Russell's opinion. They say that our soldiers fought gallantly, and if well led on, would have gained a victory. But after the battle of Waterloo, where both sides fought with conspicuous bravery and determination, there were found, after a careful search by the Surgeon-General of the British army, but seven bayonet wounds in all the hospitals to which the wounded, French as well as English and Prussian, were carried; and at Waterloo the forces engaged were much more numerous than those who fought at Bull Run.

The truth is that a bayonet charge is a very different affair from what is generally supposed. In the first place, the regiment or other force which makes the charge, though probably ranged as near as possible squarely opposite its enemy, cannot keep up this formation during the quarter of a mile or more of ground which must be traversed by it before the foe is reached. Even with the best drilled and bravest men one end of the line lags behind, and if the enemy should stand still to receive the charge, only a part of the line would be engaged at first.

In practice, however, military writers confess that bayonets are very rarely actually crossed. A charge usually takes one of three turns: either the charging party, by its firmness and impetuosity, throws the opposing forces into a panic, and it breaks rank and flies without awaiting the thrust of the bayonet; or by firmness and a well-delivered volley at short distance, the side which is attacked drives off the other; or, in the fewest cases, both sides behave well, and then, in the words of one of our most experienced generals, "the best sergeant decides the fate of the charge," because only the sergeant and one or two men at the end of the line which first comes in contact with the enemy's line are really engaged during the few decisive moments, and thus the conduct, individual bravery and strength of perhaps half a dozen men, who alone cross bayonets with the enemy, gain the victory for the side to which they belong.

The mere appearance of an impetuous and determined bayonet charge is generally counted upon as decisive by commanders. The troops charged upon are almost sure to seek shelter from the dreadful sight, as the rebels did at Williamsburg, at Pea Ridge, at Fort Donelson, and at the gallant little affair of South Mills, near Elizabeth City, which is less known than it deserves to be. "What do you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for, but to scare the enemy?" a distinguished

general said to one who was inquiring into the nature of bayonet charges; and a Marshal of France wrote: "It is not the number of killed, but the number of frightened, that decides the issue of a battle."

Do whole regiments, then, never cross bayonets? It will be asked. It would be rash to say never; but it may be safely asserted that military histories record few such affairs. Jomini says distinctly that he saw a bayonet fight but once in all his military experience; and it is related by one of the historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the French were once charging the Prussians with the bayonet, when the latter would not or could not retreat, there ensued a spectacle unexpected by the officers of either side. The French and Prussian soldiers when they got within striking distance, apparently by mutual consent, clubbed their muskets, and fought desperately with their arms thus reversed.

Eugenie's Petticoat.

The empress has just adopted a new style of petticoat, which is the despair of nearly all the women of moderate fortune who are ambitious of bearing on their persons the latest novelty that is to be found at the celebrated *modistes* of Paris. Her imperial majesty is not ambitious to popularize the *agremens* of the toilette. She detests everything that is common, and lately begged of her tirewoman to invent something in the shape of a petticoat that could not be worn by every *bourgeoise*. That marvellous garment has at last been brought out. It does not altogether supersede crinolines, but greatly circumscribes it, and its peculiar virtue is that, get it up in the cheapest manner, it must be as dear as seven or eight ordinary petticoats, and cannot possibly be washed and smoothed for less than as many francs. Petticoats are a very sacred subject, and in any case difficult things to treat of; *japon Eugenie*—that is a subject of serious disquietude to so many women—is particularly so. Nevertheless, as it is destined to limit that terrible bore—crinolines—to try and make public its peculiarities is a task that should be attempted. Beneath a ball dress it produces an effect so charming as to call forth a torrent of the most flattering adjectives of which the French are capable. It certainly forms a graceful contrast when its wearer dances, to the light skirts of some other lady coming in contact with the stiff steel bars of the cage she carries about her. This wonderful petticoat is said in most instances to be made of cambric muslin, so that washerwomen cannot stiffen it too much. Its circumference is six yards at the widest point, and it is covered by nine flounces of still greater circumference. The lowest of these flounces is by all accounts a mere frill; the second, a few inches longer and considerably wider, completely covers the first; the third does the same to the second, and so on till one great flounce falls completely over the other eight, each one of which, to arrive at the standard of imperial elegance, must be hem-stitched like a lady's pocket handkerchief, and the outer one in addition be nearly covered with the embroidery done by the women of the Voges. This invention also sets its face against the sewing-machine, as nearly every part of it must be hand work. It was purposely so designed to prevent an immense number of seamstresses being suddenly thrown out of work by the increased demand for machine sewing, which is not yet capable of effecting hem-stitching or embroidery. The empress's new petticoat is thus calculated to be at the same time a very exclusive institution, and one that will give as much employment to the poor needlewomen as the new streets and boulevards do to the blouses.—*London Herald*.

TRADITION: A QUIET EVENING GAME.—In home circles where quiet, social amusements are enjoyed, the following "game" will be found both sensible and instructive, and never fails, also, to afford much entertainment. It is called Tradition; and it shows how rapidly reports change in passing from mouth to mouth, and how wise it is not to believe all that comes to us only by hearsay. Any number of persons, from half a dozen upwards, can take part in it. It consists in passing a story round the circle, and marking the transformations it undergoes. The starter of it should write out beforehand some terse and pointed anecdote or tale, which is not likely to be similar to any one present. He then takes one of the party aside, and relates it to him in a whisper, to the best of his recollection. This one in like manner relates it to a second, and so on, till all have had a turn. The last one tells it aloud as it reached him, and then the original is read out. It is generally almost impossible to recognize the one in the other, for it will be found that both addition and subtraction have been unwittingly practised. The point of the story is pretty sure to be lost sight of altogether, and sometimes an entirely new one will be fitted to it. No one who has not tried the experiment would imagine the extent to which this takes place, even in a company of intelligent people, who all do their best to preserve the tale unchanged; though, by comparing notes afterwards, the source of the various divergences can generally be discovered. This game is sure to cause much merriment, but is, of course, beyond the powers of most children. A good deal depends on the judicious choice of a subject.

The New Tax Bill.

VERY MISCELLANEOUS.—For kissing a pretty girl, \$1. For kissing a homely one, \$2—the extra amount being added, probably, as a punishment for the man's folly. For ladies kissing one another, \$10: the tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. C.'s as an inexcusable piece of absurdity.

For every flirtation, 10 cents. Every young man who has more than one "girl" is taxed \$5. For courting in the kitchen, 25 cents. Courting in the sitting-room, 50 cents. Courting in the parlor, \$1. Courting in a romantic place, \$5, and 50 cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 25 cents for each offence. Seeing her home from the dime society, 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

From a lady who paints 50 cents. For wearing low-necked dresses, \$1. For each curl in a lady's head above ten, 5 cents. For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, \$5. For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents for each hoop.

Old bachelors over thirty are taxed \$10. Over forty, \$20. Over fifty, \$50, and sentenced to banishment in Utah.

Each pretty woman is to be taxed, according to good looks, from 25 cents to \$25, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty; it is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy baby, 50 cents. Each girl baby, 10 cents. Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed.

THE PRICE OF CHIVALRY.—The New York Tribune prints by permission some extracts from private letters received from Mrs. Gibbons of that city and her daughters, who are volunteer nurses with General Banks' army. We find among these extracts the following anecdote:—

"Don't you want to know the price of chivalry down here? Col. ——— heard that a young lady in Winchester was ripping up a Union Flag, to turn it into a 'Seecesh.' He He sent for her, and made her give it up. It was repaired and now floats over the sidewalk of the surgeon's house, where it is a great trouble to the Winchester ladies who cross the street rather than walk under it. The other day some of the Maine Tenth seeing one of them coming down the pavement, placed a bright silver Union 'quarter' directly under the flag. Miss Seecesh came up and stepped off the curb into the street as usual to go round the 'dirty rag,' but on seeing the piece of money, she retraced her steps, and while she was stooping to pick it up she was greeted by a tremendous shout of laughter. So the price of chivalry is twenty-five cents!"

ALLITERATION.—The repetition of the same initial letter is sometimes very droll! In "Northend's Exercises" we get a specimen or two:—"During a visit to the British Museum, we are told that we must 'rapidly pass by the mantua-maker in her merino shawl, the meagre mandarin with his mask, the meddler manderin with his matins, and the skilful machinist with his head filled with mensuration, who was killed by a missile in a meale, caused by the discovery of a fraudulent mortgage,' but are bidden to closely examine a remarkable bird which had formerly been in a menagerie, but died of murrain in consequence of partaking too freely of madraira nuts, and a morsel of magnesia, which was disguised in vegetable muciage and molasses!" In the department of the letter V we get a glimpse of a victory of vast and varied attainments, who repelled the vituperation of a vitiated voluptuary, who, in his turn, 'was accustomed to vaunt his own valor, but whose partially to vinous flavors gave him a variegated complexion, but of course did not enable him to vanquish his foes.' We also find a brief allusion to a versatile voyager, who, after very varied vicissitudes, voyaged of the vomito in the city of Mexico."

COUSINS SHOULDN'T MARRY.—Our Commonwealth desired, a few years since, to ascertain the number of idiots in the State, with a view to arrangements for their welfare, as well as to establish the statistics of the case. The Legislature sent out a Commission of Inquiry, and the report of that Commission lies before us. One passage, page ninety, gives "the statistics of the seventeen families, the heads of which, being blood relatives, intermarried," which he had occasion to inquire about in the discharge of his commission.—Ninety-five children were the issues of these seventeen marriages. Of the ninety-five children, one was a dwarf, and one was deaf, twelve others were scrofulous and puny, and forty-four were idiots. Fifty-four were idiots!

THE WEARING OF MOURNING.—There are many very obvious reasons why this expensive and demonstrative show of private sorrow, is, as a custom, objectionable. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer argues against it, saying that "the world is melancholy enough without this," and the stricken heart is its own memento."

EVERYBODY is interested to know how to drive away mosquitoes. Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in the open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 75
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, 75
Each subsequent insertion, 50
One square one year, 10 00
One square six months, 6 00
One square three months, 4 00
Half a square one year, 6 00
Half a square six months, 4 00
Half a square three months, 3 00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 15 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Stoughton—T. T. Whittier.

Winchester—J. T. Hovey.
Reading—J. T. Hovey.

S. M. PATTENGLI & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JON PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

THE NEW TAX BILL.

We are to be taxed. The bill framed with such difficulty, and after so long a time, will soon be in active operation; and we have waited for it so long, it seemed so doubtful at one period whether its passage would not be indefinitely delayed and the revenue left to take care of itself, while the Senate and the House made speeches, that it seems almost like a luxury to be taxed at all, and we almost stretch arms of invitation to the advancing horde of collectors.

Taxation is a word of ominous sound and dreadful to our democratic ears. It has been our boast in past years that while the countries of monarchical Europe were oppressed by a heavy load of rates and taxes and taxes, we were free from such an incubus, and were not forced to pay in hard cash for empty glory won by our fathers, or for defeats and calamities into which former generations were plunged by their folly. Much of our boasting, the best part of it, we can still retain. It is not for a point of honor, or a desert island, that we are pouring out treasure, but for the life of the nation. We are spending money for a tangible good, not squandering it for nothing.

Then, too, we are to remember that taxation is not an untried evil, and that our system is free from many of the most objectionable features that make the taxation of other countries so odious and ruinous. We have, perhaps, been a little misled by the complaints made in France and Austria, and by the outcry that has been raised over the English national debt. But the fact is that our taxing system is no more like the Austrian or French in its results, than pouring gold into the sea is like investing capital in a profitable way. Their creditors are mostly foreigners, and the money paid to the tax-gatherer is so much wealth taken entirely out of the country, and handed over for employment to strangers or enemies. But, fortunately for us, when fourteen months ago our troubles began, the capitalists of Europe had their minds made up about us and our concerns. We were to go to pieces in three months they said, and not a dollar of foreign money could be borrowed by the government at Washington. Consequently what we owe, is owed to our own people and will be employed among ourselves, quickening the blood in all the arteries of trade and manufacture and commerce.

We are not to overlook either the fact that indirect taxation has in many cases had the most beneficial effects on the manufacturing and commercial interests of a people. And this result is effected in a variety of ways. A high tax on whiskey stills, imposed in the form of a license which was large or small according to the number of gallons produced in a given time, was not very many years ago loved by the English government. The result was that by making very wide and shallow a part of their apparatus which had before been narrow and deep, the manufacturers were enabled to make many hundred gallons of spirits where they had previously made a gallon, and the tax was thus evaded. Here then is an example of a tax leading directly and instantly to a great improvement in an important manufacturing process. The tax in this case was not paid by the consumer for he bought his liquor cheaper than ever, nor by the producer, for the cost of production was at once lessened, but it was paid by the improvement which the tax itself had caused. Many examples like this might be found in the records of old governments long familiar with the science of taxing. Thus there are good points in taxation which much diminish the burden it brings, and which should lead us to grumble with some reservation.

THE CONTRABANDS.—Mrs. S. Edgell Davis has received a note from S. G. Howe, acknowledging the receipt of the box of clothing from this town, designed for the Contrabands at St. Simons. Another box is to be sent away in a few days, and contributions are respectfully solicited from all. Mr. Hammond will receive at his Clothing Store, such articles as our citizens may contribute.

Mr. A. G. Carter bought at Auction, last Saturday, the estate of Eleanor Reed, deceased, for \$500.

Hon. James F. Baldwin.

James Fowle Baldwin was born in Woburn, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, in the little village of New Bridge, April 29, 1782. His father, Colonel Loammi Baldwin, was a surveyor of land and at the time the only engineer of note of that part of the country; engineering as a profession being as yet unknown. He projected the Middlesex canal, one of the earliest works of the kind in the United States, and it was constructed under his direction. James was the fourth son; he received his early education at the village school of his native town, and afterwards went to the academy at Billerica and Westford. About the year 1800 he was in Boston, preparing himself for a mercantile profession, in which, after a few years, he was established. But undoubtedly the influence of his early associations with his father, together with his own tastes, had turned his attention to another pursuit. His brother Loammi, who, although educated as a lawyer, had a strong predilection for engineering, had sometime previously relinquished his profession and was engaged in the construction of that beautiful specimen of workmanship, the Dry Dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard. James joined him and thus commenced in earnest the work of his life. In 1828 a project for a railroad to the western part of the State was started. Mr. Baldwin, with Nahum Mitchell, of Bridgewater, and Samuel Mackay, of Pittsfield, were appointed State Commissioners to make the survey from Boston to Albany. Upon this exceedingly arduous labor he was employed more than two years. The work was not prosecuted at that time, but subsequently the Western Railroad, now in operation, was built upon the location selected by him and his plans for its construction generally adopted. Mr. Baldwin always looked upon this, next to the introduction of pure water, as the most important of his professional works.

In 1832 he commenced the location of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and under his direction it was completed in a manner that renders it, for skill in location and permanency of construction, the best and most substantial railroad in New England.

The Ware Manufacturing Company and the Thames Company at Norwich, in Connecticut, secured his services in arranging their works, and the proprietors of the locks and canals entrusted him with the determination of the relative amount of water power, used by the mills of the different manufacturing companies at Lowell. These and similar public works completely occupied his attention for several years.

In 1825 the matter of supplying Boston with pure water began to attract the serious attention of the city authorities, and, during the mayoralty of Mr. Quincy, an investigation of the different sources from which it could be obtained and estimates of the means of supply were made and embodied in a report. In 1837 Mr. Baldwin was appointed upon a commission still further to enquire into and recommend a plan for the same object. A majority of the commission recommended Spot and Mystic Ponds, which they thought would afford a supply equal to 3 millions of gallons daily; sufficient, as they supposed, for ten years; a portion only of the works to be completed at first and to be added to as required. Mr. Baldwin dissented and recommended Long Pond, which would of itself furnish 9 millions of gallons daily and receive addition from other and more extensive sources lying in the same water shed. He admitted that it would be more expensive but, at the same time, he was fully assured that a structure such as he proposed would be more permanent and sufficient for all demands without the objectionable feature of pumping. The majority revised their report the following year and yielded somewhat, but still recommended Spot and Mystic ponds. The Mayor reported in favor of the majority; still Mr. Baldwin was immovable. The plan recommended was submitted to a popular vote and rejected. The project was not renewed till 1844 when Mr. Baldwin was again on the commission. His statements and arguments proved conclusive in the minds of the people and his plan was adopted March 30, 1846; the ground was broken five months after, and on the 25th of October, 1846, Mr. Baldwin, as one of the three Commissioners, had the good fortune to see his plan, so long resisted, finally triumphant and the public fountain playing for the first time in the presence of an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens. Instead of furnishing three millions of gallons daily for the first ten years as was proposed, according to the first plan, this aqueduct has actually delivered more than 15 millions of gallons in the same time.

Mr. Baldwin, although confining himself to his professional duties and having but little taste for politics, was elected Senator for Suffolk, and held the office until his appointment as Water Commissioner. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and took a lively interest in the objects it was designated to promote.

He was of a kindly and benevolent disposition, affable in his manners, warm, and unfaltering in his attachment to his friends. His sense of justice and his fair appreciation of the rights of others, showed to great advantage in many of his public works. Confidence in his integrity enabled him to settle questions of the transfer of property with a facility that was quite surprising, especially those persons who had not the clearest conception of the invariable uprightness of corporate bodies in their dealings with individuals. Steadfast in his own conviction of right he would allow no influence to allure, or any force to drive him from the path of duty. If on trying occasions he has to some appearance of obstinacy it was always obstinacy for truth.

His mind was clear. It did not work rapidly; he came to his conclusions by successive steps, closely examined and carefully taken; but his results once secured, his confidence in them was seldom shaken. A careful and acute observer, his judgment was formed upon a consideration of all the circumstances rather than upon nicely balanced computations of partial influences. He was more

anxious that his works should be abundant in strength and permanency rather than constructed with the least theoretical amount of materials.

Regular and methodical in his habits, calm and equable in his temper, he enjoyed unusual good health through his whole life, and even at the age of fourscore had suffered from slight illnesses only. In person more than six feet in height and remarkably well proportioned, his presence was dignified and commanding. His last illness was of short duration. On the morning of the 20th of May he took his usual walk after breakfast, in his usual health, but on returning to his house complained of a peculiar distress across the front of his chest, went to his chamber, and within an hour breathed his last.

Hon. James F. Baldwin was married to Sarah Parsons Pitkin, daughter of Samuel Pitkin, Esq., of East Hartford, Connecticut, July 28, 1818. They were the parents of three promising sons, who died at the respective ages of fourteen, seven and five years. His widow survives him.—Boston Advertiser.

THE forty-fourth anniversary of the First Congregational Sabbath School, will take place in the Church to-morrow afternoon. The minister of the day, Rev. C. W. Wallace, of Manchester, will conduct the exercises. Henry Hoyt, Esq., of Boston, and C. T. Russell, Mayor of Cambridge, will also make addresses. The children will entertain the occasion by singing, and from the arrangements made, we judge that this will be an occasion of great interest to all who attend.

FISHING PARTY.—A party of our townspeople went down Boston Harbor last Wednesday on a fishing excursion, in the "Young America." The day was well adapted to their purpose, and mirth and hilarity ruled the occasion.

THE Annual Address before the Literary Societies of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., will be delivered by JOHN S. HART, LL. D., of Philadelphia, on Tuesday afternoon, June 17th.

Those of readers who wish their property insured in a good Company are referred to Mr. S. Horton at the Post office.

Rev. Mr. Halsey of Boston, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church to-morrow.

THE STORY OF ONE REGIMENT.—When the Maine Eleventh passed through Broadway last November, the "Hallelujah Chorus" chanted by eight hundred and fifty sturdy fellows, few persons who saw them could have anticipated that those tall lumbermen would, within a twelvemonth be almost decimated. Arriving in Washington they built those famous barracks which were visited by so many strangers; but in spite of the fine shelter the typhoid was soon busy in their ranks; and when they went down with Casey's division were only seven hundred and fifty strong; one-eighth died of disease. While on the Peninsula they lived on hard biscuit and water for five weeks, owing to the inefficiency or rascality of some one, so that when they took up the double quick for Williamsburg the men fell on the road and died from sheer exhaustion. At the battle of Fair Oaks they numbered, fit for duty, only one hundred and eighty men. One-half of this number were in action, and were nearly all killed and wounded.—N. Y. Post.

PAYING DEAR FOR A NEWSPAPER.—Mr. J. Seabury sued Bradford O. Wait for seven years' subscription to his newspaper. The case was recently tried before the Supreme Court in Albany, N. Y. The publisher recovered, and the delinquent subscriber had to pay in judgment and costs a sum amounting to between two and three hundred dollars. The New York Observer speaks as follows of this case:

"It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibilities to publishers of newspapers. The law which governed in this decision is a law of Congress, and therefore applicable to every state in the Union. Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a newspaper the last to be settled, especially the last which the law would enforce. Responsible men, even, under trifling whims, refuse to take their paper from the offices, regardless of the payment in the arrears, and when half a dozen more years have been added to the arrears at the time of stopping, think it hard to pay the increased bill with interest and cost of collection."

To the above, the Freeman adds:

"We will add here, that the law in relation to newspaper subscriptions, holding subscribers so rigidly to their responsibilities as such is wisely founded upon the nature of the newspaper business. The entire interest of the publisher is in little scattered over the country, it may be thousands of miles, and the business could not be carried on unless he had the protection of comprehensive and decisive law."

A GLASS EYE EXPECTED TO SEE!—An action was lately brought, in a French court, against a lady for the price of a glass eye that she had ordered expressly to fit her, but refused to take when finished. She defended her own cause, and desired the court to observe her hair. "It is false," said she, "but it looks well and keeps my head warm; my teeth, too, are false," said she, "but they, too, look well, and, what is better, they enable me to chew my food; but this eye," continued she, angrily, "is not of half the use of my wig and artificial teeth, for I cannot see out of it a bit," and, so saying, she dashed the eye indignantly on the floor of the court.

STARTLING! BUT TRUE.—The Volunteers are braving the dangers of Fever, Scurvy, Wounds and Cholera. Many a gallant fellow will leave his bones to bleach, who, by the aid of Holloway's Pills & Ointment, would have returned to his family strong and healthy. Soldiers, try them! Only 25 cts. per Box or Pot.

A friend in the Woburn Union Guard sends us the following Rebel Song. The book from which it was taken, contained a number of pieces, and was termed "Southern Poems." It was picked up on a rebel camping ground near Peake's Turnout, Va. With this our friend sent a rebel envelope, which, when picked up, contained a Confederate \$25 note and a number of postage stamps. The bunch to which it belonged was pierced half-way through by a pistol ball, and it, too, shows the impress of the ball. Who knows but that these envelopes were the means of saving a life? The poetry is said to be the best in the lot, and if it is, the rebels are in great need of the muse's power in leading them upward and onward in their self-sacrificing career.

The South is Free.

In '76 young Freedom rose
Mid Carolina's mountains,
And charmed the earth from Maine's hoar hills
To Florida's singing fountains,
Till tyrants rose on Northern plains,
And desecrated the little chamber.
She roared after till '61 us,
Then came with fiery armor
To free the South, the sunny South;
O, Southrons! thank Jehovah,
And welcome in our midst again
The bright-eyed little rover.

Our South is free! again is free!
The land whose preterit story
Relates of storms, of peace and war,
And shields and breastplates gory;
For through the long, long gathering hung,
Ere Lincoln called his millions,
To pierce Freedom from her home
And clip her snowy pinions.
But now the South is purely free;
Raise anthems to Jehovah,
And welcome in our midst again
The bright-eyed little rover.

Long years we struggled to maintain
The rights our fathers left us,
For which the tyrant in his wrath
Would cunningly beguile us.
We saw no hours of joy or ease
'Neath Yankee domination,
Nor till we placed at Freedom's shrine
Our lives as an oblation.
And now the South is surely free!
Raise anthems to Jehovah,
And welcome in our midst again
The bright-eyed little rover.

O, shout ye matrons! shout ye maids!
O, shout ye sturdy yeoman!
O, shout ye master! shout ye slave!
Shout terror to all foemen!
But to the friends who wish us well,
Let welcome be extended;
And Freedom sing her loveliest songs,
For truth with them is blended.
The South is free, again is free,
Chant anthems to Jehovah,
And welcome in our midst again
The bright-eyed little rover.

And now we'll grow, and envy not
Our brethren of the water;
For oft they'll court the sunny smile
Of America's young daughter.
They'll love her with an ardent love,
With wreaths will they adorn her,
For through the long, long gathering storms,
She's kept her pride and honor.
The South is free! the South is free!
Chant anthems to Jehovah,
And welcome in our midst again
The bright-eyed little rover.

"Lookings-on at the War.—By N. P. Willis."

VISIT TO THE REBEL PRISONERS.

In the course of a drive with a friend through the environs of Washington, on one of the beautiful mornings of the just-closed May, we took advantage of my editorial "open-sesame," to ask for a walk, with a physician, through the hospital-barracks occupied by the wounded Southern prisoners from Yorktown. As it was, in some respects, different from what I had expected to see, I am at liberty, perhaps, to suppose the same misconception on the part of here and there a reader, and will describe my enlightenments, therefore, with a view to being here and there instructive.

The spot where these rebel prisoners are confined, (between two and three hundred, I understood), is a very picturesque estate, hired for the purpose by the Government, and at the distance of about four miles from Washington. It is one of a half dozen of the beautiful country-residences, in this neighborhood, now serving the same "Samaritan" purpose; among which is "Eckington," the paradise of refinement and hospitality which many will remember—the home of the honored and beloved JOSEPH GALE. The undulating turrets of hills which bend around the capital of our country, (curiously resembling the Seven Hills' diadem of Rome!) is a rare circlet of these well-set gems of cultivated landscape.

With the usual formalities of passing sentences and having our corroborations of countenance looked into, we found the physician for the day at the mansion of the place—getting glimpses, meantime, in various directions, of the unwounded Southerners, lounging about the trees and enjoying, in captive idleness, what their kinsfolk were welcomed to, a few months ago, in the way of un-sentimental hospitality. We did not get near enough to any of these "guests upon compulsion" to see their faces; but, the invalids being understood to be our especial object of curiosity, we were taken at once to the hospital.

This building was one of several long wooden barracks, resembling rope-walks outside, though the one we entered was so carefully whitewashed and ventilated within, as well as ornamented with branches and flowers, that seemed rather like a structure erected for a *fete-champetre*. Upon clean new cots, four or five feet apart, lay the fifty inmates, to whom our conductor, (an English surgeon who had entered the army service), was on terms of most friendly acquaintance, exchanging a familiar word, as to symptoms, food or medicine, with almost every one of them, in our slow promenade. The name, regiment and ailment, of the occupant, was on a strip of paper, tacked to the partition behind him. Then there was a shelf, loaded, I observed, in almost every instance, with paper-covered novels, magazines and newspapers; and an attendant entered, while we were there, with an armful of these literary "anodynes" for exchange or distribution. I was sorry,

(afterward), that I had not inquired who it was that had thus thoughtfully ministered to their various secessities—including the flowers, blossoms and branches, over the beds, which, of course, had not come by male.

The friend who had brought me out in his carriage was a wealthy Virginian, of "Union" sentiments, though, of course, with strong sympathy for his mistaken more-immediates; and, while he took the opportunity to converse with some of the patients, individually, I took a leisurely lounge, up and down, with our civil Doctor.

One general feature impressed me, very much—the total absence of Yankee astuteness and restlessness in the countenances of the invalids. Without an exception, they looked careless and unsuspicious—no sign of a "cute idea" in any of their faces. One pale little fellow, only sixteen years old, who had been shot through the tendon of the ankle, and was sitting up in bed, coaxing off the rag from the sore place—this quiet little sufferer looked as happy as a school boy studying a puzzle. Yet they were generally "fine animals." Most men, I believe, look well in bed—partly from the absence of a nightcap and partly from the artistic "relief" of the dark beard upon the white pillow—but these fifty "wounded rebels" were, besides, physically good-looking. There was a well-distributed look, somewhat, about their "youthful energies"—large chests, muscular throats, strong jaws and open nostrils. And they spoke to me, and answered my questions, and showed me where they were wounded, just as a bush holds still, while you pluck a flower—no reserve, no nervousness, no caution. The down-east wide-awake-ity would be too much for them, of course—in the way of business—but still, it must be confessed, this dull loveliness is attractive.

There were but two or three cases that seemed very desperate. One middle-aged man, (ticked on his card as from Louisiana), had been singularly deprived of his power of articulation, by a shot which, (hitting him probably while he was turning a quid in his mouth), had carried away half his tongue and half his upper jaw! He blurted out some sort of answers to our inquiries, but he was, evidently, pretty effectually "spoiled," for tobacco and this world! Another pale ghost of a youth, mustached and "otherwise well appointed," had been shot right through the lungs, and lay gasping on his back, waiting for his last breath, "more or less," and with his large blue eyes looking up to us most unconsciously and mournfully. I said to him, "War is a sad thing." "Good for some folks, perhaps," he whispered back, as we left him to die.

It was near noon when we came away, and I noticed how particularly nice the "rations" served to the invalids—delicate slices of meat and bread to some, soups to others, tea and toast to the fever-patients, etc., etc., and all, apparently, perfectly contented with their "allowance." Two or three of the occupants of the cots near the door, smiled and bowed cordially to us as we came out.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—The public examination of the several Schools for the present term, will be as follows, viz:

High School on Wednesday P. M., June 25th, and Thursday A. M., June 26th; the Rumford, Mystic, Adams, and Washington Schools on Friday A. M., June 27th; and the Gifford, Primary, Wyman, and Hill Schools on Friday P. M., June 27th.

NEW ORGAN.—The Baptist Society have purchased a new Organ which was put up in Lyceum Hall this week. It is of the manufacture of Stevens and Jewett, Boston, 11 feet in width, 13½ feet in height, and 6 feet in depth, has as large pipes as the organ in the Congregational Church, and was procured for \$650 being a great discount from the original cost which was \$900. The small organ which was put up a short time since, was taken back at the cost, and the balance of the amount was raised by subscription in aid of the Society. The Society have in contemplation the settlement of Mr. Hinchley, as their pastor. It is a cause for congratulation that in these "troubled" times, this Society is still flourishing under adverse circumstances, and has friends willing to aid in rendering its musical department attractive and pleasant.

STATISTICS.—The number of children in town on the first day of May last, between the ages of 5 and 15 years, as ascertained by the Assessors was 406, an increase over last year of 22.

PROMOTION.—The U. S. Senate confirmed June 9th, Capt. W. E. Prince of the 1st Infantry, who is a brother of Hon. F. O. Prince, to be 1st Major of the 3d Infantry. The family of the gallant Major reside here, and his numerous friends will be pleased to hear of his deserved promotion.

WAR ITEMS.—Mr. Charles E. Sanborn oldest son of Mr. S. T. Sanborn in company with some twenty other medical students left in the Steamer, Daniel Webster last Wednesday as Assistant Surgeons in connection with the Sanitary Commission.

LECTURE.—Last Monday evening in the vestry of the Congregational Church, Mr. T. D. Smith of Boston, a young man who was connected with the 1st Rhode Island Regiment, and taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, and recently released from the prison at Richmond, gave an account of his own personal experience among the rebels.

He was introduced to the meeting by Rev. Mr. Robinson, and commenced his remarks, with the saying of a well known writer, that "War's least horror is the ensanguined field," which he commented upon as a truth apparent to all who had seen the ravages of war. The reasons which led to his joining the army were a love of his country, and the duty which seemed to require him to volunteer in its defence. He was pursuing his studies at Brown University, and obtained an appointment in the medical department of the 1st Rhode Island Regiment then under the com-

mand of Col. now General Burnside. There not being much for him to do, he went into the ranks as a private.

The various marches of the Regiment, with the grand forward one towards Richmond on the 16th July last were briefly narrated. The following Sunday, the ever memorable day, they prepared for battle. The memory of those Sabbath morn will never be forgotten by those who participated in its eventful scenes. After the battle had waged fearfully for awhile he was ordered to assist the surgeon in his arduous duties. While thus engaged, the Federal Army had retreated, and having received an injury in some way during the conflict, he was forced to remain with the wounded and was soon surrounded by three of the rebel cavalry, who took him as their prisoner. His ideas respecting that battle were, that if Patterson had kept Johnson in check as was intended, our army would not have been defeated. As it was, the troops would not have gone further back than Centerville in the way. McDowell was not in fault, but done all that he could do under the circumstances. The effect of this defeat was very injurious to the North and created a false impression on the minds of the people of Richmond at the time he was there. This has probably been removed since by the victorious march of our armies.

He marched nine miles that Sunday night to Manassas, with some six or eight hundred others suffering intensely from thirst, hunger, fatigue, and many of them from wounds. Arriving at Manassas at midnight, and in the morning was placed in cattle cars, and carried to Richmond, receiving on the way the insults of the crowds, and on their arrival were driven like cattle into a large tobacco warehouse. A full description was given of these warehouses where they were confined, and the brutality of the guard placed over them. Instances were given of prisoners shot by the rebel guard as it seemed merely to gratify their hatred of the Yankees. Lieut. Tod a half brother of President Lincoln was specially noted for his brutality and outrageous treatment of the prisoners. The speaker received a blow from him given by his sword, without any cause, the scar of which he should probably carry to his grave.

He was employed in the hospital the first part of the time after his arrival in Richmond, and his description of the condition of a large number of the wounded received there from the battle field, was shocking. Some died on the way, others had their wounds full of maggots, so that it would have been far better for them to have died instantly on the battle field, than be in the sad state in which many of them were brought into the hospital. He was often from thirty to thirty-six hours without rest in assisting the surgeons. Much of this suffering might have been avoided, for if our officers had sent in a flag of truce, they would have been allowed to bury their dead and carry off the wounded as the rebels had enough of their own to take care of, so the rebels say. The rebel surgeons were either palpably ignorant, or heartless,—probably both. The dead were buried in the negro burial ground which the rebels said was a good place enough for them. One of the rebel Surgeons procured his removal from the hospital because he spoke his sentiments too freely to suit him.

During their confinement, they formed themselves in messes, and were as regular and cleanly in their habits as they could be under the circumstances. They had for some time only the clothing that they had on when captured, and often had to walk the place to keep themselves warm. They were overrun with vermin which troubled them a great deal.

In describing their life in prison, he said it was wonderful how they lived. But many did sink away and die under it. Some of them had money at first, with which they were enabled to purchase articles of food, but this did not last long. They then made tobacco pipes, rings out of meat bones, and other fancy articles which found a ready sale and which realized some funds. Yet notwithstanding all their efforts, they suffered a good deal and were deficient in most every thing. The rebel newspapers and the women were the worst enemies they had.

The average age of the men was 25 years, and most of them were the opposers of coercion before the war, but became its warmest friends. To show the spirit of the men, he gave an account of a movement which was started by some of them in order to obtain their release, which was fully discussed, and finally voted down as not best. Having heard of the appointment of a National Day they determined to observe it. They had a meeting in one of the rooms of the building, adopted some resolutions, and had some stirring speeches. They had the whole range of the building which was four stories in height, and these six hundred prisoners would sometimes get together in one room on important occasions to discuss matters. After they became pretty well settled they formed a Glee Club, which used to sing most every night those favorite pieces, "America," "Dixie" with variations, "Star Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue" and others of their own composition. They had also a Prison Olio Association which gave performances about once a week, in the shape of dramatic exhibitions &c. These were so well liked by the rebels, that many of them used to come in and witness them. There was also a Court of Justice for the trial of offenders, which was attended by all the forms and practices of a regular County. In every way possible, they sought to keep up their spirits, and pass away the time.

The worst treatment they received was from Virginia and Alabama troops, when on guard, who would frequently come round at night half drunk and swing their great butcher knives over the heads of our soldiers and ask them how they would like to feel that. There were probably a dozen killed, while he was in Richmond and many more wounded by these brutal soldiers. The Georgia and Florida troops were very gentlemanly. After the first of November they had a more comfortable time, and only one man was killed

after that time, and that led to an order from Capt. Gibbs of Alabama the Provost Marshal forbidding the firing upon our soldiers unless in attempt to escape. There were three clergymen taken prisoners at the same battle with them, but they were not allowed to officiate but a few times and were sent further South. By general consent the Sabbath were observed by the men by a cessation from all amusements. They mended their clothes, although many of them were not accustomed to it, and the speaker made himself a pair of pants, thus showing that necessity does wonders.

He thought there was some Union feeling in Richmond and vicinity which at some fitting time would show itself. The account given was quite an interesting one, and did space allow, further details might be given here.

This young man was preparing for the ministry before his enlistment, and obtained leave of absence for three months to serve his country. His long captivity disarranged his plans and he is now pursuing a course of medical studies preparatory to entering upon the physician's office. He has certainly had an experience which he will never forget, but which he will often recall with gratitude, that he was enabled to suffer and do so much for his country's good.

An article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for June, entitled "The Health of our Girls," is deserving of the careful perusal and consideration of parents and guardians of children.—Says the writer, "There is every where complaint of the growing delicacy and fragility of the English female population, even in rural regions, and the king of sanitary reformers, Edwin Chadwick, was lately made this complaint the subject of a special report before the National Association. Nine tenths of the evil he attributes to the long hours of school study, and to the neglect of physical exercises for girls. This shows that the symptoms of ill health among women are not a matter of climate only, but indicate a change in social conditions, producing a change of personal habits. It is something which reaches all; for the standard of health in the farm houses is with us no higher than in the cities. It is something which unless removed, stands as a bar to any substantial progress in civilization. It is a mere mockery for the millionaire to create galleries of art, bringing from Italy a Venus, on canvas, or a stone Diana, if meanwhile a lovelier bloom than ever artist painted is fading from his own child's cheek, and a firmer vigor than that of marble is vanishing from her enfeebled arms."

What use to fund colleges for girls when the high school breaks down, or to induce them into new industrial pursuits when they have not strength to stand behind a counter? How appeal to any woman to enlarge her thoughts beyond the mere drudgery of the household, when she 'dies daily' beneath the exhaustion of even that?

It would be profitable to those who have not read this article to quote more of it, but time and space will not allow. Suffice it to call attention to the subject, which is an important one. The writer suggests the difficulties which lie in the way of this matter, and offers some excellent ideas whereby the health of our girls may be improved and benefited.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. Editor.—We are all so busy over here that we scarcely get time to look at "the papers," much more to write anything, except "For value received," "My Dear Julia," "Please pay to the order of," &c., &c.

Now, this may sound something like boasting, but if any of your readers think so, let them come here and pass through our principal streets at any hour of the day except that of hour after tea, at the gentle coming on of evening, and see how many men they will find lounging around the stores or saloons. But after the day's hard toil is over, I grant you, there are men to be seen whiling away the evening hour on the steps at the Post Office, at the Shoe Establishments, discussing (and I fear, cussing occasionally) the news of the day, and the latest sensation in our town.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to me, by a cursory look at the "doings" in some of our Shoe Factories, that our business in that department is unusually lively just now. Our traders must also be changing goods for money at a fair rate. Farming is prospering too, the corn nearly hoed, potatoes also. I have seen two fields of the "tubor" to-day, that are already luxuriating in the first treatment of that "agricultural implement."

We have another source of pleasure, looked for and hoped for, for a long time, I mean an enterprise now just about completed, by which we are bound to the route of travel which you Woburn and Winchester people take to reach the city. But hold! My pen shall not record what is to be, but only what is. I may, therefore, say this much: The track of our Branch Railroad is complete, the travelling done, the depots and engine house and turn-table built, and the fence all complete except a few rods. Now, when will the cars run? Perhaps I shall tell you next week just the day when the regular trips commenced. "Nous verrons," as the French have it. Meanwhile, "Look out for the —" &c.

Our friend, Dr. Heath, took a very sudden leave of us, not stopping to bid his best friends good-bye

Miscellaneous.

Poetry on a Nose.

How very odd that poets should suppose,
There is no poetry about the nose;
When, plain as is man's nose upon his face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace!
Noses have sympathy, a lower knows,
Noses are always touched when lips are kissing,
And who would care to kiss if nose was missing?
Why, what would be the mortal means of telling
And who would be the mortal means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose—a nose no other knows—
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows—
Beauty its form, and music in its blows.

Military at Partington House.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! footstep leading from the gate to Mrs. Partington's back kitchen, ceasing at the word "Halt!" Driss: Shoulder arms! Support arms! Carry arms! Charge bayonets! March!" said a voice in rapid succession of orders. Mrs. Partington opened the door at the word march, as she charged through with a wooden gun made of half a clothes pole that he had taken for the purpose, and found herself "falling back" before the furious assault, not stopping till her main body lighted under the table, her right wing resting in a saucer of milk put there for the cat, and her left most demoralized by a flank blow from the leg of the table. She scrambled to her feet as she withdrew her force towards the door. There was a flush upon her cheek and anger in her eye, as she brought her forefinger to "Present," for what elderly lady of property and some fat would like to be knocked under a table by a mischievous boy, even to illustrate military science?

"What do you mean by doing this, you bad boy?" said she, as she found her tongue. "Do you think you are in a squirmish, that you attack a body in that way? I'll let you know better, sir, when you go to bed. Dear me, how you have decomposed me! I come knocking my brains out." Seeing that she had not struck her head, it was wonderful how this could be, but it was to be excused to the excitement of the moment. He stood good naturedly at "Shoulder," and then remarked that he was only going through the Manual. "And what has a boy to do with the Manual, I'd like to know?" asked the old lady severely; "you'd better be a recruit, and done with it, and go to Panunzio Creek, if you want to cut up some monkey shines." "Right about face; march!" said she, wheeling towards the door. "Stop!" said Mrs. Partington, but he kept on. "Stop!" she repeated, but he didn't mind. Then her spirit was aroused, and charging after the withdrawing forces, she seized him by the arm. "Why don't you stop?" she cried. "The command wasn't right," said he "it should have been 'halt.'" "I'll make you halt," said she, taking off her shoe in anticipation of the sentence of a drumhead court-martial. But as she raised the shoe, she caught a glimpse of the profile of the Artillery Corporal on the wall, in military rigidity, gazing out on nothing, the sword above it that had flashed over the Beavertown muster-field in the Bloody 'Leventh, and her eye moistened with new emotion. Gone was her anger, gone the excitement, and gone was like, who ran out of the back door and leaped the picket.—Evening Gazette.

SCENE AT THE PARK BARRACKS.—Dramatic Person.—(A sick and wounded, but good-looking soldier, and an anxious lady-nurse in a march of a subject.)
Lady Nurse.—"My poor fellow, can I do anything for you?"
Soldier (emphatically).—"No, ma'am! Nothin'!"
Lady Nurse.—"I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow for you?"
Soldier (despairingly).—"You may if you want to very bad; but you'll be the fourth lady as has done this blessed morning in"—New York Evening Post.

WAR TIMES.—A day or two ago, as our little Annie was running at full speed on the sidewalk, she had a serious fall. Her knees and forehead were badly bruised, and the skin grazed from her arm. That night, as she was being undressed for bed, she looked pitifully at her numerous wounds, and sorrowfully exclaimed to her mamma—"Oh dear! what dreadful times these war times are!"

Do you know," said Augustus to Juliana, as he lifted up a long strip of lace that she was knitting, "that this to me is black?" "Is it, indeed?" replied she. "You don't say so, why?" Juliana felt that she must ask why. "Because," said he, "I see it is a crow black." The awful effect upon Juliana's nerves may be imagined.—Eve. Gaz.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the mouth a gutta-percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

If cotton was ever king, his crown has turned to dust and ashes upon his withered brow. King cotton, like old King Lear, owes his ruin and desolation to the misconduct of his own children, whom he has fed and pampered.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister—"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone." She replied—"No, not the brimstone; only the spark."

A mischievous brain hatches a great many falsehoods; but the brood cannot generally be raised.

DR. WM. B. HURD'S

MOUTH WASH,

BAD BREATH,

SORE MOUTHS,

CANKER,

DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS,

NURSING SORE MOUTH,

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

A SWEET BREATH

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Friends and Relatives

OF THE

BRAVE SOLDIER'S & SAILORS.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

AND

OINTMENT.

All who have Friends and Relatives in the Army or Navy, should take especial care, that they be supplied with these Pills and Ointment, and where the brave Soldiers and Sailors have neglected to provide themselves with them, no better remedy can be sent them by their friends. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the hour of need.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops

Will be speedily relieved and effectually cured by using these admirable medicines, and by paying proper attention to the Directions which are attached to each Pot or Box.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite, Incidental to Soldiers.

Those feelings which so sadden us, usually arise from trouble or annoyance, obstructed perspiration, or eating and drinking whatever is unwholesome, thus distending the stomach and bowels, and giving rise to these complaints. These organs must be relieved, if you desire to be well. The Pills, taken according to the directions, will increase the action of the bowels, and produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

Weakness or Debility Induced by over Fatigue.

Will soon disappear by the use of these valuable Pills, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never let the Bowels be either constipated or unduly acted upon. It may seem strange that Holloway's should be recommended for Dysentery and Pains, many persons supposing that these medicines increase the action of the bowels, and thus increase the complaint. This is a great mistake, for these Pills will correct the liver and stomach, and thus increase the action of the bowels, and produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

For Wounds either occasioned by the Bayonet, Sabre, or the Bullet, Sores or Bruises.

To which every Soldier and Sailor are liable, there is no more certain and effectual remedy than Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The poor wounded and almost dying sufferer might have his wounds dressed with any of the many remedies which are offered to him, but he would not have the same result. The Ointment will remove the humors from the system, and thus increase the action of the bowels, and produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

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Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

JOHNS & CROSELY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE!

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

The only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your Broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its cost is a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost but a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmingdon, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Ocean.

O mighty mausoleum, vast, sublime!
Where many a brave man's whitened bones
repose,
Down where perchance the blushing sea-flow-
er grows,
And rare weeds up the coral pillars climb,
Mayhap mysterious creatures crawl or swim
'Mid skulls and bones, shell-crested thickly
o'er,
Fantastic made, lying on jasper floor
Of some old pearl-roofed cavern deathly din,
O mighty king! in fourfold coffin shut,
When Death has shewn thy compeers what
we are,
The grandest, most imposing sepulchre
That man can build were but a sorry hut
Compared with his who grappled with the
wave,
But yielding, dropt into his broad sea grave.
—Chambers' Journal.

Select Literature.

BARBARISM OF WAR.

Among many popular fallacies that arise from the wishes rather than the experience of mankind, is the dogma that a cruel man is always a coward. A cruel man cannot, it is true, be said to possess that more exalted sort of courage which not only is oppression and magnanimity incompatible, but to which a certain heroic tenderness is always allied; yet such a man may be habitually careless of life and limb in the case of himself as well as in that of others; nay, he may be even so brutal as to be totally unconscious of danger—by no means so uncommon a phenomenon as it may appear. The Irish gentleman who sat upon the very branch of the tree which he was engaged in sawing off, was not, indeed, necessarily a hero, but not unquestionably he was not a coward. Even the wicked and contemptible thing that is called a bully is not so positively certain to be a poltroon as we would all wish him to be. The popular mistake arises, perhaps, from a healthy but undue exaltation of courage. Courage, it is true, is a virtue without which a Nation is but an assemblage of slaves who wait for their master; but Cruelty is blasphemy in action—the hand of man raised, as it were, to strike the Father of Mercies. A coward is an object pitiful in all eyes; but a cruel man is more and more contemptible in proportion to the height of the nature from which he is regarded; most contemptible, most abhorrent, therefore, in the sight of the Highest. It is creditable to human nature, therefore, that we should grudge the title of Brave to the Cruel; but it must be confessed by the student of mankind that it is sometimes withheld unjustly.

It seems to have been agreed upon by all historians to represent war artificially. The actual horrors of it are indeed unimaginable and must therefore remain unwritten except by eye-witnesses, who have something else to do than to record them; but besides this, about all that is told, plays a certain light (irresistible, as it seems, to the historic colourist), which never was on sea or shore while war was really raging. In all descriptions of battle-scenes which have come under my notice, are blue and red fire (so to speak) always burning at the wings. Experience and imagination give the most opposite narratives of the matter. This misrepresentation arises from the same undue exaltation of valor which we have already mentioned, and which in this case is even more excusable, since that is the virtue without which no campaign could ever be brought to a successful issue.—We are unwilling to associate the glorious game of war with brutal excesses, and still less with vulgarity; but War is a very brutal and vulgar business for all that. Commodore Trunton must be sometimes excessively surprised to read in the pages of History the elegant sentences he had made use of to his assembled crew before laying his vessel alongside the enemy, and like Mr. Squares in his new clothes, must feel astonished at finding himself so very respectable. The majority of our readers are probably under the impression that commanders-in-chief, admirals, generals of division, colonels of regiments, and the like, lead their men to battle vociferating little declamations of a patriotic and elevating character—allusions to Westminster Abbey (which, let it be considered, could effect not even their subalterns, and far less the bulk of those they are thus addressing), and reminders that the eyes of the civilized world are fixed upon them. Now, as a matter of fact, the language of most of these chieftains, upon exciting occasions such as joining battle, if set down word by word, would sound rather coarse in the mouth of so polished a female as Miss Clive. I have had myself some little personal experience of these matters, and unless my ears deceived me in more than one instance, the words of encouragement were not unmingled with a little hard swearing. I trust I am not guilty of a breach of confidence in saying this much. "On, Stanley, on," were the last words of Marmion, as represented by the great bard of romance; but what says the poet of more ordinary life? "What are they feared on?—fools, old rot 'em," were the last words of Higginbottom. I am no historian, and do not feel bound by that tacit agreement to be artificial which seems to exist among all narrators of campaigns. I am not a peace-monger, but I do not see why the truth should not be told about War as about other matters. The "special correspondents"

have stripped him of late years of many of his spangles, but he is a magnificent impostor still, and even Mr. Russell himself lets him discourse at times in the Cambryses' vein. If you really want to see the mighty Mars in his work-a-day clothes, and without his "company manners," you should serve as I did, as assistant-surgeon in a fighting regiment.

When the Old Guard were surrounded after Waterloo, and threatened with cannon-shot if they did not surrender, they replied—What?

"The Guard die, but never surrender." Enthusiastic but insufficiently informed Reader, they replied nothing of the sort; that is what History has replied for them. It is not necessary, nor would it be becoming, to set down here what they actually did say, but they certainly did not say that. Similarly, if the gallant 150th, to which I had the honor to belong, were asked to lay down their arms to any enemy, its reply—whether cannon or no cannon—would be without doubt in the negative, but it would not be "the 150th never surrender," but some statement more curt and natural, though equally decisive.

With the regiment in question I served during the whole of the late Indian rebellion, nor was any of its officers, I think, better acquainted with the men than I. I may not, indeed, have known so many as the colonel, but those with whom my profession did bring me into contact (and in an Indian campaign almost every man in a regiment passes sooner or later through the doctor's hands), I got to know most thoroughly. The great majority of my patients were simple, faithful fellows, brave as lions, and with no touch of tiger about them, except when engaged in actual conflict. They suffered without complaint, they died without fear. The Hereafter of Death did not trouble them; their last words, for the most part, were some message (rarely, alas, to reach its destination) to mother, or sister, or cousin, far away in their native land. In the rare case of their being married, they spoke of the wife, soon to be widow; but, generally, it is a fact that a male cousin was the person most in their mind at that moment; some Dick, or Tom, or Bob, who had snared rabbits, or shot sparrows with them turn-and-about with a horse-pistol—their loved home-companion in the seeming far-back days of boyhood; reminiscences as touching to their hearts, and to mine, as any others, although totally unfit, maybe, for the delicate uses of novelist and poet. Some of these men had a very strong though somewhat mechanical sense of duty. I saw one of them, with my own eyes, perform the self-same action which has made Sir Philip Sidney's name immortal, or, instead of a cup of water, a cup of rum was concerned in the matter—which increases the sacrifice. Dick Smith, full private in the 150th, had both legs carried away by a rebel cannon-ball, and lay a-dying. The ordinary allowance of spirits which every man carried with him into action had been very properly administered at once, but there was great need for more. An untouched flask of rum was lying by him, which nothing would induce him to take.

"The major may likely want it," said he; "it is the major's."

This officer (who did not take spirits except medicinally) had given the rum to Dick, with the proviso only, that if he (the major) were wounded, he should receive the precious liquid again. No representation could move the poor fellow to take this, until the major himself came to the Rear and bade him do so, when Dick Smith drank it off with a smile, happy to see his favourite officer was untouched (except, to his honor be it spoken, by this beautiful act of devotion)—and then died. If Dick had been a general, and the major but a private soldier, what a charming scene the historians would have made of it and what elegant sentences would have been placed in both their mouths; whereas, in honest reality, there were some rather strong expressions used by all parties in reference to the cause of the mischief—namely, "the Pandies."

The rebel sepoys were an infamous and accursed race. They ate our salt with murder in their hearts; they hated us with the hate of those who have returned evil for good. Those smooth liars who slew our women and our children deserved the bayonet most richly. In the battle, and after the battle, I, for my part, would have always cried, "Spare not"—only it was never necessary. In War, there is no such thing as mercy in the hearts of most of the common soldiers, no matter of what nation they be. I have seen officers standing with revolvers to defend Hindu women and children from the bayonets of our own men. It is a foolish and wicked error to represent war as being carried on in a humane and civilized fashion, although certain courtesies are sometimes connected with it, which affect (almost solely) the chiefs on both sides. I am no mealy-mouthed member of the Peace Society—not I; but War is of the Devil; and almost every man while actually engaged in battle becomes *pro tem* a fiend. I began this paper with the end of it in my mind, when I ventured to say that cruel men are sometimes brave men. One quarter, at least, of the patients that I have had under my care in the field were either naturally cruel, or had been rendered so—had been brutalized, that is, by the scenes through which they had passed; but not one of these was a coward.

The bravest man, physically speaking, who ever came under my care was John Rawlin,

His audacity was conspicuous in almost every engagement, and it is not easy for a common soldier to make himself conspicuous in battle—unless, indeed, by running away. He would have been signally promoted more than once if his character could have permitted it, but his habits were very insubordinate, and he got drunk whenever he had the chance of doing so. He would have gone into a burning house, with a powder-magazine beneath it, for the certainty of obtaining a bottle of whisky. He had absolutely no fear, neither of God nor Man. After passing scathless through the whole of the Rebellion, Rawlin was fatally wounded in a chance skirmish with some wandering Pandies after the relief of Lucknow. His hurt was of such a nature that there was no more hope of his life than if his head had been shot away, but he lived just eight-and-forty hours afterwards. He was perfectly aware of his approaching end, and regretted it mainly because it would prevent him from killing more Pandies. From this man—truthful, because shameless—I learned more of the realities of war than I, as an officer, could by any possibility have seen with my own eyes. It is when Authority is out of sight that the most terrible incidents of warfare take place—those acts which earn for a dominant race the hatred of unborn generations.

Without bravado, but also without the slightest trace of compunction or repentance, Rawlin narrated to me his personal experiences of the late campaign; these disclosures were mostly of a nature too atrocious to be repeated here, but two of them may well be mentioned as likely to make some impression upon a not uninfluential class of people, who, themselves staying at home at ease, are eager to cry "War, war," at every opportunity, in total ignorance (I hope) of what war really is.

Upon one occasion, a number of sepoys were condemned to be shot after an engagement, and a corporal and several men, among whom was Rawlin, were intrusted with this duty in the absence of a commissioned officer. There had been a dispute between Rawlin and the corporal as to how many men a bullet from a Minie rifle could be made to pierce, so they tied these wretched prisoners close to one another, each behind each, and fired at the foremost man. The bullet was found to pass through five men and wound a sixth, whereupon the sixth man took the foremost place in the next file, and the butchery proceeded.

Later in the campaign, it was decided (wisely, as I think) that for certain reasons connected with their superstition, condemned sepoys should be blown from the guns. A certain number having been again committed to the tender mercies of another non-commissioned officer of ours, and some men, among whom again was my terrible patient, the execution proceeded thus. The victims were placed with their faces toward the guns, so that they might not be spared the spectacle of the preparations for their own destruction, and when they shut their eyes to avoid this, the guns were snapped, again and again, so that each might endure the torture of half-a-dozen deaths before he actually met with death itself.

Of the truth of these two dreadful incidents, I have no doubt whatever; and not less firmly do I believe that in all wars similar abominable acts are not only frequent, but common. Many men who would shudder at the very mention of such deeds, are only too eager to let slip the blood-hounds who act thus, and sometimes upon slight provocation. May these few pages, torn from the blood-stained book of war itself, give such persons pause. Their ignorant voices may otherwise some day assist to produce that worst, because most gigantic, of all crimes—an unnecessary war. Soldiering, even victory itself—is not all feathers and fanfaronade, my safely bellicose friends; though, as I have before observed, I am myself by no means a member of the Quaker body, nor at all likely to become so.

The end of Rawlin was excessively characteristic. In his last moments, he expressed himself obliged to me for such care as I had been able to bestow upon him, and presented me with a very handsome jewel-casket (with nothing in it, however), which had formed a part of his "loot" at Lucknow.

"I got it out of the Kaiserbagh, sir," said he, "and a great deal of botheration it gave me. I had to kill three Sikhs first, who were exceedingly obstinate in giving it up."

Now, if Mr. John Rawlin treated his allies in that manner, we need not wonder that he was not given to spare his enemies. And yet he was, without doubt, as brave—in a limited sense—as Nelson.—Chambers' Journal.

"My dear Juliana," said Alphonso, the first day of their housekeeping, very tenderly, as he rose to go out and do his first marketing, "what shall we have for our dinner?" He laid much stress on the "our." "I think, my love," said she, "that as our appetites are not very great, a quarter of beef will be sufficient." Alphonso stood aghast at "A quarter of beef!" he shrieked. "A quarter of a pound, I meant, my love," he said, kissing him on the nose. Alphonso went out like a lamb to the slaughter-house.

There is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.

A Russian Husband's Revenge.

BY GERALD LIVINGSTON.

General Prince — was a man of about fifty, of a frowning aspect and harsh features, and wearing long, gray moustaches. The princess, his wife, was, on the contrary, a young and lovely creature, with blooming cheeks, flaxen tresses, and large, blue eyes, that seemed redolent of love.

How in the world had this charming creature become the Princess —? The answer lies in the sad fact that the general was all-powerful in Poland, and that Varinka was a Pole. Her father was on the eve of being brought to the scaffold—her fondly-loved brother was about to be captured, when death would await him. The general alone had the power to save them both. Being madly in love with Varinka, he offered to save her father and brother, on the condition of her giving him her hand, to which the poor girl, in an agony of terror, finally consented.

It is not that the prince was quite unworthy, either, of the treasure he had appropriated. Beneath the rough coating of a Russian soldier there beat a noble heart. He was wealthy—was the representative of an illustrious family, and had acquired both fame and glory in his own person. But he was old—he loved her with a kind of savage love—and was, moreover, jealous to a pitch of frenzy.

No sooner was the marriage celebrated, or rather the bargain concluded, than the prince concealed his young wife in a dismal, old, cold castle, that seemed to have been hung by giant hands on the edge of a steep rock, whose basis was lashed by the foaming waters of a rapid torrent. It was like some vulture's eyrie, or the inaccessible stronghold of a magician, or Blue Beard's gloomy abode itself.

For a time all went on smoothly enough; the young wife appeared, if not happy, at least resigned to her fate. The leaden atmosphere of *ennui* that breathed around her had not yet blanched her cheek, and she even occasionally endeavored to smile. But one evening, returning after a short absence, the prince crept stealthily to his wife's room, situated in a turret projecting beyond the rock, and whose balcony overhung the yawning abyss below; and as he paused a moment before he opened the door, he started on hearing a strange voice in the chamber—and that the voice of a man!

He looked through the keyhole, and could see a young man beside the princess. He listened to their conversation.

"And what was your dream about, my dear Varinka?" asked the stranger, in a tone of tender solicitude.

"Oh, it was frightful!" replied the young wife, shuddering. "I fancied we were both, clinging to the rope by which you climb up to my balcony from the bottom of the precipice, and that the rope, though so securely fastened, suddenly snapped asunder."

"Poor Varinka!" exclaimed the young stranger.

"And then we were dashed against the rocks and swallowed up by the torrent!" resumed she. "Oh! I shudder at the bare thought of that fearful dream!"

"At any rate," observed the young man, after a pause, "we should have had no more sad partings, and death would have gathered us into one grave."

"Yes," replied the princess, in a melancholy voice; "I should have thought that nothing more could part us; that the bright sun would smile over our watery grave, and that we should still be together!"

The husband could scarcely restrain an outburst of rage.

"I think I hear some one," said the young man. "At any rate, it is time to go, for dawn is advancing. So farewell."

Then, embracing the princess, he climbed over the balcony railing and disappeared.

"Farewell till to-morrow!" cried Varinka, leaning over the chasm.

"Aye—till to-morrow!" muttered the husband, who now retired, even more stealthily than he came.

"I think I hear some one," said the young man. "At any rate, it is time to go, for dawn is advancing. So farewell."

Then, embracing the princess, he climbed over the balcony railing and disappeared.

"Farewell till to-morrow!" cried Varinka, leaning over the chasm.

cable of his boat, which the waves will presently dash to pieces," said the cadet.

"But are you aware, boy, that you risk your life by plunging into the torrent?"

"Did you not say that it was more than a matter of life and death, and that your honor or he dies?" said Alexis.

"Well said, my youngster!" exclaimed the uncle.

Not a word more was exchanged between them on the subject.

At night the youth was at his post. It was a lovely, starry night in August, but the depths of the abyss were dark and gloomy. Alexis flung himself unhesitatingly into the roaring torrent. Being an expert swimmer, and by dint of clinging occasionally to the rocks that tore his flesh, he managed to reach a reef just beneath the window, behind which he could watch what was passing.

A slight noise soon met his ear. It was a bark putting off from the opposite bank. It certainly seemed as if he who moved it must be impelled by a mad and headlong passion, for it was little short of tempting Providence.

It was the boat-look rather than his oars, and his hands still more than either, that stood the stranger in good stead, and enabled him to reach the foot of the sloped granite crag, to which he moored his boat.

On gaining the rock, he proceeded to scale it with superhuman efforts, the ascension being even more perilous than crossing the torrent had been. But it was so dark in these solitary depths that Alexis soon lost sight of the stranger. His immediate business, however, was to cut the cable, which he soon did, when the fragile bark was carried away by the torrent and speedily dashed to pieces. But the noise was lost in the roaring of the torrent, and never reached the ears of the daring adventurer.

After fulfilling his mission, the general's nephew raised his head out of curiosity towards the higher regions that were bathed in moonlight, and could see the stranger standing on a narrow ledge that bulged out over the edge of the precipice, some five and twenty fathoms above the raging torrent.

"How could he manage to climb up to that ledge?" thought Alexis; "and how will he ever be able to proceed a step farther, now that the rock is steep as a wall?"

A rope was now let down from the balcony, as if to answer his silent query. The stranger seized it eagerly, and began to scale the intervening space with fearful rapidity, till he had reached about three-quarters of the distance. At that point, however, although his arms and legs continued maneuvering after the same fashion, the stranger did not seem to advance a step farther.

By-and-bye he appeared to be coming down again. Yet, no! it was not the man, but the rope, that was being slowly lowered. Still his efforts seemed more desperate than ever. It looked as if he would fain have leaped at a bound to the window he had longed to reach, and whither his whole soul seemed to aspire. But the rope kept lowering and lowering still!

Let us now take a peep at the interior of the princess's room.

The window was open to receive the breezes of the night, and the fair young woman was sitting in her evening dishabille, with her beautiful hair flowing down her back unconcerned by pin or comb. Her exquisitely moulded chin was resting on her hand, in the pensive attitude of one in whose mind youthful hope is struggling against the blighting influence of stern reality.

Presently the clock struck one, when a signal reached her ear; but so cautiously was it transmitted, that it did not even disturb the nightingale singing on its spray—it seemed as if but she alone in the whole creation could have heard it.

Varinka started to her feet and ran and opened a cupboard, whence she drew a rope as long as a fathom line for sounding the ocean. She then proceeded to fasten it solidly to one of the marble pillars supporting the mantelpiece. After trying its strength, and answering the signal in a still lower key than it was given, she rushed towards the balcony and lowered the rope over the balustrade, still believing it, as if to ensure the safety of the beloved object it was to poise in the mid air.

And now the marble pillar squeaked beneath the pressure of the noose, as the anxiously expected guest had seized the other end of the rope below. Varinka leaned over the balcony, with a strange mixture of joy and anxiety, when suddenly she felt a hand upon her shoulder.

She turned around—it was her husband!

Varinka remained speechless, motionless, and terror-stricken.

The prince was silent likewise, but there lurked a diabolical smile upon his rough countenance as he drew forth his hunting-knife.

He slowly stooped down and began deliberately sawing the rope, tightly drawn across the chamber.

Varinka could not utter a syllable. Her senses seemed petrified by terror.

"Make haste, madam," cried he, "make haste and seize the rope, or all will be lost for him who is hanging over the abyss; it hangs together only by a few threads!"

As if galvanized into action by these taunting words, the young wife darted upon the rope, and, by superhuman effort of strength, on the part of so fragile a being, she wound

it three or four times around her arm with frantic haste.

Dragged violently by this one arm towards the window, while the rest of her body clung with desperation to the inside of the chamber, she fixed her looks on her husband and once more became motionless.

"You forbear screaming because you justly surmise that at the first hint of the kind you give him he will generously relinquish his hold. This is excellent; it is neither he nor I, but you will kill him!"

Then, sheathing his hunting-knife, he sat down quietly opposite his wife, folded his arms, and enjoyed his horrible revenge, tasting it drop by drop, as it were.

If there be an earthly punishment equal to the tortures experienced by the jealous, it must surely be the prolonged agony endured by this unhappy young creature, as she kept twisting the cord round her bruised and fragile wrist, beneath the basilisk gaze of her revengeful husband.

What pen can describe her sufferings? She was drawn inch by inch towards the balcony. And now she is dragged into the balcony—yet one hand grasps the balustrade with a convulsive, terrible gripe. But, oh! the weight from below still drags her on. Her body is now lifted into an upright position; anon it leans over the abyss—the tips of her feet alone touch the balcony—she loses her equilibrium—she hovers over the chasm like a spirit of the air.

"Together," cries she, in a dying voice—"we will die together, as in my dream!" Still clutching the rope, she disappears in the yawning abyss.

A cry of anguish, and then another—the dull, heavy sound of a body falling on the rocks below—then again another fall, and all was silent save the roaring, plashing torrent that bore away the two corpses in their foaming winding-sheet!

High above stood the pitiless general on the balcony, whence his wife was dashed headlong into the jaws of death, smiling with an infernal smile as he watched the horrible finale of this fearful domestic tragedy.

Below stood the nephew, who, on witnessing this agonizing scene, understood, too late, the dreadful import of the part he had so imprudently consented to perform. In an hour's time the youth felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, on raising his eyes, he perceived it was his uncle bearing a torch in his hand.

"Follow me!" said the general, in an authoritative tone.

The uncle and nephew proceeded to thread their way back among the reefs in profound silence, till they reached the torrent on the other side of the castle, and following along the rocky banks of the river they at length discovered one of the bodies. It was that of the young man. Alas! the features were no longer recognizable—gashed and torn by the pitiless rocks.

The murderer coolly searched the victim's pockets, choked as they were with mire and gravel, and at length found a letter. The lines had evidently been traced by his wife's hand, and were signed, "Varinka."

By the flickering light of the torch, he next proceeded to scan their import; but at the first words he started back, exclaiming, in wild accents of despair:

"Her brother, Venceslas! Oh! accused be my revenge!"

And the next morning the prince's hair had turned as white as snow, and he was reduced in strength to a feeble old man. His victims were constantly before his eyes, their dreadful wounds bleeding and gaping, and their mangled bodies horrible to his sight.

The brother and sister were buried together—united in death.

Three days after the dreadful tragedy, the jealous husband's dead body was found beside their grave.

Blind jealousy had led him to perpetrate the cruel murder, and remorse impelled him to expiate the crime by suicide!

Alexis, who regretted during his whole life the part he bore in the tragedy, inherited his uncle's immense estates, and gave the castle to the church for a monastery.

Hari Kari in Paris.

The last days of the visit of the Japanese Ambassadors in Paris, during their stay at Hotel du Louvre, were marked by a most extraordinary and impressive occurrence. One of the officers belonging to the suite of the envoys received the order, which had been despatched almost immediately after his departure from Japan, to commit the act of suicide, or self-execution, known as the *hari*, described by Bayard Taylor and other travellers in Japan as the only method of avoiding the disgrace and torture accompanying a public execution. What the offence committed by the miserable man before his departure from Japan was, or what the means whereby it was discovered, must forever remain a secret.

But what is certain is the fact of the act of suicide having been faithfully performed by the victim, and, according to official form, in presence of the representative of the spiritual Majesty of Japan, and by stabbing himself in the bowels with the broad yataghan which every Japanese officer of distinction wears upon his bosom, suspended by a thick gold chain round his neck. It appears that it had been the custom daily of an afternoon for the four-and-twenty chief officers of the expedition to take their bath in a large marble basin which had been expressly fitted up for

the purpose on the first floor of the hotel. In this, the water being let off and renewed at pleasure, it was easy to accomplish the work of vengeance; and here alone, with the Minister of Imperial wrath—the shadow appointed to watch every movement of his companions, and report every action to his sovereign—did a miserable being put an end to his existence, at the word of command issued from the other side of the globe. The bath waiters of the hotel had reported on the suspicious appearance of the water which remained at the bottom of the bath on a certain day, and the evident attempts which had been made to cleanse the floor of the room with unusual care. But so strange are considered the customs of these people, and so utterly impossible has it been found to understand their language, in spite of the numerous *savans* in Paris paid by government, not only to learn but to teach it, but who, although proclaimed perfectly conversant with all its dialects until the ambassadors arrived, seemed suddenly so struck with awe, perhaps at the sight of their excellencies, that they lost their memory entirely, and could neither understand nor utter a single word—that it was deemed by the persons consulted on the subject that the disorder must have been created by some religious or superstitious custom, and no further inquiry was therefore deemed necessary. After the lapse of a day or two, however, it was observed that one of the officers was missing; the waiters noticed, moreover, that the room occupied by one of them remained undisturbed, although his vestments of ceremony remained extended on his bed; and at last many little circumstances and sundry religious observances, which seemed to have no adequate explanation, occasioned an inquiry to be insisted on. The result of this inquiry seems to have been the discovery of the corpse of the victim, rudely embalmed, and placed with great care in a large wooden chest, all ready packed to convey it away.

The embalment merely consisted of the most careful bandaging in silken wrappings, tightly compressed by leathern thongs. As far as gestures and intonation can convey the impressions of the mind, it soon became easy to perceive that no concealment was sought, and that the occurrence was greatly regretted by the victim's companions, although regarded as a stern necessity of duty. The discovery, of course, created the greatest embarrassment to the Government, and M. Thouvenot, after consultation with the Emperor, sent down a message to the Ambassadors as representatives both of the temporal and spiritual sovereigns of their countries, declaring his great astonishment and disapproval at what had taken place. Intimation was given at the same time that such barbarous customs, being totally at variance with the laws and institutions of the country, any repetition of the same occurrence would be followed by expulsion! The body of the unfortunate man, being but imperfectly embalmed, was conveyed away, upon an order issued from the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, to the Minister of Police, at six o'clock in the morning, to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, where it has been temporarily deposited to await the return of the Ambassadors, who, on pain of the same order of *hari*, are bound to lay it as *pièce de conviction* at the feet of their Emperor. This is the story whispered about in Paris, and unfortunately confirmed by the only possible proof—that of the absence of one of the *suite* on the departure of the Embassy, which was ascertained beyond a doubt by those who, roused by the interest excited by the tale which has been suffered to get abroad, had the curiosity to assist at their departure, in order to compare their number with the photographic sketch executed on their arrival.

Our Language.

A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she remarked, "See what a flock of ships." We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a *fleet*, and a fleet of sheep was called a *pack*.

And here we may add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language with respect to its nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a *bevy*, and a bevy of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *school*, and a school of Buffalo is called a *herd*, and a herd of children is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of whales is called a *school*, and a school of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentle folks is called the *elite*, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the *roughs*, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the *community* or the *public*, according as they are spoken of as the religious "community" or the secular "public."

ON THE COMMON-NESS OF NAMES.—In the entire English population there is one *Smith* in seventy-three; one *Jones* in seventy-six; one *Williams* in one hundred and seventeen; one *Taylor* in one hundred and forty-eight; one *Davis* in one hundred and sixty-two; one *Brown* in one hundred and seventy-four.

The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS: \$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00	Each subsequent insertion, .50
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One square six months, 6.00	Each subsequent insertion, .37
One square three months, 4.00	Each subsequent insertion, .25
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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Woburn—E. T. Moody.
Winchester—J. H. Hovey.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES, successor to V. B. Palmer, Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the Journal at the rates specified by this notice.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

WIGHTMAN vs. ANDREWS.

Governor Andrew was unfortunate enough to make a mistake the other day, when he wrote to the authorities at Washington and hinted at imposing certain conditions on the administration, before the loyalty of Massachusetts should be seen in its full glow and glory.

Making the mistake was bad enough, but to have it dwell upon to see it occasionally revived and commented on and even somewhat laughed at, is very bad indeed. The Boston press maintained a discreet silence in reference to the gubernatorial epistle, or gave it a mild condemnation; the New York editors read its author a severe lecture, and from more distant States the voice of reprobation was louder and more decided. Now, last of all, there appears in the Boston papers a letter signed with the name of Mayor Joseph Wightman, continuing the reprimand and speaking as if having authority.

Undoubtedly in the letter to Secretary Stanton, Governor Andrew allowed his own personal views and feelings to color his reply, and may, perhaps be charged with misrepresenting the mind of the citizens of Massachusetts as a whole. What may happen in time to come we do not profess to know. We will not say that our own opinions may not be very much changed in the next six months. We are sure that in the last six they have undergone great modifications.

And what is true of us is also true of many men in the State and country. The people may see fit to change entirely the character of the struggle in which they are engaged, but we must let events decide. We need not claim to be above the teachings of circumstances and the needs and requirements of the hour. But whatever the future may bring to pass, we are in no danger of contradiction when we say, that in the past, Massachusetts men would not have thought of making the demand that Governor Andrew speaks of in his letter.

This cause may be better than that, or that cause may be better than this, but the cause that to-day calls the Massachusetts men, as well as all other loyal men, to take up arms against the South, is that the South has rebelled against the Government. It is not that the South has always been arrogant and insulting, nor that the South holds slaves, but that the South has arrogantly insulted the republic, that it has tried to enslave the national councils, and hold its own countrymen in bondage. It is the Union we fight for, all of us, and Massachusetts with the rest.

We think that Mayor Wightman furnishes, as good an expression of the people's feelings as that given by the governor, and that the latter made a miscalculation to a certain degree.

Still Governor Andrew has perhaps only taken a step further in that direction which the whole seems to be slowly tending, and any chance that he may have of succeeding Mr. Sumner is not much damaged by it.

When the hour comes for the match to be put to the "enemy's magazine," we have confidence in Abraham Lincoln to believe that he will do it. He has never yet shirked his duty, when placed in an embarrassing position, and we do not think he will; and what is more we think that all advice tendered him on the subject, let it come from what source it may, is altogether gratuitous.

We heard Henry Ward Beecher say in his lecture at South Reading last winter, while speaking of emancipation, "you can get your armies a dozen miles into slave territory, and how far are you going to get your emancipation act?" This is the view, perhaps, the President takes of the matter, and as soon as he sees an opportunity to put the emancipation project into force, to any profitable extent, he will do it; at any rate, it will be just as well to let him take his own time.

FOURTH OF JULY.—It is contemplated to have on this coming anniversary a "Horrible and Antique" Military celebration. A meeting was held on Wednesday evening last, and a rallying committee chosen to make preliminary arrangements and report at an adjourned meeting to be held this (Saturday) evening, at the Town Hall, where a full attendance of all favorable to the movement is requested.

First Congregational Sabbath School Anniversary.

Last Sabbath afternoon was an interesting occasion to the children of the First Congregational Sabbath School in this town, and also to the large audience assembled in the Church, to celebrate with them, their forty-fourth anniversary. It is not always the case on occasions of this kind that everything passes off as acceptably and profitably as at this time. Every circumstance, from the opening voluntary to the closing benediction, seemed harmonious and appropriate. The mingling of the little voices in the pretty pieces sung, aided by the good music of the talented organist, was delightfully melodious and enchanting. The addresses—by the Superintendent, by Hon. C. T. Russell, Mayor of Cambridge, and by Rev. C. W. Wallace, of Manchester—were just such ones as are needed when important truths are to be impressed upon parents and children; they were not childish, nor yet were they beyond the comprehension of the children, but were just such as always interest and chain the attention of both old and young. The illustrations which the different speakers worked into their addresses were apt and felicitous, and were sent home with good effect to all. It will be some time before this Society, and the friends of the Sabbath School cause who were present on the above occasion, again spend so pleasant and beneficial a season.

Below we give the report of the Superintendent, Mr. J. G. Pollard:

ANNIVERSARY REPORT, JUNE 15, 1862.—In the Report presented at the last Anniversary we invited you to go back to the organization of this Sabbath School, which took place in the Town Hall, on June 17, 1818. We spoke of its first place of meeting, the center school-room; and afterwards the galleries of the church; we asked your attention to interesting facts in connection with the early history of the school; the faithfulness of teachers; the diligence of scholars and the great benefit, the *unbroken* influence for good, resulting from the establishment of the first Sabbath School in Woburn. We shall not to-day ask you to go back more than forty years to the school. The number recorded upon the Secretary's book as belonging to the school at the present time is 520. This number is divided into 60 classes with 57 teachers, and three mutual aid classes. The Library—one of the most important things belonging to a Sabbath School—has been increased during the past year by the addition of about 150 volumes; so that now it numbers upwards of 700 volumes; this, however, is too small to meet the demands made upon it, for many of the books are old and although good, are not particularly attractive to the young—but as additions are made every year we shall ere long have a library adequate to our wants.

There are distributed 175 copies of the interesting papers adapted to the entertainment and instruction of the children.

The money collected for benevolent purposes from the penny contribution amounts to \$108.84.

Seven members of this school—one of them a teacher—are in the great army of the United States.

There have been during the year 7 conversions, and 6 have received the summons "to leave the land of the living their home." Of this number one was a teacher who kindly gathered the little ones about her and taught them a Saviour's love. She has gone to the mansions of rest, and waits to welcome her scholars on high. Another in the strength of manhood was in his place on the Sabbath, and ere another day of sacred rest had dawned had been borne to his last, long home.

Others were taken in the morning of life, the flush of youth upon the brow, the future all bright and beautiful before them. They are sadly missed from our number to-day, but have joined a holier, happier throng, where, (in the words of the hymn just sung by the children) "the song of redemption is sung, and sickness, sin, and death, are unknown."

Not many days ago a venerable and respected officer of this church, after a long and painful illness was called to his eternal rest. He was the first Superintendent of our school, and for many years he labored faithfully in this department of the Lord's vineyard. He was our oldest teacher, beloved by the members of his class, constant and earnest in his endeavor to persuade them "to walk in wisdom's ways." Although the burden of three score years and ten with their cares and trials pressed heavily upon him, he was regular in his attendance both to instruct and to encourage until severe illness rendered it impossible for him to meet with us—God grant that we all may emulate his worthy example and continue faithful unto the end.

In closing this brief Report permit me to say, that the success of the Sabbath School enterprise depends upon the earnest, united effort of all connected with it—as the success of an army depends not only upon the skill of the commander and other officers, but upon the spirit of the soldiers as well, so the Sabbath School army will be successful according to the faith and labor of all—officers, teachers, and scholars. There are children in this town who do not go to Sabbath School, let us try to bring them in; let us contribute more liberally to the benevolent enterprise of the day; let us be attentive and punctual, and above all let us give heed to the instruction offered; let us obey the trust and thus become wiser, better, perchance, for the discharge of all the duties of life, and be fitted to enter upon the higher life, which awaits the faithful.

PICNIC.—The Woburn Irish Literary Association, held a Picnic in Hiawatha Grove, last Saturday evening. The day was fine and a large number was in attendance. Everything connected with the affair passed off pleasantly and sociably.

FLAG RAISING BY NIAGARA ENGINE CO.

No. 1.—On Tuesday last, 17th of June, Niagara Engine Company, with their friends, had a very pleasant little affair at the Engine house, on Railroad st. The Company having procured a new flag, determined to make the occasion of its raising, as pleasant to their friends as to themselves; accordingly they invited a number of our citizens, together with several speakers, and made up an interesting time. The exercises were opened by Prayer by Rev. Dr. Stebbins. Deacon Jesse Converse then raised the flag to the top of the pole on the Engine House, amid the cheers of the assemblage. It is seldom that the scenes on such occasions are heightened by the presence of a man who has almost lived a hundred years—Dea. Converse is now nearly 98 years of age—and who was quite a boy when the thunder of mighty cannon ushered in that gallant struggle which gave to this country its freedom, and its right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and none could look upon that aged and venerable man, as he stood there last Tuesday morning, and raised to its place the emblems of our country, which to him has floated under different auspices, when the tread of a foreign foe shook the land from centre to circumference, and when the destinies of the country, as it were, hung by a single thread, and not feel that the freedom which was bought by the blood of those long since passed away, is worth transmitting to countless generations yet unborn, and that the war in which we are now engaged should be waged until the traitors which brought it about expiate their crimes on a gallows as high as Haman's ever hung. After the flag was raised, John R. Kimball, Esq., addressed the assemblage in a happy and acceptable vein. C. C. Woodman, Esq., followed him in a patriotic speech, full of good sentiments. After this the invited guests under the lead of Jacob Webster, accompanied the Company to the Hall and partook of a bountiful collation, which terminated the interesting proceedings.

Mr. M. M. Tidd has just completed a journal of his trip, with several other of our townsmen, to the Magalloway. It is done in Mr. Tidd's best style, and if the sketches of places visited are as beautiful in nature as he has pictured them, then they are indeed beautiful, and worth a visit annually to look upon. The book also contains the likeness of each one of the party, in a cluster.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—The following Woburn soldiers have arrived home sick:—Oliver C. Stiles, Co. G, 11th Regt.; Thomas Murray, Co. F, 22d Regt.; and Samuel Gates, Co. E, 10th Regt. They are on a furlough, and will return as soon as convalescent.

VALUATION, &c., OF THE TOWN OF BURLINGTON FOR 1862.—We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Winn, for the following statistics of the town of Burlington for the current year:

No. of Polls, 186	Total Tax on Polls, \$372
Amount of Real Estate, \$343,711	Personal Estate, 68,924
Total, \$412,635	Tax assessed, \$3673.93

Rate of taxation, 8 mills on \$1.

Number of Dwelling Houses, 121	" Horses, 150
" Cows, 316	" Sheep, 3

Number of acres of Land in town, 8,392

DOLLIE DUTTON.—This diminutive little lady known as the "little fairy,"—and whose visit here three years since, will be remembered with delight by many of our readers,—will give lectures at Lyceum Hall, on Saturday afternoon and evening, June 28th at 3 and 8 o'clock, p. m. Dollie is now eleven years old, 29 inches tall, and weighs only 15 pounds, and is, by far the smallest person of her age on the face of the globe. Perfect in form and features, she has an easy, and self-possessed manner, in entertaining her visitors which completely takes their hearts by storm. She will be assisted in her lectures by Miss Wilhelmina Kappes, and Mr. George Monk. No one should fail to see her. Next Friday evening, 27th inst. a levee will be held in South Reading.

Rev. John Dodge of Harvard, Mass., will preach in the First Cong. Church tomorrow.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Annexed is a copy of a letter received by me from my son, who is a member of Andrew's Mass. Sharpshooters, now encamped near Richmond, Va. The letter was not written with any idea of its being given to the public, but yet it may be interesting to some of your readers, for its sketch of the recent battle of Fair Oaks. If you think it worthy a place in your valuable paper, you will confer a favor by giving it an insertion.

ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF FAIR OAKS, June 7th, 1862.

DEAR FATHER:—As I at last have a chance, I will try and write you a few lines. I should have written long before this, but my knapsack was behind. John came up this morning and it came with him. But let me tell you a little might of one of the hardest battles that has been fought on this continent.

Saturday afternoon we heard an awful roar of musketry towards the Chickahominy. Our division was immediately on the road and were crossing over the river when Gen. Sumner received orders from Gen. McClellan to hasten to the reserve. Then on they went through mud and water "double quick."

We had marched about five or six miles when we came to the battle field. Before our line of battle was formed the rebels came on to our battery, but the 2d and 34th N. Y. which are in our brigade, charged on them, drove them back, and took a number of prisoners. The line of battle was formed but we

could get no position, so we laid down a little to the right of Rickett's Battery, and I tell you the balls did whistle over us. Dan got a slight wound in the forehead, but only stunned him a little. The 15th Mass. supported the battery. We are now attached to this Regt. Our men fought nobly, not a man flinched the whole length of the lines. At one time sixteen regiments charged on our battery. Then how they did give them the grape, and they had to fall back. At dark the fighting ceased, and our troops laid down in the very places where they had fought. Morning came at last, and the troops moved down the field to the railroad, and the lines were found entirely different this day. The fight commenced a little past seven in the morning. It was fought mostly in the woods, almost entirely with muskets, and such a roar of musketry I never expected to hear. Our boys fought like tigers driving them inch by inch. When the bullet would not do they would charge on them with the bayonet. I used to think our eastern troops could not fight like our western, but I have changed my mind. The rebels brought against us their best troops and expected to drive us out, but they were mistaken. Our company was placed with a Rhode Island battery to prevent a flank movement. I afterwards found out that they were calculating to make the attack from that direction. They would have had to cross a large field and there were six pieces of artillery frowning upon them. Probably they remembered the night before. There was quite a crowd of them in there, and they commenced showing themselves, but the battery commenced throwing shells among them and they soon "skedaddled." The battle closed about noon.

What a horrid sight is a battle field. I hope I shall never see another. I have read descriptions of battle fields but they can never be truly described. Knapsacks, canteens, broken guns, and war fixings of all kinds, scattered over the field, and the dead and wounded hit in every imaginable place. But the hospital was the hardest looking place.

There were our wounded and the scorching place side by side. Near us a Georgia Colonel and Lieut. Colonel laid out Monday. A few feet from us were a number of wounded soldiers. One said they knew we were brothers, and they were wrong, but he said if they did not enlist they were called cowards. They were all sick of the war and wished it would close. They believed the North and South would again be united stronger than ever, for they said it was like two brothers fighting. They believe slavery is as much benefit to the North as the South. One little fellow from N. C. said he should never forget how kindly he had treated them.

Several days have now passed away and still we are on the battle field. We are in a fine growth of oaks, and there is scarcely a tree but is hit. We went out the other day on a reconnaissance with the Minnesota Sharpshooters.

I suppose you have heard of the flower called the Magnolia. I went into the swamp to get one to send you, but the stench was so awful I had to leave. It is said the rebels left twelve hundred dead on the field. We too, had many killed.

I remain yours in haste, L. S. W.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Positively no news hereabout. A story is told of a man who was appointed chairman of a political convention somewhat in this way: He had laid his plans before the appointed time for choosing delegates to get elected as a delegate. Having a touch of ambition in his constitution, he worked the wires to the purpose of securing the situation of chairman, and succeeded. It wouldn't do to have it appear to the dear people that he had expected and calculated upon having the office, and so, putting on all the modesty of which he was capable, he arose from the chair to which he had seemingly been most reluctantly escorted and said "Gentlemen, I am completely surprised that you should have made choice of me to preside over your deliberations at this time. It is the farthest thing possible from my thoughts that any such an event would happen to me. (A few significant glances from Jones and Smith hinted at a secret.) I am totally unworthy of the honor and entirely unprepared to say anything by way of introduction to these proceedings."

Thereupon, without uttering another word, he put his hand back into his coat pocket and drew forth a manuscript speech, prepared for this very occasion, and proceeded in a loud and declamatory manner to read his studied dissertation on political matters in general, and the importance of securing for office men of truth and integrity in particular.

With this prefaced, Mr. Editor, I repeat my first remark: No news hereabout.

A young gentleman of the Light Infantry celebrated his departure from—not Infantry, but from—Infantry, yesterday, having been ushered into this sublimar world just 21 years ago according to the Doctor's charge on his Ledger and also according to the most particular and distinct recollection of the favored old ladies who were invited on that occasion to be ready—in case—

they were not needed. "Hiram" sent his compliments to the "Light Infantry" and said "as how he'd like 'em to come" to the Hall and take some 'iced lemonade. Do you think they refused? Not they. There were a good many besides soldiers who got their courage up enough to walk in the ranks and when they arrived at the festive place, made a desperate charge before they retreated. It is said that a couple of civilians (particularly the *utillians*) got so badly that they played war upon each other. *Outfit*, that Judge Coffin is to see them at his office this evening. Stuff! Nonsense! No such thing. Stoneham doesn't bring out such scenes to public gaze and general gossip.

Our fellow citizen, Dr. Heath, it seems is attending to the wants of the wounded in the hospital at Martinsburg, Va., according to last advices.

"Did I hear you mention the Railroad?"

"Yes, Sir, probably you did—we were talking about it."

"Well, do tell me when it is going to begin to run."

"Why, my friend, you are behind the times. It began to run, as near as I can find out, on Monday the 23d of June, 1862, under the auspices of the Lowell R. R. Les.

WINCHESTER.

BUSINESS.—Among the indications of an improvement in business may be noted the enlargement of the tannery building of Messrs. B. F. Thompson & Co., by adding thereto some twenty feet. The new part will be only about half the height of the old building. By this extension this long established firm will be the better enabled to meet the demands of the many customers which they have secured by the satisfactory character of their work and reasonableness of their prices, as well as the honorable manner in which they have transacted their business. They afford employment to quite a number of our town's people, and are deserving of success.

REWARD OFFERED.—Some of our citizens having had their fences, fruit and shade trees, mutilated or broken, or their produce carried off, the Selectmen have offered a reward of ten dollars for the detection and conviction of these offenders, who will suffer the penalty prescribed in the General Statutes Chap. 161, Sec. 82.

It would be well for our neighbors in Stoneham to adopt a similar course, as according to the statement of "Lee," they are troubled with such offenders. Let the law be strictly enforced, and there will soon be an end of such transactions.

THE NEW ORGAN.—This instrument which was referred to last week was put up on the lower floor of Lyceum Hall on the left of the desk, the gallery not being of sufficient height to contain it. It was played last Sabbath by Mr. J. A. Woodbury and was much liked while the singing was performed by the old choir under the lead of Mr. Salem Wilder, who is quite a proficient in that line. Some of the Society are desirous of having quartette singing but the material for it is scarce and if obtained would not probably be permanent as they could not compete with other societies in paying the price which such services command.

CATTLE.—Mr. J. F. H. Johnson has a heifer twenty-one months old which he thinks has no superior in this State. Although she has but just begun to give milk, enough was obtained last week to make 64 pounds of Butter. She is an excellent animal and worthy the inspection of those interested in this branch of farm stock.

CHANGES, &c.—Our fellow townsman, Mr. S. D. Quimby has removed his place of business to the basement story of Shattuck's block underneath the store recently occupied by him, where he may be found morning and evening ready to serve those who may wish his services in the tailoring line.

WAR ITEMS.—A recruiting office for the 2d Mass. Regiment has been opened at Mr. Hovey's store, and a chance is offered for our patriotic young men, many of whom are out of business, to join the ranks and make themselves useful.

RELIGIOUS.—Mr. Moody who is a City Missionary in Chicago, and has recently been connected with the Sanitary Commission in his labors of love, addressed the children in the Vestry of the Cong. Church on Tuesday evening last. He gave an account of his own religious experience, his labors in Chicago among the idle and wicked children with which that city abounds, and briefly narrated incidents which transpired under his own observation on board the floating hospitals of the Sanitary Commission. He is a young man whose whole heart is in the work of making the children good better and more useful lives and whose earnest efforts are directed to lead them into the fold of the good Shepherd. The singing was performed by the children, and consisted of the songs entitled "Gather them in," "The Gospel ship is sailing," and "The Evergreen Shore," under the direction of Mr. J. C. Johnson.

CONGRATULATION.—Permit me to congratulate the readers of the Journal in Stoneham that a new correspondent appears from that place under the signature of "Lee," who seems to be wide awake and determined to show that there is something worthy of record from that town. There surely must be material in that place for a correspondent. If there is less going on than in this town I pity the people and especially him who undertakes to communicate something for the paper every week. Now, it may appear to those who take the trouble to read these local items, that oft-times they seem to be small matters of public interest and unworthy of so much publicity. They may appear so, but to the future historian of the towns they may be valuable in throwing some light on the historian during these times. "Mr. Bancroft pronounces the institution of towns the glory and strength of New England, and justly observes that 'he who will study her political character in the eighteenth century, must study her constitution of its towns, its congregations, its schools, and its militia.'"

To give some items concerning these, however imperfectly, as it seems to me, is the proper sphere of our country newspapers. I wish there were more of these local matters reported from other towns, which I believe would not be entirely devoid of interest, or unacceptable to the reader. Where is Lexington, the old battle ground seems to have no one to narrate its eventful doings in this paper. Cannot we hear from it occasionally, if not regularly?

SAD NEWS.—On Wednesday of this week the melancholy intelligence was received by telegraph from New York, of the death of A. D. Weld, Esq. of this town on board the Steamer Ocean Queen while lying in the Port of New Orleans, on the 11th inst, and his burial on the west bank of the river three miles above the head of the Passes. Mr. Weld was formerly of Boston, but for

many years has resided in this town. He was formerly of the firm of Manny & Weld, Boot and Shoe dealers, Pearl St., but more recently of the firm of Grafton & Wells Wholesale Furnishing Goods, Milk Street, Boston. After retiring from the latter firm he was out of business for awhile until Feb. 13th last he received an appointment as Assistant Pay Master in the U. S. Navy, and on the 18th left his home and proceeded to New York where he was ordered to report for duty. He was attached to the U. S. Steamer J. P. Jackson, and sailed in that vessel on the 22d of that month for Key West. On account of damage which the vessel received during a gale, it put into Baltimore where it remained for about a week for repairs and then proceeded on its way. Since its arrival the vessel has been actively engaged in towing the mortar and other vessels, and assisted in the capture of some prizes. Friday of last week, the wife of Mr. Weld received a letter from him dated at New Orleans, which said that the vessel would probably soon leave for Memphis. He was then in good health and spirits and expressed himself in the words of the song, a little varied, "I am glad I'm in this Navy, &c." He seemed to rejoice in the opportunity afforded him of doing something for his country. The death of Mr. Weld is not only a severe blow to his wife and children but one which the whole town feels as a public calamity. He has been thoroughly identified with its interests, has served in its offices of honor and trust with fidelity, and in his daily walk and conversation was respected by all. He was a warm supporter of the Baptist Society, and the Church and Sunday School found in him one of their most devoted members and faithful workers ever ready to aid every good work by his money and personal efforts. Four months from the day he left town the news was received of his death and burial. In the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness with his face turned homeward to greet again his loved family and friends, he is suddenly stricken down and soon passed away from earth and his earthly remains are placed beneath the sods of the valley near the great Father of Waters. The loved ones at home no more shall see his familiar form, or hear that voice so pleasant to their ears, till they meet again in their Father's Home on high where separation is unknown. Fuller justice I doubt not will be paid to the worth of this departed one, by others better qualified than myself. I can only pay my humble tribute at this time to one whom during my residence in town I have been associated with in various capacities, and whose death I deeply feel and sincerely mourn. May we realize that what is our loss, is his gain.

EXCISE.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Reception to Returned Prisoners.

The reception for which some arrangements were made last winter when the prisoners left New Orleans, as they thought, for their homes, took place on Saturday afternoon of last week. Messrs. Aborn & Gregg arrived in Boston some days before, but the demonstration was delayed on account of Mr. Tibbets, who was in New York, and would, as it was said, be discharged on Friday and arrive in Boston by Saturday morning's boat. But from some cause he was not present, which more than anything else detracted from the pleasure of the occasion.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the town bell was rung to herald the notice as previously agreed upon. During the forenoon the ladies were active in carrying provisions and arranging the tables in Yale's mammoth tent, which had been placed upon the Common some two days before. At 1 o'clock P. M., there began to be a general gathering on the Common in front of the Town House. In the mean time the Boston Brigade Band were under the charge of Dr. S. O. Richardson, receiving the good things of this life, and preparing the inner man for the duties of the afternoon.

At about 2 P. M. the procession was formed under the direction of N. S. Dearborn, Esq., Chief Marshal, and moved in the following order:—Chief Marshal and Aids; Richardson Light Guard, under command of Capt. H. D. Degen, accompanied by the Boston Brigade Band; Military and Civic guests; Reception Committee in carriages; President, Orator and Poet of the day, in carriages; Clergymen; Town Officers; Public Schools; Citizens, &c. The procession proceeded to the South Reading Branch Depot by way of Church, Railroad, Avon, Main, Crescent, Water, and Main streets, returning by way of Main, Albion, Railroad, Chestnut, Main, Park, Pleasant, and Salem streets, to the Common, when the guests and the schools were escorted to the Pavilion, and partook of a sumptuous collation under the direction of the ladies of the town. A blessing having been invoked upon the repast by Rev. E. A. Eaton.

But to return to the Branch Railroad station, where the procession met Messrs. Aborn & Gregg, under charge of Capt. Locke, on their arrival in the 3 o'clock train. The guests were received from Capt. Locke by a Committee of three gentlemen, who through their Chairman, Dr. S. O. Richardson, addressed them substantially as follows:

GENTLEMEN.—This is indeed a happy moment to me, and one I shall never forget. I take pleasure in informing you that Messrs. Beebe, Wheeler, and myself have been delegated, in behalf of the citizens of South Reading, to greet you on this happy occasion and bid you a thrice joyful welcome. We hope to show you by the evocation this afternoon, that although you have been absent from us a long time, as prisoners of war, our love for you has not diminished. You have shown us that on the battle-field you were full of "pluck" and fight, and nobly risked your lives to restore the stars and stripes to our glorious Union. Permit me to say you have done honor to yourselves, to this town, and as members of the Richardson Light Guard, have conferred great honor on him for whom the corps is named. After leaving here, we hope to introduce you to the "Rebels' Field" of the South, to a Mansfield of the North, where you will receive a welcome by the "Lilley" of the Field, surrounded by a host of friends, with warm

hearts, and open arms, ready to receive and show you that you are not forgotten even when at home."

On the close of the procession from the Depot in some localities showers of bouquets were thrown by fair hands from the windows toward the carriages containing the guests. The bells rang from 3 to 4 o'clock, and 34 guns were fired under the direction of A. A. Currier, commencing at 3 o'clock, covering the time till half past 4, which was occupied by the procession in moving, after the reception at the depot. After the collation the exercises in the tent were under the direction of Edward Mansfield, President of the day, and were as follows:—After a Voluntary by the Brigade Band, a hollow square was formed by the stand, where the guests appeared and were introduced by the Committee, through P. C. Wheeler, Esq., to the President, who descended from the platform to receive them, and escorted them to seats provided for them. Then followed the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by the children, and prayer by Rev. C. H. Bliss. The President made the opening address; touching upon the feelings of the community in general, and his own in particular, when called to utter farewell words to the Richardson Light Guard, on the 19th of April, 1861, as they left their friends and firesides to protect a nation's capital, and to engage in scenes of strife and blood; their after conduct, their return and reception, sorrow for missing ones, the subsequent welcome truth that they were alive, their treatment in Southern dungeons by a barbarous foe, and now their return to friends and the quiet of home, and concluded by presenting them to Hon. Lilley Eaton, the Orator of the day.

Mr. Eaton in his address glanced at the circumstances connected with the commencement of its progress, spoke of the readiness with which the Light Guard flew to arms at the call of their country, followed them in their marches, their engagements, their privations, their boldness in the face of danger, the imprisonment of some of their number, the hopes and fears of friends, the end of the captivity and return, and welcomed them to the homes and hearts of friends, and the sympathies of all.

After "Home again" was played by the Band, Sergeant George W. Aborn was called upon, who arose and gave a history of his capture and imprisonment at Richmond, New Orleans, and Salisbury, and related many interesting events which occurred during his ten months incarceration. As his remarks were not generally heard, we may refer to them more particularly in a future communication.

Slave Law. I notice that Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts, is trying to tinker it. Why not repeal the accursed act? It has broken up the old Whig Party, killed old Daniel Webster and Clay within one year after its passage, broke up the great Democratic Party, killed Douglas—dead, got us into a war and has killed off already from fifty to a hundred thousand men, and now Mr. Wilson wants to modify it. Why not repeal it, and save the curse of the Lord? I believe the war and trouble will continue till the nation is willing to do right. Tell your father, I am death on all rebels."

The Old South Society have adopted the system of letting the Jews annually, and made a good beginning on Thursday, June 5th, when the choice money amounted to \$100, and the pew rent to \$1300.

Items of local news are scarce and none occur to me now, except that plants and vegetation are exceedingly troubled with the canker worm, caterpillars, wire worm, grub worm, and flies and bugs generally of every hue and color and grade, from a mere speck to the size of a thumb. It is generally conceded, I believe, that the most effective way of protecting vines from these pests, is to plant the last of October.

Mr. James H. Gregg, who was taken a prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, returned home last week. He is in good health and spirits, but shows marks of long imprisonment, and does not speak in very flattering terms of the treatment the rebels met out to our soldiers. Mr. G. was wounded in the arm, which although not entirely healed is doing well. A New York surgeon insisted for a time in amputating his arm, and it was only saved, perhaps, through the efforts of a rebel surgeon, who happened to come into the hospital, and who was a prisoner, and with whom Mr. Gregg was formerly somewhat acquainted. He used his influence to save the arm. Mr. Tibbets, taken prisoner at the same time, will be at home in a few days, he is now in New York. When Mr. T. arrives, it is proposed to have some suitable demonstration, which will not only include this town but a portion, at least, of the rest of mankind.

Mr. John Welch and Mr. Henry Jenkins, both sharpshooters, have arrived in town for a brief period. Mr. Jenkins has a furlough for 60 days, in consequence of ill health. It is to be regretted that Mr. J. was under the necessity of leaving camp at the present time, as he is an excellent shot. He is known all over the South as the famous Sharpshooter, so returned prisoners say.

No. 3 of Rev. Mr. Seudder's letters from India, and which was read at the chapel last Sabbath, will appear in this paper next week.

For the Middlesex Journal.

I take pleasure in copying a poem from the *Rocky Mountain News*, written by a young man who is a native of Reading, and who until recently has always lived here. He may be surprised, perhaps, to know that further use has been made of his poem than he intended, since he is a man of unassuming manners and unpretending merit, but his many friends here are very desirous of securing a copy and have solicited its insertion in the *Journal*. He has a brother in the 22nd Mass. Regt., now before Richmond.

LENO.

To My Brother at Yorktown.

Your letter came—I've read it well—
And now I sit and think,
Of that fair April morn,
When I broke each home-bound link
And turned my westward-looking face
To this fair mountain land.
And gave you, last of all, that morn,
My sad, reluctant hand.

Peace shed a silver calm around
Our Massachusetts home,
And little thought we then that War
Would low'r his blood of gloom,
And stream his pallid pennons o'er
Our goodly, peace-bliss land—
Unlashed his thunder-throated hounds,
And draw his flashing brand.

Alas! 'tis true; you've learned it well:
You've left the ways of peace,
And donned your Country's blue, until
This awful War shall cease.
Your hand, whose only won't it was
In gentler arts to deal,
Is lifted now in nerveful thrill,
To grasp the deadly steel.

The drums "reville!" at the morn,
Dispers your soldier dreams,
And "victory" calls to calm repose
By camp-fire's flick'ring gleams:
While the quiet, startling "long roll" wakes
Each pulse to fiercer beat,
And summons you to battle line,
Death's gory front to meet.

You've left the startled air recoil,
Against your youthful cheek,
As hurrying missiles shrieked around,
Sped forth your breast to seek.
You've seen your comrades' life-like gush
In red liberation fire,
For that dear land whose plaudits rolls
From sea to answering sea.

You saw the staunch Vermonters charge
Across the Warwick's flood,
And saw the stream flow red like some
Great artery of blood,
And seem to boil beneath the storm
Of fiercely plugging hail;
You heard the shout which told the world,
Vermont can never fail!

Perchance, ere this, yet fiercer strife
Has wrapt you in its rage;
Perchance, been struck the mighty blow
That adds a second page
To Yorktown's old historic fame,
Where burst the British thrall;
And where, perchance, your eyes have seen,
A *mouse* Cornwallis fall.

Perchance, I cannot bear the thought
And yet it needs must come—
Perchance, no more your sight will greet
Our calm New England home;
Perchance, you'll find a soldier's grave,
Beneath the traitors' soil,
And draw your last, choked, struggling
Breath
And amid War's wild turmoil.

I hope not, trust not, pray not thus,
May come the chill decree;
But if the Providence above,
Should say this my vow—
"I'll shine your name,
And bear you on my heart,
And hold you sacred as my soul,
'Till life's last rays depart!"

Yet, let me trust, not thus your fate,
But when throughout our land
Fair Peace shall spread her snow-white wings
Once more, I'll clasp your hand,
And you shall bear the fragrant name
Of one who bravely gave
His stout right arm, and all his powers,
Our Country's life to save.

Be manly, brave and true, whatever
May lie across your path;
Most treason with determined front,
And burning, holy wrath;
Strike strong and well the potent blows,
To make rebellion shrink
Back to its cursed, native lair,
Adown Hell's gaping brink.

You're fighting in as grand a cause
As ever nerve and arm,
Or fired the patriot's leaping pulse,
Or lent romance a charm.
Great memories loom to urge you on;
The Ages troop to see
The glorious light which halo's o'er
This crusade of the free!

Behold God's chariot in the van,
God angels hovering near;
See martyrs, heroes, demi-gods,
Who've held the right so dear;
See that "All-hail-hereafter!" see
The *Penitents* subside,
And feel the cause you bear, makes one—
All lands, all men, all time!

Daniel H. Weston.
Central City, C. T., May 18, 1862.

AMONG THE PINES.—The remarkably interesting and thrilling articles, descriptive of life among the poor Whites in North Carolina, which have been published in the pages of the *Contemporary Monthly*, are to be published shortly in a 12mo. volume, by Charles T. Evans, 532 Broadway, N. Y. That this work will be extensively read there is no doubt. The author, who evidently describes facts, which have fallen under his notice, wields a graphic pen, and gives a true and first place in the ranks of American authors.

Don't forget that no caterers in Boston give better satisfaction to their friends than JAMES & RICHARDSON, on Spring Lane. They are courteous and agreeable, and do all that can be done to gratify their patrons.

The HORRORS OF WAR can be greatly mitigated, if that sovereign remedy, Holloway's Ointment, as it will cure any wound, however desperate, if it be well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. A Pot of ointment should be in every man's knapsack.—Only 25 cents per Pot. 227

Special Notices.

Notice to our Readers.

We wish to say a word to our gentlemen readers who purchase their CLOTHING in Boston. Do you know where there is the best to be had? Or where you can get the most for your money? Where there is so much competition, where all are holding out so many inducements, and where we advise all who purchase their clothing in Boston, to patronize the above establishment, where they will be sure of getting their money's worth.

Fowle's Clothing House,
10, 18 and 24 Washington street.

Mr. Fowle has one of the largest establishments of the kind in the city, and has built up a large trade, by making for his motto (and acting up to it)—GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES. We advise all who purchase their clothing in Boston, to patronize the above establishment, where they will be sure of getting their money's worth.

Important to Females.

DR. CHEESEMANN'S PILLS.
The combination of ingredients in these Pills are the result of a long and extensive practice. They are mild in their operation, and certain in correcting all irregularities, Painful Menstruations, removing all obstructions, whether from cold or otherwise, headache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, nervous affections, hysterics, fatigue, pain in the back and limbs, &c., disturbed sleep, which arises from interruption of nature.

DR. CHEESEMANN'S PILLS
are the most effective remedy ever known for all complaints peculiar to Females. To all classes they are invaluable, inducing, with certainty, periodical regularity. They are known to thousands, who have used them at different periods, throughout the country, have the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in America.

Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each box—the Price ONE DOLLAR per Box, containing from 50 to 60 Pills. Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting to the Proprietor. Sold by all druggists generally.

R. B. HUTCHINGS, PROPRIETOR.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, Charles Garrison, Groton Centre, Samuel Kidder, Lowell, John P. Hilling, Lowell, E. R. Kimball, Lowell, E. D. Hunter, Marlboro.

Married.

GREENLEAF—REED.—In Woburn, June 18, by Rev. B. F. Bronson, Mr. Chas. H. Greenleaf, of Boston, to Miss Sara M. Reed, daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Reed, of Woburn.

[We are glad to congratulate the favored pair on the mingling of their hopes and happiness, and trust that all the joys ever vouchsafed to mankind will be theirs.]

Died.

WOODMAN—In Woburn, 14th inst., Annie, infant daughter of C. C. and H. J. Woodman.

WARREN—At Exeter, Monro, June 12th, of typhoid fever, Corporal Alvan S. Warren, of South Reading, Co. E, 16th Regt. Mass. Vols., son of Rev. E. R. and Mary H. Warren, aged 18 years, and 8 months.

4TH JULY CELEBRATIONS.

Sanderson & Lanergan, Andrew Lanergan, J. G. Hovey & Co., and E. L. Sanderson.

THESE extensive establishments have been consolidated, and will be conducted as the *Etna Laboratories*. These Fire Works are well known to be the best ever exhibited in N. England. The display on Boston Common for 14 years surpassed anything ever given in this country. All the goods are sold at a discount. Call at the large warehouse of HOLDEN, CUTLER & CO., on Agents, 22 and 24 Federal and 107, 111, and 113 Congress Street, Boston, for purchasing. All goods can be got into anything from a thousand to 50,000 lbs. of goods, to a display with the Iron sides of thousands of dollars.

10,000 Best Good Chop Crackers, 500,000 Torpedoes, from 60 cts. to \$1.50 per thousand.
China Lanterns, Flags, &c., &c.
Price Lists sent to dealers if requested. Call or send your orders early.

WOOD-LAND AT AUCTION.

I SHALL sell at Auction, on MONDAY, the SEVENTH day of JULY next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, a lot of WOOD-LAND, lying partly in Winchester and partly in Medford, known as the "Molly Richardson land," containing about NINE acres. Said land is covered with young, growing wood, is high and dry, is easy of access at all seasons of the year, and offers a rare chance for investment to one who has the READY CASH.

By order of the Selectmen of Woburn, June 21, 1862.—J. W.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION!
WILL be sold at Auction, on WEDNESDAY, 9th day of July, at 10 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the Dwelling House, Shop and Barn,

And about Seventeen Acres of Land, belonging to the subscriber, situated on Salem Street, near the Watering Station, Woburn.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

35—2w.

Behold God's chariot in the van,
God angels hovering near;
See martyrs, heroes, demi-gods,
Who've held the right so dear;
See that "All-hail-hereafter!" see
The *Penitents* subside,
And feel the cause you bear, makes one—
All lands, all men, all time!

Daniel H. Weston.
Central City, C. T., May 18, 1862.

AMONG THE PINES.—The remarkably interesting and thrilling articles, descriptive of life among the poor Whites in North Carolina, which have been published in the pages of the *Contemporary Monthly*, are to be published shortly in a 12mo. volume, by Charles T. Evans, 532 Broadway, N. Y. That this work will be extensively read there is no doubt. The author, who evidently describes facts, which have fallen under his notice, wields a graphic pen, and gives a true and first place in the ranks of American authors.

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The HORRORS OF WAR can be greatly mitigated, if that sovereign remedy, Holloway's Ointment, as it will cure any wound, however desperate, if it be well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. A Pot of ointment should be in every man's knapsack.—Only 25 cents per Pot. 227

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EYE AND EAR.

A. P. LIGHTHILL, M.D.,
Aurist and Oculist,
No. 8, BOYLSTON PLACE, BOSTON.

EXCLUSIVE attention paid to all diseases of the Throat.

Office hours (Sundays excepted), from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 7 to 9 P. M.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.
Dr. A. P. Lighthill, Dear Sir: I am happy to inform you of my complete recovery from deafness, through the means of your invaluable treatment.

Seven weeks ago, when I placed myself under your care, my hearing was so much impaired that I could not hear preaching unless sitting very close to the minister, and could only understand him when he would raise his voice unconsciously loud. I could not hear the ticking of a watch unless when pressed on my ear, and my head and ears were full of disagreeable noises. This hearing is now entirely restored, and my head is as clear again as it was before I was ever effected with deafness.

I submit this publication with desire to benefit the similarly afflicted. E. A. GREEN, Bridgeport, Mass., April 29, 1862.

CURE OF DISCHARGE FROM THE EAR.
For eight months and more I was afflicted with a severe fetid discharge from my ears. I consulted my physician and used various remedies, but was unable to obtain relief until I placed myself under Dr. Lighthill's care, at No. 8, Boylston place, Boston, who, in the course of two months, completely cured my discharge and restored my hearing.

ELLERY WILLIS, Bridgewater, Mass., April 29, 1862.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.
This is to certify that I was very deaf in my left ear for 15 years, and in my right ear for 4 weeks. I applied to different surgeons, without getting any relief, but had severe disagreeable noises in my ears and head, so much so that I was scarcely able to sleep at night; I have been under Dr. A. P. Lighthill's care at No. 8, Boylston place, Boston, for four weeks, and now my head is free from all noises. I feel now as well as though I never was affected at all.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, Lumber Dealer, Albion Court, Charlestown, Mass., May 2, 1862.

CATARACT CURED.
Dear Brothers Editors: Will you permit me to make a statement in your valuable paper, for the benefit of your readers who may be afflicted with cataract difficulties? I have been much troubled with the cataract of the worst type for some twenty years. It gradually grew worse, producing cough and hoarseness, destroying the use of the usual breaking down my general health to such a degree as to compel me to resign my pastorate and suspend public speaking. I made diligent use of the usual remedies, such as snuffs of divers kinds, nitrate of silver, tar water, and inhalations, but without any very salutary effects. Last summer, while journeying in the country for my health, I heard of Dr. Lighthill's treatment, and applied by nasal passages with a healing solution, applied by a carefully constructed syringe, in the passage leading from the roof of the mouth to the cataract, a few efforts and a little practice there is no pain or serious difficulty in this mode of application. Let me advise all troubled with cataract to make efforts to apply to Dr. Lighthill, No. 8, Boylston place, Boston.

LYON, Mass., Feb. 1, 1862. [Witnessman and Reflector.]

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES.
Inventor of the artificial eye, which will resemble the natural eye in color, and move in perfect harmony with the same, by A. P. LIGHTHILL, M.D., AURIST AND OCUList, No. 8, Boylston place, Boston.

THREE THOUSAND ROLLS
—OF—
ROOM PAPER!

JUST OPENING AT
Woburn Bookstore.

All of which is offered for sale at the very lowest rates.

MIDDLESEX
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE annual report of the Directors shows the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Property at risk, \$5,940,739 00
Amount insured, 1,000,000 00
Deposits, 231,839 00
Cash Assets, 55,550 00
Total, \$6,227,568 00

At the annual meeting of the Company, held June 10th, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Steadman Butrick, George Heywood, Concord; Abijah Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; Joel Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton; Charles Tower, Stow.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past. The amount at risk and the cash assets have been increasing.

DANIEL SHATTUCK, PRESIDENT.
N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.
Concord, June 27th, 1861.

FRANK B. DODGE,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
ALSO, DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware
Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

Melodians For Sale and to Let.
(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Nov. 1858.

PERRY, BELL & EATON,
Manufacturers and dealers in
HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.

Soap made expressly for Carriers' use.
All orders promptly attended to.
NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 14.

ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army who are desirous of procuring the most convenient ARMY CHECKER BOARDS which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail. Call and examine.

JOSIAH HOVEY,
DEALER IN
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery
School Books, Stationery,
Fancy Goods, &c., &c.
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.

Give us a CALL. WADE BLOCK
LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE
EFFECTED IN
Good Stock & Mutual Companies.
By SPARROW HORTON, Agt.,
AT THE
WOBURN POST-OFFICE.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Exington.

Vol. XI: : No. 39.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Sword Bearer.

BY GEO. H. BOKER.

Brave Morris saw the day was lost;
For nothing now remained.
On the wrecked and sinking Cumberland,
But to save the flag unstained.

So he swore an oath in the sight of Heaven,—
If he kept it the world can tell,—
"Before I strike to a rebel flag,
I'll sink to the gates of hell!"

"Here, take my sword; 'tis in my way;
I shall trip o'er the useless steel;
For I'll meet the lot that falls to all
With my shoulder at the wheel."

So the little negro took the sword;
And oh! with what reverent care,
Following his master step by step,
He bore it here and there!

A thought had crept through his sluggish brain,
And shone in his dusky face,
That somehow—he could not tell just how—
'Twas the sword of his trampled race.

And as Morris, great with his lion heart,
Rushed onward from gun to gun,
The little negro sidled after him,
Like a shadow in the sun.

But something of pomp, and of curious pride,
The sable creature wore,
Which at any time but a time like that,
Would have made us laugh and roar.

Over the wounded, dying, and dead,
Like an usher of the red,
The black page, full of his mighty trust,
With dainty caution trod.

No heed he gave to the flying ball,
No heed to the bursting shell;
His duty was something more than life,
And he strove to do it well.

Down, with our starry flag speak,
In the whirling sea we sank,
And the captain and crew and the sword-bearer,
Were washed from the bloody plank.

They picked us up from the hungry waves:
"Alas! not all!" And where?
Where is the faithful negro lad?
"Back oars! avast! look there!"

We looked; and, as Heaven may save my soul,
I pledge you a sailor's word,
There, fathoms deep in the sea, he lay,
Still grasping his master's sword!

We drew him out; and many an hour
We wrought with his rigid form,
Ere the almost smothered spark of life
By slow degrees grew warm.

The first dull glance that his eye-balls rolled
Was down toward his shrunken hand;
And he smiled, and closed his eyes again
As they fell on the rescued brand.

And no one touched the sacred sword,
Till at length, when Morris came,
The little negro stretched it out,
With his eager eyes aflame.

And if Morris wrung the poor boy's hand,
And his words seemed hard to speak,
And tears ran down his manly cheeks,
What tongue shall call him weak?

Select Literature.

THE WITNESS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

I have nothing but what is small and commonplace to say of myself. Left an orphan at a very early age, I was educated to be a governess, and I began my career "in the nursery line," at scarcely seventeen, and with rather a meagre stock of acquisitions. I learned much by teaching; and at five-and-twenty I found myself well established in my vocation, and enabled to give "the highest and most satisfactory references." I have therefore no grievous descent in position or circumstances to narrate; no bitter regrets nor heart-breaking recollections: I went on quietly, enacting the part for which I had long been prepared, and success in which, was, in truth, the object of my humble ambition, and my lot as a governess has not been at all interesting or adventurous. I was never almost starved, never nearly beaten—no elder or younger sons fell madly in love with me, nor did their older relatives tempt me to sin and shame. I passed along an ordinary course, often neglected, and sometimes ill-used, but more frequently treated with consideration, kindness, and respect; and at fifty-two I am able to rest from my labors on a secure little income, the result of long savings and a small legacy, and to settle myself in a comfortable lodging near two very dear pupils. It was at their earnest request that I am about to relate some very strange circumstances which occurred in one of the families in which I have resided.

The scene of my terrible story was an enormous mass of irregular buildings of various dates, some of which reached back to the time of our earliest monasteries. It was called Greyfriars Abbey, and was situated near the coast, in a very remote part of Cornwall. My pupils were the twin daughters of a retired East Indian officer, who had lost a young and beloved wife in India, and had come home in broken health and spirits to live, as he best could, on a small pension. The only relation to whom he felt much attachment was a cousin, who, in the prime of her youth and beauty, had married a cross,

gouty, old baronet of large fortune. At her earnest request, Captain Sinclair, with his two little girls, took lodgings in a village close to Greyfriars, where his cousin Lady Dighton, and her very disagreeable husband, were residing at the time of his return to England. After repeatedly disproving the prophecies of his medical attendants, by rallying from violent attacks of the gout in his head and stomach, and after a paralytic seizure which rendered him nearly helpless, the miserable old baronet, a burden to himself, and a curse to all around him, was found one morning dead in his bed, about a year after Captain Sinclair became his neighbour. Lady Dighton's jointure was enormous; it had been secured to her by a cunning and unprincipled father; and the death of Sir Thomas put her in possession of Greyfriars Abbey, and a noble modern mansion called Fairley Park, in Hampshire, and a yearly income of many thousands. To the latter residence, every one who knew her felt confident she would repair as soon as common decency permitted, and many foretold that she would there, speedily recommence the life of reckless gaiety into which she had plunged in the early days of her marriage. It was reported that she had been tricked into visiting Greyfriars by her jealous husband, and compelled to remain there. His paralytic seizure occurred about a twelve-month after their arrival, and to the day of his death his unfortunate wife had been unconsciously the victim of his violent and capricious temper. Now, however, she was free.

A pompous funeral conveyed the remains of Sir Thomas to the family-vault in the village church; his young and beautiful widow remained in decorous seclusion at Greyfriars during the whole of the ensuing twelvemonth and the day after its termination, walked quietly, arm-in-arm with her cousin, Captain Sinclair, to the same church, whence they returned husband and wife. About seven years after that event, I was recommended to them as governess to the twin Sinclair girls, then more than twelve years old. There were no younger children. Fairley Park was still uninhabited; and Lady Dighton, who had gradually become a confirmed invalid, had never, since her second marriage, quitted the gloomy and once bitterly hated walls of Greyfriars Abbey. Every luxury that money could procure surrounded me in my new abode; my salary was very liberal, my apartments the best in a modernised part of the abbey; my pupils were gentle and intelligent, and I invariably met with the kindest courtesy from their father. He was an amiable, indolent, and somewhat melancholy man, who felt warmly grateful to me as his preserver from the misery of sending his girls to school. Numerous governesses had preceded me, and each in her turn had been worn out by the exceeding dullness and monotony of her life at Greyfriars; and when month after month went on, and the dotting father found that I was perfectly contented, and that I never importuned him to consent to any schemes for the health and advantage of my pupils, which would have included pleasant plans and excursions for myself, I really believe his satisfaction and gratitude were unbounded.

On my first arrival, I saw for several days only Captain Sinclair, and the twins Ellen and Janet. He made sundry confiding and indistinct apologies for Lady Dighton, in which the words health, nerves, spirits, &c., were mingled and murmured without any specific mention of ill or ailment. Soon, however, I learned from the kind and sensible wife of the village vicar, the only lady who visited me, that it was strongly suspected the long trial of attendance on Sir Thomas had so greatly affected Lady Dighton, as to render her at times scarcely accountable for many whims and eccentric proceedings. Mrs. Dalton described the change in her health and habits as very gradual. For some time after the death of her husband, she had appeared to enjoy her freedom from the outbursts of his maniacal temper, and her relief from a life of the most miserable subjection. Up to the time of her second marriage, she went to church, walked and rode, or drove out as usual, and exhibited no particular variation in manner or spirits; but a few months afterwards, she gradually became weak in health and strangely nervous. Her complaint was called a nervous atrophy; her spirits were variable, and her behavior capricious and strange. Although she ate voraciously, she grew more and more haggard in face and person, and resisted to the uttermost of her power every trial of the change of scene and air which was recommended as her best medicine. At length she consented to go for a few weeks to a watering-place within easy reach of Greyfriars. A house was taken, every luxury and comfort prepared for her, and the family arrived there one evening, with a host of servants and appendages. Before daybreak the next morning, Captain Sinclair roused the astonished household, and ordered the horses to be put to the carriages, and the whole party were again at Greyfriars long before their ordinary breakfast-hour.

"From that day," continued my informant, "she never entered a carriage; her walks in the grounds became less and less frequent; and for more than the last twelve months she has never quitted her own apartments, which are the most ancient and the gloomiest in the abbey. Captain Sinclair does not share them; she will not even allow a servant to sleep in her room; and they say she bars her door

every night, as if she expected to be murdered."

"Does she see any one besides her own family?"

"No; not even a medical man. It is a year since she has been to church, and since Mr. Dalton or I have spoken with her. Poor Captain Sinclair humors her in every thing. They have now been married more than seven years, and I am sure he has never had as many months of any thing like comfort in her society."

"How does he bear it?"

"Just as you see: plenty of lounging in very easy-chairs, and of sauntering about or riding with the children; plenty of cheroots, and innumerable books of light reading from London—everything around him that can make time pass smoothly."

"But has he no society?"

"Little that can be called such. He declines all dinner-parties, and interference in county matters. He sees Mr. Dalton sometimes; and the doctors who formerly attended Lady Dighton occasionally visit him, hear how she is going on, and receive their fees in return for telling him that the case is hopeless. But I must not fail to tell you that he is a most affectionate father, a kind and indulgent master, and always ready to give the most liberal help to our poor. Mr. Dalton never makes claim upon his purse in vain. He thinks him a very good man; but he firmly believes that his heart is buried with his young wife in India, and that he has never felt more than gratitude and cousinly regard towards Lady Dighton. Moreover continued Mrs. Dalton smiling, "if you can endure the Greyfriars life, which no other lady in your class has yet been able to do, I really believe that no possible limit can be put to the gratitude he will feel towards you."

"I am introduced to Lady Dighton this evening," said I; "we are to drink tea in her apartment."

"Oh, I know they do that sometimes," she answered; "and I have heard your predecessors lament over the custom. They said the girls got away as soon as possible after tea; that Captain Sinclair said little or nothing, and that they were left to listen to Lady Dighton's strange talk till the hour of their pupils' bedtime enabled them to escape."

"Strange talk!" I repeated.

"Yes, it sometimes very strange. Little as I ever saw of her, I know she could talk very strangely even before she shut herself up. The father was, I believe, an avowed infidel. I have heard from persons who knew him well that he was utterly devoid of religious principle. He lived entirely by his skill at cards and billiards and betting at races. Wretched man! he actually sold his beautiful young daughter to Sir Thomas. The pin-money and jointure settled on her were extravagantly large. No doubt he expected to long survive the old gouty baronet, but an apoplectic seizure carried him off only a few months after the marriage, on the race-course at Newmarket."

"But of what nature is his strange talk?"

"Why, her father was a furious democrat as well as an infidel," answered Mrs. Dalton. "He had been much in France, and had intimate friends among some of the leaders of the Revolution. Three important years of his daughter's life, those from fourteen to seventeen, were the years from '90 to '93, and they were passed in Paris, in the very heart of the horrors of that period. Lady Dighton is as familiar with the guillotine as you with your scissors, and she talks composedly, and even approvingly, of men and things which we are accustomed to hold in utter detestation."

"Well," said I, "I wish my first evening was over."

It passed, however, better than I expected. Lady Dighton's apartments were near the old chapel, and partly over the great monastic kitchen. Tradition appropriated them to the ringing abbots of the ancient brotherhood. Many small gloomy chambers were in that part of the abbey, abounding with intricate passages and unexpected little crooked staircases. She inhabited two chambers, one a sitting, and the other a bed room, both looking to an inner quadrangle of the abbey. A labyrinthine sort of communication with the more modern structure brought us at length to a great heavy door opening into a sort of lobby; and through another great heavy door Captain Sinclair preceded me into a moderate-sized and very gloomy apartment. The next instant, I was introduced to Lady Dighton. She was tall and large-boned, but perfectly well made and proportioned; her features were high and handsome, a Roman nose, and large bright blue eyes, which seemed ready to start from her head, owing to the exceeding thinness of her face, the skin of which was stretched over her cheeks and neck so tightly as almost to give the idea that it must be painful to originally delicate fair and blooming; it was now one uniform tint of pale yellow, except a bright crimson on each cheek-bone; thin and scarlet lips, never entirely covering the large, white, projecting upper teeth, which were unpleasantly conspicuous when she spoke. A low forehead, lined and interlined with wrinkles, spreading into what are called crows-feet at the temples; eyebrows and eyelashes almost sandy colored. A quantity of very light hair, mingled with gray, and with a natural wave all over it, but always so carelessly arranged that it looked frizzy and untidy, and was covered only by a black-lace half-hand-

kerchief, tied in a loose knot under the chin. Her dress was a rich figured silk wrapping-gown, of a dark color, open in front, but folded over so as not to show the petticoat; a magnificent shawl upon her shoulders, and two or three others lying about on the sofa on which she was seated. I never saw her in any other costume. There was a table before her with a few books and writing materials upon it. The rest of the furniture was old and heavy; and all around looked as if the inhabitant of the place cared neither for beauty nor order; and so it was. The pleasures of the eye, like every other pleasure, had passed away from the miserable woman forever.

She rose to receive me with much courtesy. She spoke little during the evening; but her manners were those of a perfect gentlewoman, and there was nothing unusual in her conversation. Afterwards, however, as she became more familiar with me, I found an increasing change in her language and manner. She was fond of paradox and of making startling assertions, affecting the very vitals of morality and truth. It was often difficult to perceive how far she was in earnest, but too frequently there was a bitter sincerity in the vehemence with which she would maintain that there was no tangible reality in crime. The dreadful guillotine experience of which I had been told, could be clearly traced in her definitions of homicide, and even murder. According to her doctrine, that "kind of being, *Circumstance*," might cast over the most flagrant offences so softening a shade as to change their whole nature and appearance.

Captain Sinclair always seemed to be as much annoyed as his quiet nature permitted, when she thus expressed her wild opinions to me. The girls always got away as soon as possible after tea; and when the conversation took any turn that displeased their father, it was his custom to rise from his seat, and walk up and down the room; and I well knew that, as he drew near the door for about the third or fourth time, he would sink out of our company in a somewhat cowardly manner. I did not like to argue with her but as I could not without incivility leave her till the bedtime of the children, it was sometimes impossible to avoid argument, and even remonstrance. This she bore wonderfully well, though often with an air of silent superiority and compassion for the obstinacy of my prejudices; but there were moments, impressed and softened, especially, strange to say, when I almost involuntarily quoted a few words from the Holy Book she affected to despise. It was indeed strange to see how they would seem to tell upon her, and then, for a brief moment or two, an expression of such utter and helpless misery would pass over her poor haggard face, that I could hardly bear to look at her; but it was only pity that I felt, and confused sort of curiosity, for she never attracted or attached me.

I had been at Greyfriars about a twelvemonth, when one evening—the last we ever spent together—she was more than usually disposed to enter into conversation. Something was said of the likeness of the twins to each other, and we both agreed that it was not more, nor even so much, as is often seen between sisters of different ages. "I once," said she, "saw a most wonderful likeness; it was under very peculiar circumstances; I shall never forget it. When I was in Paris with my father in the year '92, our lodgings were in a street that led from one of the prisons to the guillotine. Our rooms were in the *entresol*, and we often saw the carts full of condemned prisoners pass close by our windows. It used to interest me to observe their various expressions of countenance, and to fancy how each would enact his last scene in this world. Sullenness and pride seemed to be their most common emotion. I could sometimes trace, also, a heroism that I admired, and a terror that I despised. One morning, when Santerre and the huge and hideous Danton were breakfasting with us, I heard the well-known sound of the cart approaching; no one moved, however, till a crash and an outcry drew us all to the windows. Something was wrong about one of the wheels; and as it had happened just before our house, we saw the persons in the cart as plainly as if they had been in the room with us. They were eight in number, and of ordinary appearance, except a very young girl, who sat directly opposite to our windows. My father and his friends, the moment they saw her, uttered exclamations, and I was at first puzzled; I knew the face so well. I fancied I knew the girl, yet I was sure she was a stranger to me, and it was some minutes before I discovered that I was looking at a fac-simile of myself. I was thought pretty then," continued she, with one of her ghastly smiles, "and this girl was certainly very handsome. She had complexion, hair, features, figure, all so like my own, that I seemed to be looking into a mirror, and there was no painful expression in her face, there was nothing to disturb the resemblance. We gazed fixedly at each other; and when the wheel was adjusted, and the cart began to move again, she smiled, and made a kind of farewell sign to me with her long white hand. I stood there full of life, health, and youthful spirit, and she was in a few moments to lay her young head, with its redundant fair ringlets, on the block, and pass away forever! I remember feeling a natural sort of exultation that our fates were as different as our persons were strangely similar. How often, since, have I thought of that poor girl!—how often

wished that I had been in her place in the fatal cart, and on the scaffold!"

She paused, and that expression of hopeless misery of which I have before spoken passed strangely into her face, and I was tempted to say: "Ah, if we could see the future, life would be intolerable; it is merely that hides it from us."

In a moment, the sad, and, I may say, human expression was gone, and that of hard and proud defiance lighted up her great bright eyes as she answered contemptuously: "Mercy! where is it? What stuff is it made of? It is idle to foul our tongues with words that have no meaning. Mercy! where is it found? Not on earth, where every creature preys upon some other; not in heaven, looking down, cold and pitiless, on the unutterable misery of earth. To live is to suffer!" Very thankful was I that the entrance of a servant compelled her to pause, and that at the same moment the old clock of the abbey struck the hour of my leave-taking. Lady Dighton had made me more than usually uncomfortable that evening, and I sat for some time in my own room thinking of her before I joined the children. She was the only cloud that shadowed my present mode of life. Comforts and luxuries surrounded me; my pupils were intelligent and affectionate; and even the very servants, copying their kind and courteous master, behaved to me with a pleasant civility that I had never before met with. My salary would enable me to lay by largely for old age or sickness every year that I continued at Greyfriars, and I saw no definite termination to my engagement; for Captain Sinclair had not scrupled to say more than once of late, that he should be most thankful if I could remain permanently with his girls, and superintend their introduction into society. It was true that Lady Dighton troubled me at times, and I found that I did not get accustomed to her ways so much as I had supposed I should do. She frequently so startled and distressed me, that I could not dismiss the recollection from my mind; nor resist an uneasy sort of curiosity about her, for which I often reproached myself. But this was a small evil compared with my numerous blessings; and I well remember that on this particular evening, though more perplexed and grieved by her than usual, the end of my reflections was a strong determination to continue at Greyfriars even for her sake—to do my utmost to win upon and soften that unhappy lady, and, if possible, to alleviate her sufferings, whatever might be their origin. Little did I think that a casual circumstance of the very next day would soon scatter the whole family, and leave me to seek another home.

To be continued.

Letter from India.

Below we give the third letter from Rev. Mr. Scudder, Missionary in India, to the Old South Sabbath School, Reading. It will be found interesting to all readers.

MADURA, SOUTH INDIA, Jan. 21, 1862.

My dear young friends,—I wish you could go with me to church some Sabbath morning. You would see many a strange sight; the rattan mat on the floor; the windows without any glass in them, and with blinds that you can't open; the people all sitting on the floor; men coming in with bright turbans on their heads, and leaving their shoes outside; the women without shoes, and with their heads covered by the cloth which clothes their bodies; the babies in their mother's arms, or sprawling about on the floor &c. But that which you would notice about all things, I think, would be forty or fifty girls, from eight to sixteen years old, sitting together in the middle of the church, and dressed in white clothes. With their black but bright faces, they look as eagerly, as any, at the preacher as he tells them of the way of life; or standing up with the rest, they lead off, with all their might, the singing of their Christian songs, in tones that would sound oddly enough to you. Who are they? They belong to the Madura Girls' Boarding School, to support which many of you give your pennies; and, if you would like to hear, I will tell you something about them.

These girls are the children of persons who have become Christians. The heathen here, as I once told you, think that no girl is good enough to be taught to read; and so, in heathen schools, you see only boys. But Christians, you know, say that girls are as good as boys, and that all should learn to read and write; so the Christians, in the towns about Madura, send their little daughters here to be taught by Miss Ashley, who has come from America for this very purpose. Now let us follow these forty girls as they march, two by two, from the church to the school room, when meeting is over. But first, while they pass the church door, each one as she goes by, touching her forehead and saying "Salaam" (or "Good Day") to you, let me tell you some of their names. Well, this one is "Grace." Very good, you say, I know a "Grace." These two, walking side by side are "Lazarus" and "David." What, these girls! Yes, it is very common to give the same name to both boys and girls, such as "Health" or "Blessing." Here again are "Pearl and Good nature," and "Lamp of Wisdom," and "Nectar" and "Meekness" and "Peacock" and "Grief" and "Brightness." Hear come "Little Thing" and "Good Girl," and last of all "Servant of Jesus" and "Heavenly Light." Children,

how would you like to be called "Servant of Jesus," or "Lamp of Wisdom?"

We come to the School House, a one storied building in the middle of a large yard. On one side are two school rooms; there are no seats as the girls sit on the floor. Here they study just as you do, reading, writing, arithmetic and Geography. Nice maps hang on the walls, and black-boards stand in the corners. But instead of writing on paper or slate, as you do, they write also on the leaves of the Palm tree, and the very little ones write with their fingers in the sand. They study the Bible too, much more than I did when I went to school; and they know it well.

On the other side of this house is a long room with a hard mud floor. As you go in the first thing you notice is a row of brass pans, stretching from one end of the room to the other; and each one is so bright from scrubbing, that you can see your face in it. These are the dishes that the girls eat out of, and each girl has one, and one only. They are very proud of them, and try hard to see whose pan shall look the best. They eat rice four days in the week, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and on other days, some kind of corn. They have a little meat in their rice; but nine cents a day will buy the meat for forty-four girls, except on Saturday, when they have a better dinner, with twenty-four cents of meat for the whole. The girls take their turn in cooking, and helping the others to their rice. On New Year's or some other great day, they have a sheep killed, and have a grand feast. They sweep out the yard too, making brooms often out of coco-nut leaves.

They all seem to love the Bible; and the first thing they do in the morning, is to go to some quiet place, and read the Bible and pray. A blessing is always asked before eating; and after eating thanks are returned to God, each one taking her turn from the oldest to the youngest. While at school they see hardly any one beside themselves, as their home is not in Madura; but when vacation comes many of them try to do good among the heathen. Just before the last vacation Miss Ashley asked each one to try and bring some one to church who had never been before, when they should go home, and tell what they had done when school began again. So they promised, and when they came back to school, Miss Ashley asked them how they had succeeded. "Well," said one little girl, "I got a poor old woman to go to church; but she didn't stay through the meeting, because she said her shoulder ached, sitting still so long. Another bright eyed little one, whose face is always on a smile, and whose name is Anthony, said she met a tailor, and said, 'You must go to church.' "But what for said the tailor?" "Oh come and see," said Anthony. "But what is the use of going to an empty church, there is nothing to be seen, no God." "Oh yes, there is too," replied Anthony, our God is in church, even if you can't see him." "But the tailor wouldn't go," said he, "My God is on my forehead!" pointing to the holy ashes which he had rubbed there. But wasn't that little Anthony a brave little missionary?

These school girls all seem to love to pray, and they pray just as children ought to about all their troubles, no matter how small they seem. One little girl, who finds it very easy to get her lessons, goes to God, and tells Him how hard her sums are; that she has tried hard, but can't do them, and asks Him to help her; and I have no doubt He does.

These school girls seem as bright and happy as any I ever saw at home; and most of them grow up to love the Savior, and live useful lives. But it isn't always so; and I must tell you a story about two girls who had been in the school nearly eight years, but who have now left us altogether. They are children of a man called John, who was, a few years ago, a Christian teacher, whom all loved. But one day he heard that he could earn a great deal of money by selling rum. The devil tempted him and he fell. He opened a rum shop; and the next thing he did was to send for his two daughters, who were here at school, to come and help him. What could be done? He was their father and they must obey him. They went, and I'm sorry to tell you that it wasn't long before we heard, that they were indeed helping their father to sell rum, and thus helping to ruin others, while they themselves had given up Christ, and put on heathen marks! It was a sad, sad fall; but you will be glad to learn that the other girls, who remain in the school, pray to God every day, that Mary and her sister may yet again come back and follow Christ. Perhaps you will pray for these two wandering ones this night, will you not?

This last is a dark picture, but let me show you a bright one. It shall be about that little girl who prayed to God to help her get her lessons. She lives about forty miles from Madura. Her father is a poor man, and he alone, of all the people in the village, is a Christian. There is no minister where he lives; so every Sunday he collects together the heathen, and preaches to them. After his little daughter had been here only one term of a few months, she went home to spend vacation. Sabbath-day came, but her father was too sick to talk. The people came to the house for meeting; what could be done? A boy was found who could read. He was a heathen, but he read the Bible to them; several of them could sing; but it was the part of this little girl, not over ten years old to pray. Yes she prayed before them all; and I am sure her prayer was heard. But wasn't she a brave Christian? Who of you will be like her? It is to send such girls to school that you give your money.

Here I must stop. In a week or two, I am to move to a home of my own, where I shall find plenty of work to do. I write these letters to a great many Sunday School children. If all who hear them, offer one prayer to God for me, and the heathen around me, God will surely answer them. Will you join?

Your sincere friend,
DAVID C. SCUDDER.

Laughable Negro Traits.

One Sunday evening, far away in the country, as I was riding with a gentleman, the proprietor of the estate around us, I saw a young girl walking home from church. She was arrayed from head to foot in virgin white. Her gloves were on, and her parasol was up. Her hat also was white, and so was the lace, and so were the bugles which adorned it. She walked with a stately dignity that was worthy of such a costume, and worthy also of a higher grandeur; for behind her walked an attendant nymph, carrying the beauty's prayer-book—on her head. A negro woman carries every burden on her head, from a tub of water weighing a hundred weight, down to a bottle of physic. When we came up to her she turned toward us and curtsied. She curtsied, for she recognized her "massa"; but she curtsied with great dignity, for she recognized also her own finery. The girl behind with the prayer-book made the ordinary obeisance, crooking her leg up at the knee, and then standing upright quicker than thought. "They are two sisters who both work at my mill," said my friend. "Next Sunday they will change places. Polly will have the parasol and the hat, and Jenny will carry the prayer-book on her head behind her." I was in a shoe-maker's shop at St. Thomas, buying a pair of boots, when a negro entered quickly and in a loud voice said he wanted a pair of pumps. He was a laboring man fresh from his labor. He had on an old hat—what in Ireland would be called a caubreen; he was in his shirt sleeves and barefooted. As the only shoemaker was looking for my boots, he was not attended to at the moment. "Want a pair of pumps—directly," he roared out in a very dictatorial voice. "Sit down for a moment," said the shoemaker, "and I will attend to you." He did sit down, but did so in the oddest fashion. He dropped himself suddenly into a chair, and at the same moment rapidly raised his legs from the ground; and as he did so he fastened his hands across them below his knees, so as to keep his feet suspended from his arms. This he contrived to do in such a manner that the moment his body reached the chair his feet left the ground. I looked on in amazement, thinking he was mad. "Give I a bit of carpet," he screamed out, still holding up his feet, but with much difficulty. "Yes, yes," said the shoemaker, still searching for the boots. "Give I a bit of carpet directly," he again exclaimed. The seat of the chair was very narrow, and the back was straight, and the position was not easy, as my reader will ascertain if he attempt it. He was half choked with anger and discomfort. The shoemaker gave him a bit of carpet. Most men and women will remember that such bits of carpet are common in shoemakers' shops. They are supplied, I believe, in order that they who are delicate should not soil their stockings on the floor. The gentleman in search of the pumps had seen that people of dignity were supplied with such luxuries, and resolved to have his value for his money; but, as he had on neither shoes nor stockings, the little bit of carpet was hardly necessary for his material comfort.—Anthony Trollope.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY MEDICINE.—An army correspondent of the Chicago Times, mourning over the unattractive females who officiate as nurses at Shiloh, says:—"I just think one fresh, plump little woman, with the light of kindness in her eyes, and the consciousness in her heart that she loves and pities men because they are men; because they are bold, and brave, and unflinching in sickness or health; because in danger their strong arms stand between her and the whirlwind; because of the innumerable attributes that endow strength and hardihood to woman's nature, as naturally as the oak to the clinging vine—one such woman, be she maiden, wife, or matron, will do more good than all the doctors and drugs in the army dispensary.—There are a few such, spite of Miss Dix and the 'aged thirty' decree, and I have seen them among the sick here and elsewhere. I have seen tears roll down a soldier's brown cheek at the touch of one of those soft hands upon his feverish forehead, and watched his eyes following the light, round form the living day, while health and strength stole upon the gloom of his solitary repining."

CHINOLINE AND CANNON.—One of the most amusing and pleasing objects in the Great London Exhibition, on its opening day, was the tableau vivant of three ladies seated on an Armstrong gun in order to obtain a better view than the floor afforded of the precession. A wag rather disturbed the equanimity of these emblems of peace by asking them if they were aware the gun was loaded, and that the Armstrongs sometimes went off unexpectedly!

The Middlesex Journal, E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR, Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Stoneham.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Winchester.—JOHN H. HOVEY.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON BUTLER.

The latest advices from Europe give us the opinion of the British journalists relative to Butler's famous General Order No. 28. They all with one accord agree to condemn it; saying, that it is wholly unprecedented in the annals of civilized warfare, and is so barbarous and brutal, that it almost of itself justifies immediate interference by the great powers.

But we need feel no particular apprehension that the great powers will interfere on this issue, and we suppose that the "able editors" on the other side of the water, feel as little hope as we feel fear. The newspapers which have all along been only too eager to seize on any error, or any unusual act, committed by the Federal Government or its commanders, will doubtless be unnecessarily severe on the learned Major General, and his characteristic method of carrying on hostilities; but impartial men will judge more mildly. The order was not brutal, it was not the wanton display of arbitrary power by a ruffianly barbarian. This much any candid man will say; and this much, any man candid or uncandid must believe whether it suits him to say it or not. Nobody can blame Beauregard for pretending in his proclamation, that the order was everything that was vile, it answered his purpose admirably, to represent it as such to his bloodied and unthinking soldiery. But if Beauregard had really believed his own proclamation, he must have been looked on as a fool. As a commander in difficulties he perhaps had a right to be dishonest in his words, but to believe them would be not want of common honesty, but want of common sense.

We ourselves have no special liking for the order, but our condemnation of it is not based on the grounds which the *London Times* and the *Charleston Mercury* find to be conclusive. It was not intended as an outrage on the men of New Orleans, nor on any of the decently behaved women of the place. It is not improbable that some females of passable character disgraced themselves by insulting Union officers and soldiers; but it must be admitted that any women who habitually allowed themselves to use the words and gestures which were found so annoying by our soldiers may very fairly be considered as persons of questionable habits and reputation. The penalty inflicted on them was such as was meted out by municipal law on other females who improperly accosted passers-by a lodging in the calaboose; and to one will pretend that their self sought punishment, was too severe.

But evident as is the justice of Butler's course, the policy of it is more than doubtful. We must remember that strict justice is not to be expected in this war. Unless we are prepared to hang men by the thousand, and make our courts into slaughter houses, we must substitute expediency for justice in our treatment of the rebels. Gen. Butler's order was impolitic. We have seen to what use it was put by Beauregard, and we doubt not that, employed in this same way, it has done the Union cause immense damage in the seceded states.

It was told of Cæsar that he pleaded as he fought. O Butler, the reverse may be said, and General Order No. 28, will not seem surprising to any who know its author as a lawyer, and who hear that he cries on hostilities pretty much as he pleads and cross examines.

POEM.—We have heard, and seen it stated by the metropolitan press, that the Poem delivered on Class Day (Friday last), at Harvard College, by Mr. John R. Bennett of this town, was an able production, one that did him much credit, and that the Faculty speak exceedingly high in its praise. This is a worthy tribute to one of Woburn's most accomplished and promising scholars, the foundation of whose education was laid in her schoolrooms. We have heard it reported that the Poem is to be published in book form; we hope so, and bespeak for it, if such should be the case, a wide perusal.

REV. MR. HILLEY, of Boston, who has given such good satisfaction to the Baptist Society of this place, during the two past Sabbaths, again fills their pulpit to-morrow,

ANTIQUE AND HORRIBLES.—A company of this "ancient and honorable" military legion, has been formed in this town for parade on the coming Fourth of July. They move under the cognomen of "Skedaddle Home Guards," and are bent on making as awkward, stiff, bandy-legged, stumpy, dumpty, squat, and stubby appearance as time and circumstances will admit, a reward being offered for the one who will become the "pink" of ugliness and contortion. On Wednesday evening the "Skedaddles" met in Upper Lyceum Hall, and officered themselves as follows:

Major—E. F. Wyer, Adjutant—F. W. Parker. First Company.—Captain, M. Seelye; 1st Lieut. A. S. Leslie; 2d Lieut. J. G. Flagg; 3d Lieut. C. A. Tidd; 4th Lieut. A. B. Lovejoy. Second Company.—Captain, T. Hall; 1st Lieut. G. Place; 2d Lieut. O. K. Winn; 3d Lieut. C. K. Conn; 4th Lieut. A. D. Carpenter. C. A. Sweetser was chosen Corporal, with power to appoint his aides, Chief Wagoner, J. B. Davis.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—It is reported in town that James W. Goodwin, a member of the 11th Regiment, has been promoted to a 2d Lieutenant, as a reward for his meritorious conduct at the battle of Williamsburg.

Corporal Henry Goodell, of the 16th Regt., has been at home during the present week. He was sent to Boston in charge of several men who were wounded in the recent skirmish which the 16th had with the rebels, a short time since, before Richmond.

WOBURN MEN IN NAVY.—Mr. Henry Wyman, who was Master's Mate of the Cumberland, has been transferred to the Tioga.

Mr. Jesse Richardson has been appointed Master-at-Arms on board the Tennessee. Dennis Roach and Dennis Murray, of the Colorado, have returned to town.

FIRE.—On Saturday morning last, about 8 o'clock, a fire broke out in a house situated at the west base of Powder House Hill, owned by Mr. Geo. W. Allen, and which was connected by a shed to another house owned by the same person. It was but a short time after the discovery of the fire, before both houses were enveloped in flames. Niagara Engine Co. was soon on the ground, and, with the assistance of citizens, succeeded in subduing the fire, but not until the buildings were considerably damaged. Jacob Webster No. 2, and Veto, No. 4, were also on the ground, and rendered aid. The property of the occupants was mostly all saved. The buildings were worth about \$600, but had no insurance on them, the companies in which they were insured having recently cancelled all their policies.

THE STORY TOLD LAST WEEK that McClellan had been reinforced by McDowell's corps d'armee, had about as much truth in it as that told of Gen. Pope's taking 10,000 of Beauregard's army prisoners. Has lying become a profession with some people, or are they paid for being the most accomplished pupils of the father of lies?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our correspondents will much oblige by sending in their favors one day earlier next week than customary, on account of the Fourth of July occurring on Friday. The *Journal* will not be published any earlier than usual, still the work that is generally done on Friday must be done Thursday.

NEW SHOE STORE.—Mr. S. R. Priest, whose advertisement will be found in our advertising columns, has opened a new Boot and Shoe store, one door north of Whitford's Central Market. Mr. Priest has a good assortment of excellent boots and shoes, for ladies, gentlemen and children's wear. He gives special attention to custom work and repairing.

SINCE the 1st of March, it is said, that the Union army has achieved a victory in every sixty eight hours—the actual number of victories being fifty-four.

PICNIC.—The Baptist Society contemplate holding a Picnic in Hawatha Grove, on the Fourth of July.

THE CONTINENTAL.—The number for July of this growing periodical greets us with as great a variety and as good a quality of articles, as can be found in any magazine in the country. It contains an unfinished Poem by Fitz James O'Brien, given "as it came wet from the pen of its talented author." "Slavery and Nobility vs. Democracy," written by a gentleman who, for fifteen years, was one of the most prominent citizens of Texas, will, as the publishers say, "be found worthy of attentive perusal." The Continental, seems to us to be destined to fill an important position in our magazine literature, more especially when the many momentous questions which are to arise out of our present struggle for national existence, agitate the public mind. The number for July commences a new volume, and affords an opportunity to commence subscription.

NEW STORY.—The Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, commences a new story by Mrs. Wood, a talented English authoress, next week. This lady's productions are spoken of highly by her numerous readers. The Post is one of the best of family papers—combining in its columns amusement, instruction and news. It is published at 315 Walnut street, Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, at \$2 per annum.

HOME MONTHLY.—This little favorite is out for the coming month, teeming with all that is needed in every little cosy and comfortable home in the country. A new volume is commenced with this number. Published by D. W. Childs & Co., 456 Washington st., Boston.

DOLLIE DUTTON, our readers must not forget, holds Lectures in Lyceum Hall this afternoon and evening.

GEN. BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION IN PARLIAMENT.—The following are the remarks made in Parliament by Lord Palmerston, in reply to a question from Mr. Gregory in regard to Gen. Butler's Proclamation relative to New Orleans women who may insult Union troops:

"Lord Palmerston thought no man could read the proclamation without feelings of deepest indignation. It was a proclamation to which he did not scruple to attach the epithet of infamous. An Englishman must blush to think such an act had been completed by a man belonging to the Anglo Saxon race. If it had sprung from some barbarous people not within the pale of civilization, one might have regretted, but might not be surprised. But that such an order should have been issued by a soldier—by a man who has raised himself to the rank of General, was not less of astonishment than of pain. He could not bring himself to believe that the Government of the United States would not, as soon as they had notice of the order, stamp it with their censure and condemnation."

LARGE STRAWBERRIES.—J. W. Manning of this place has gone beyond all our former experience in Strawberries. Some of a lot presented to us by Mrs. M. this week, measured four inches and over in circumference. We sliced them as we do pine-apples, and hid them at once in Sugar and Cream. They were Wilson's Albany. After eating them we felt quite as well as before, and so recommended them as perfectly safe, if sliced.

READING, June 26th, 1862.

GODEY for July can be found at the counter of the Woburn Bookstore. The month's fashions and their descriptions, are very profuse and complete, indeed Godey has no rival in this respect or in many others.

THE ATLANTIC for July is full of excellent matter. The corps of contributors engaged on this magazine, is without exception, the best the country can produce. This number commences a new volume, and any one wishing to subscribe can leave their names at the Woburn Bookstore.

JAMESON & RICHARDSON, at their Eating House in Spring Lane, Boston, "furnish forth" the best of meats, with all their concomitants. Keep their place in view when going to Boston.

Rev. Mr. Walker of Abington, will preach in the First Congregational Church to-morrow.

A letter in the *Charleston Mercury*, from the Southern army at Richmond, dated as far back as the 2d of June, says—"We are ready for the enemy at all points. Our army is large, full of valor, and officered by the best talent."

THE FEDERAL LOSS AT THE BATTLE ON JAMES ISLAND.—It will be seen by the accounts from Federal sources, of the late battle on James Island, near Charleston, that our troops were repulsed with a loss of 668 killed and wounded. As the force engaged did not exceed three thousand, the per centage of loss is very large.

THE CROPS IN VIRGINIA.—The finest wheat fields in the world, it is said, are to be found in Shenandoah Valley, extending from New Creek far away in the direction of Fredericksburg. They are very nearly ready for harvest, and it is said to be Jackson's intention to secure them, if possible. In case the Union forces retain possession of the valley, some of the farmers declare that they will burn their crops.

RICHMOND SECURE FROM ASSAULT BY THE FEDERAL GUNBOATS.—A correspondent of the *New York Express* asserts that it is now impossible to make an attack upon Richmond by the way of James River, in consequence of the obstructions placed in the river by the rebels, including vessels in three lines, some of them of the largest size. The spaces between these three lines are filled in with rocks, &c. At the same time the banks of the river are lined with fortifications, some of them of the heaviest character.

JEFF DAVIS' COTTON BURN.—A report having been started at the Southwest that the cotton on the plantations of Jeff. Davis and brother, below Vicksburg, had not been committed to the flames in common with the rest of the cotton in the vicinity, Jeff. was constrained to deny this impeachment of his patriotism by the way of James River, in consequence of the obstructions placed in the river by the rebels, including vessels in three lines, some of them of the largest size. The spaces between these three lines are filled in with rocks, &c. At the same time the banks of the river are lined with fortifications, some of them of the heaviest character.

CORRECTION. President Davis has forwarded a dispatch to the *Mississippian* office, alluding in indignant terms to an article in the *Richmond Gazette*, implying that he has preserved his cotton on the Mississippi, while that of his neighbors has been destroyed. He states that, engaged as he is by pressing public duties, he has given no attention to his private affairs, and supposed that his cotton had been destroyed by the military authorities, as their instructions were peremptory to burn all which was in danger of capture by the enemy. The *Mississippian* states that his entire crop has been consumed.

AMERICA'S LACK OF A GOOD NAME.—A writer in the *Transcript* thus comments on our national lack of a good ringing intonation:—"Our difficulty is that during our whole existence as a nation, in common conversation we have been practically denationalized, and all, too, from no intention of the kind, but because our nation has had no national name that could be generally and freely made use of in referring to each other. And that same trouble exists in all our intercourse written and spoken, in public addresses and in legal documents. The orator cannot felicitiously allude to our common country by name; it is hardly ever mentioned by name in state papers, unless of necessity, and of the legal documents passed from hand to hand in our country, it is safe to say that not one in a thousand makes any allusion to the United States of America."

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Sun in the Storm.

Just for a moment the sun shone through the clouds that hung like a heavy pall; Just for a moment a glimpse of blue Came at the glad some sun's sweet call.

Dark clouds closed over the blue, the sun, The cold rain fell from the leaden sky; Life hath its lessons, and this was one— In sorrow's hour sweet Hope is nigh.

As the sun's bright beams, the dainty blue, Tells that the storm will soon be o'er, So Hope will send sweet messages through— And whispers low of the other shore.

ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

The President's Visit to West Point.

The President has lately committed the indiscretion of visiting Gen. Scott at West Point, N. York, in an informal manner, and without telling anybody of his intention, nor of his object in doing so. The consequence is a fever of curiosity all over the country to know what he could have wanted of General Scott—a curiosity which the President could not help recognizing, but which he could and did help gratifying. We must therefore be content to wait until events cast their shadows behind, and show us the why and wherefore of this mysterious movement.

The President arrived in New York at half-past ten o'clock on Wednesday night, accompanied only by Col. D. C. McCullum. From that city a despatch was sent to the president of the Hudson River Railroad to prepare to meet "a brother president."

Guessing rightly the meaning of this somewhat enigmatical request, he kept a ferry boat waiting at the landing all night, and the President arrived at three o'clock. Arriving at the Point, the party went to Cozzen's hotel, and went to bed. The next morning, immediately after breakfast, the President and Gen. Scott held a consultation five hours long, with doors closed and a waiter keeping close guard outside. After the consultation, Mr. Lincoln visited the Military Academy, where he was received with all the honors due to his position. In the afternoon he visited the Cold Spring fortress, to witness the testing of some new Parrott guns. In the night he was serenaded by the American Band; but as he did not make his appearance, it is barely possible that he slept through the whole of it.

At half-past 8 o'clock the next morning he took the cars at Garrison's for New York, accompanied by Gen. Scott. By this time the people of the towns along the line had found out how cleverly he had stolen a march upon them, and kept a sharp lookout for his return. At every station he and Gen. Scott were vociferously cheered, and unavailing efforts were made to extort a speech from him. At the station a large crowd had assembled to greet him, but by the aid of the police he passed through it to a carriage provided by Col. McCullum, and drove off to the Jersey City ferry. The party embarked and arrived at Jersey City shortly after 11 o'clock. They immediately passed to the special train in waiting, amid a great and enthusiastic crowd. Gen. Scott, after bidding adieu to the President, came back to New York by the boat, remaining in the carriage. At the train the crowd was vociferous in its shouts and cries for a speech. A bow did not suffice, so the President smiled and shook his head, but finally advanced and made the unprepared remarks:

"When birds and animals are looked at through a fog they are seen to disadvantage, and their size is greatly increased; but when the fog clears away the effect is diminished, and they appear in their natural proportions. And so it might be with you if I were to attempt to tell you why I went to see Gen. Scott. I can only say that my visit to West Point did not have the importance which has been attached to it; but it concerned matters that you understand quite as well as I. I were to tell you all about them. Now, I can only remark that it had nothing whatever to do with making or unmaking of any general in the country. (Laughter and applause). The Secretary of War, you know, holds a pretty tight reign on the press, so that they shall not tell more than they ought to; and I'm afraid that if I blab too much he might draw a tight rein on me." (Laughter and applause).

From Jersey City he went directly through to Washington, where he arrived at about 7 o'clock, p. m., having doubtless accomplished his object, whatever that may have been.

BOSTON GIRLS PRETTIEST.—A brilliant New York writer, in a letter from Boston to the *Commercial Advertiser*, thus gives his unwilling impressions:—"I must say that there are twice as many handsome women now promading the Boston thoroughfares, as, latterly, have been seen on our own Broadway, even in the height of Easter shopping. This, too, in the face of that standing army of disbelievers in the possible existence of a beautiful Bostonienne. Of course, men's tastes differ, and opinions upon the sublime and beautiful need to be taken with a little salt in many cases, but I happen to know what New Yorkers mean when they call that sort of thing; and knowing this, I still say that the faces to match these complimentary adjectives, just now will be found in Boston twice as easily as in boastful New York."

A CARD FROM GEN. BEAUREGARD.—The *Mobile Evening News*, of the 19th, contains a card from Gen. Beauregard, denying Halleck's dispatch about Pope's capturing 10,000 prisoners, &c. He says:

Gen. Pope was careful in his advance after my army had retired from each successive position. The retreat was conducted with great order and precision, and must be looked upon by the country as equivalent to a brilliant victory. The actual number of prisoners taken was about equal on both sides, and but few of the enemy were captured. There were only seven engines taken, and they were damaged. Latest that all we lost at Corinth would not amount to one day's expense of Halleck's army.

THE SITUATION IN VIRGINIA.—This is the great subject of public interest at the present time. The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* gives the opinion of some eminent military men as follows:

"It is no longer a secret that the army of the Potomac has been reinforced. Nor is it a secret that the National troops protecting Washington and the Valley of the Shenandoah have fallen back, abandoning a splendid grain-growing region of country to the rebels. It is well known that there is not a General in the country, who is not on the Peninsula, who considers it safe to detach another man from that vicinity. General Pope, who has had a long consultation with the war department, does not hesitate to say that it would be too great a risk to send off any more regiments from the army now guarding the Potomac line."

"MOTHER-TONGUE," IN GIRLS.—The English language, as adopted by young girls to the comprehension of babies, is worth the attention of a philologist. The *Express* gives the following specimen, as overheard among a party of school-girls at Barnum's baby-show: "Law Emmy! See that little boy; isn't it a duck, oh, de sweet little creature. Tum here, little dolly polly, and give de baby a tissy wissy, right on her cheeky pecky." The babe thus admonished was of Teutonic parentage, and not understanding the language, set up a series of infantile yells, in response to the request, which led several ladies to express the opinion that a pin had been improperly fastened.

PRENTICE-Y.—Cats have hiterto had permission to *meow* at night, as the necessary means to fill up the *paw-es*; but a late clause in the *meo-nicipal* regulations at New Orleans forbids females to converse with persons outside, after dark"—such im-*pur*-tenence, leading to needless *cat*-astrophes. (An unfelicitous arrangement!)

VOCATIONS IN THE "OLD COUNTRY."—In Rome there are forty-eight thousand cardinals, priests and monks; ten thousand nuns; one thousand beggars of the first class, and five of the second, all licensed by the government; and two thousand women who live by serving as models to painters and sculptors.

PRONUNCIATION.—Sheridan agreed with Walker about the word *winde*, pronouncing it *wynde*; but differed with respect to gold, which he would pronounce *gould*. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced *winde* with a short *i* by saying, "I have a great mind to find why you pronounced it *winn'd*." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying, "If I may be so bold, I should like to be told why you pronounce it *gould*?"

VICTORIA'S BOY.—The Prince of Wales, in Egypt, has shown himself to possess qualities worthy of a true traveller. He travels without pretension, takes a good deal, rolls up his trousers and wades from the boats to the shore of the Nile, when most of his suite are carried on the backs of natives.

KILLED BY SLIPPING ON ORANGE-PEEL.—A melancholy accident occurred in the Rhu St. Dominique, Lyons, France, recently, caused by the dangerous practice of throwing orange-peel on the pavement. As a gentleman named Gonon, a retired lawyer, was walking along the street, his foot slipped through a bit of orange-peel; he fell on the roadway, and an omnibus, which happened to be passing, ran over his head and killed him on the spot.

WAR LOSSES.—The commercial editor of the *N. Y. Independent* estimates that "the total losses of the nation and of individuals, traceable directly and indirectly to the war, cannot be less than ten thousand millions of dollars."

PARIS PAPERS state that the approaching journey of Count Persigny to London is exclusively political, and according to the *Esprit Public*, he will submit to the English Cabinet the private views of the Emperor relative to arrangements for a joint mediation in American affairs.

A RELEASED CONTRABAND in Newbern artlessly signified his rapture by "standing five minutes on his head and knocking his heels together." The *Providence Journal* says "his wife was less ecstatic." We should hope so.

A RICH GEM.—In the International Exhibition of London there is the largest diamond now for sale in Europe. It weighs 76½ carats or 306 grains. Its price is a quarter of a million of dollars.

REMOVAL OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM RICHMOND.—The State of Virginia has appropriated \$20,000 for the purpose of removing the women and children from Richmond, and they have been nearly all removed and sent to a country town, forty-two miles further south.

The wealthy families some time since sent their females to Oxford, N. C., and elsewhere in that State.

At the present moment, therefore, there are no females in the Southern capital except the hospital nurses.

THE STOCK OF COTTON AT LIVERPOOL.—The stock of Cotton at present held in Liverpool—and, indeed, throughout Europe—compares very unfavorably with the stock at the corresponding period last year. According to a published statement there are now only 428,000 bales against 1,644,000 in hand on the 1st of June, 1861. The depressing influence of this state of things in the manufacturing districts is seen in the great increase of pauperism and the pressure on the rates.

Gen. Boyle has ordered the fitting up of a prison in Louisville, Ky., for the residence of women who aid and promote the rebellion.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

HIGHWAYS.—The County Commissioners, a short time since, laid out an alteration on the Main street, near Symmes' corner, by which a portion of land belonging to Freeman Rice, of Boston, for which they awarded the sum of twenty dollars damage, and a portion of land belonging to Mr. Symmes, Jr., of this town, for which they were awarded the sum of twenty-five dollars damage, have been taken to straighten the road and remove the curve in it, which exists at this point. The work is now being done by the Superintendent of streets, and will be a great improvement when completed.

DOGS.—In the list of those to whom premiums were awarded at the recent Dog Show at the Aquarial Gardens, it is to be found that of Dr. Wm. Ingalls, of this town, for an Italian Greyhound, which received one of the second premiums for that kind of dogs.

TAXES.—The tax list has been committed to the Collector, Mr. Mial Cushman, who has prepared the bills and has them in process of distribution. By vote of the town, a discount of five per cent., will be made on all taxes paid prior to Nov. 1st; and all taxes remaining unpaid on the first of January next, will be collected according to law.

IN MEMORIAM.—Appropriate religious services in memory of the late Aaron D. Weld, took place in the Baptist Church last Sabbath, and were attended by a large number independent of the usual congregation—in the afternoon especially, the church was crowded. Many more would have been glad to have been present on the occasion, to testify their respect for the departed, and sympathy for the bereaved, but the hall was not sufficiently large to accommodate them; there was also an uncertainty in regard to the time and nature of the service, which was to take place. The desk and chandelier were draped in mourning, and a beautiful bouquet adorned the platform in front of the desk.

Rev. E. B. Eddy, the former pastor of this society, and an intimate friend of the deceased officiated. In the morning the text was in Acts, 26th chapter, 19th verse. Afternoon, in Genesis 45th chapter, 26th verse. The latter, was a truthful sketch of the life and character of our late fellow townsman, and a fitting tribute to his worth and excellence. As the substance of the discourse will be published, I will not mar its beauty by giving extracts.

The preacher was a school-mate of the deceased, and was so much affected during a portion of the services that he could hardly go on. He said it was cruel to place him in that situation, and yet he could not rejoice in the privilege afforded him to portray that character, which made his friend so loved and respected by all.

The singing was very appropriate to the occasion, and the services of the day could not fail to impart a deep solemnity to the minds of all. In the Sunday School, resolutions were adopted, expressive of the great loss it had sustained in him who was for a long time its faithful Superintendent.

A special meeting of the Board of Selectmen, was held on Thursday Evening June 19th, and the following preamble and resolutions, unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from among us, by death, an honored and beloved citizen of this town, MR. AARON D. WELD:

Resolved, That it is with deep sorrow we learn of this affliction.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Weld we mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband and father, a faithful friend, an enterprising and upright citizen, and one who by his genial disposition, warm hearted unassuming manners, and commendable public spirit, had gained the love and respect of all who knew him.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our deceased friend in this hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the bell be tolled for half an hour from noon on Friday 20th inst.

Resolved, That this Preamble and Resolution be placed upon record and a copy forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Full particulars of the sickness of Mr. Weld have not as yet been received, as he was brought on board the Steamer Ocean Queen in an unconscious state, from the ship J. P. Jackson on the morning of the day of the sailing of the vessel. His disease was a bilious-intermittent fever, and he lived but a short time after being brought on board the steamer. The last letter from him, referred to in my last, was dated May 19th. The spot of his burial is marked, and his remains will be brought home when the opportunity occurs.

RELIGIOUS.—The Baptist Society have invited Mr. Hinckley, of the Newton Theological School, a graduate of Harvard, and resident of Boston, who has been supplying their pulpit for some months past, to become their pastor. He is a young man of fine talents and will be a great acquisition to the society, should he accept.

EXCERPTS.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Present Age.

Turning from chronicled events, guarded relics, and twice told tales of a glorious past, to the realities of the actual and living present, the comparison proves, that instead of depreciating or falling back, as some delight to assert, there has been a steady advancement and progress in the use and elevation of man's highest and most powerful faculties. It is evident from all history, that throughout all the world, from the hour of its earliest creation down to to-day, there has been a continual improvement. Political convulsion and overthrow, national and individual sufferings, have aroused and purified slumbering genius, so that the days of tranquility and happiness which followed, have perfected the new arts, sciences, and truths. But especially, in our own beloved Republic the most rapid and marked progression has been made. Through the short period of years we recount as our national age, the people have been becoming more and more enterprising

and intelligent. Mighty minds have arisen, and with all powerful productions of the pen, or words of glowing eloquence, shed a lustre over their country, and influence the world. Facilities are given for universal education; the most wonderful inventions have been produced, and brought into daily and practical use, and the messenger to-day, navigating the air, and overlooking the battle field with a direct mode of communication attached, is as powerful an agent as the death charged rifle, or the bursting shell. Of course there are those who, realising all these facts, still go on admiring the past and mourning the present, who look on the merry youths, as they crowd the schools, and laugh in the streets, wondering what they will make, brought up to be so inefficient, so behind what boys and girls used to be. Educated until old enough to be married. But the creaking will learn, that intellect and physical strength is not all buried in the past. The rapid march has only begun, and the rising generation will complete what the fathers left undone. Unexplored forests, will be laid low by the feeble scholars of to-day. The hall of legislation will ring with their thrilling words, and they will make homes and schools like those they now enjoy. For it is a time-established fact, that, though racked in the up-arms of revolution, and basked in the stormy ocean of contention and blood, the clear light of civilization, of refinement, of knowledge and power will still shine on unquenched.

M. W. C.

WINCHESTER, June, 1862.

